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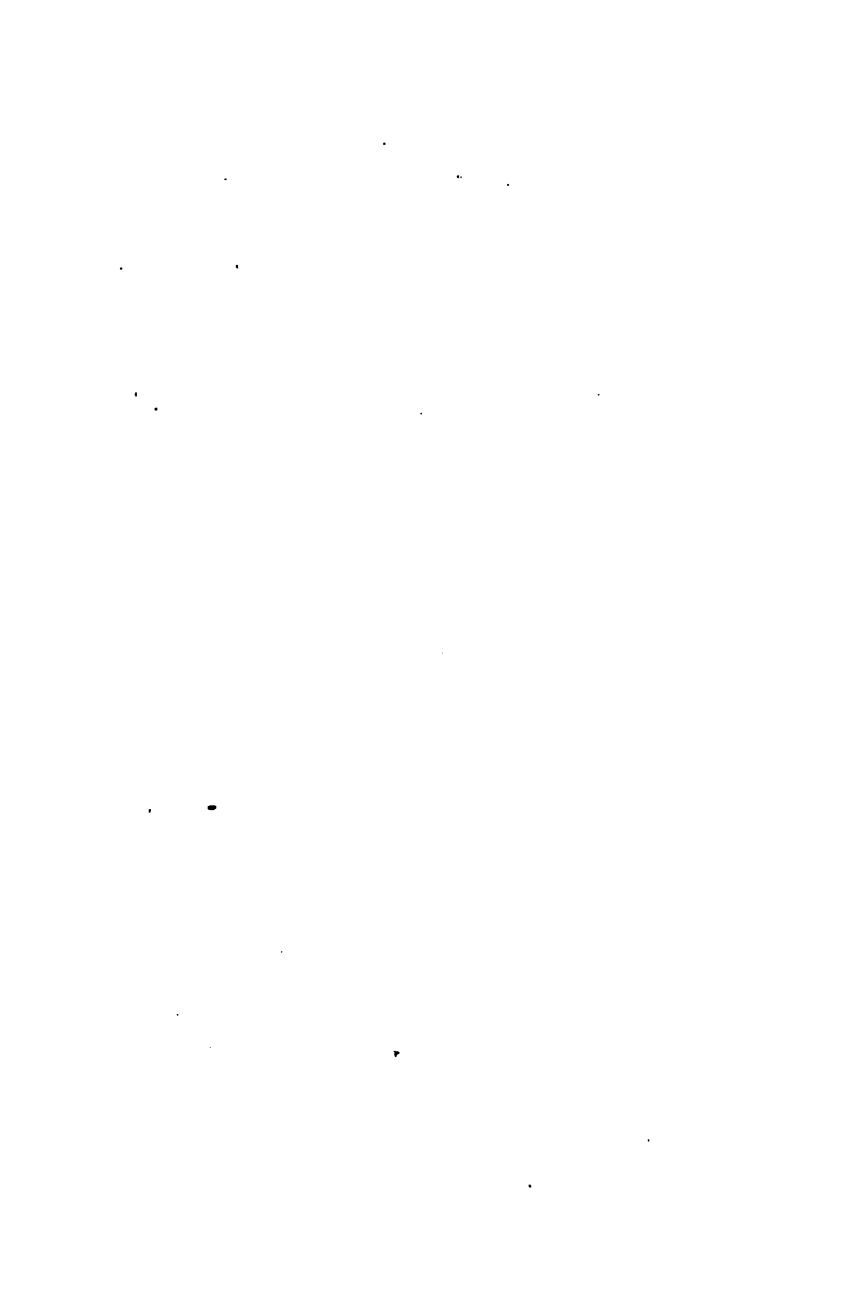
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HOW TO ENJOY PARIS.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER, ADDRESSED TO THE
READER.

Preparations.

READER,

CONCEIVING that the style in which descriptions of all the round of beauties contained in a fine metropolis, are most agreeably presented, is that which can be rendered the most familiar, I have adopted the epistolary, and to prevent the possibility of plagiarism, wrote the greater part of my work previous to perusing a single account of Paris. Considering it a fault, for which the contempt it meets with is not a sufficient punishment, I should not have been guilty of wilful plagiarism, had I read those publications in the first instance; but an Author, who, like myself, possesses a treacherous memory, is very apt to adopt insensibly some of the opinions and even the language of his predecessors, and to fancy himself perfectly honest in the midst of his theft. Not aspiring to the equivocal praise of committing even honorable thefts.

I shall now escape all danger of the kind; except that a coincidence may accidentally occur in my remarks and in those of other travellers to the same spot. But as a consciousness of innocence proves a balm to persons falsely accused of crime, so do Authors feel a proud satisfaction in having drawn from their own imaginations, ideas supposed to have been purloined from another source. With all my imperfections on my head, I have rushed upon the public; but not fearlessly, not without a dread that I may but ill pass the ordeal of the just critic's examination. Keenly sensible of defective powers on many points, I have, perhaps, in avoiding Charybdis—but this is so stale a simile, I am ashamed to advance it; and my fears are somewhat abated, from the rapid sale of the first edition. When my work was nearly concluded, I made a point of reading the productions of *all* my contemporaries on the subject that I might not omit a single object worthy of remark, this work being intended as a guide for the visiter, as well as a source of information to those who have no intention to view the metropolis of France. The extracts are few, and are within inverted commas.

On setting out, I intended to lay before the public desultory remarks rather than minute descriptions, but as I advanced towards Paris, and afterwards became somewhat known in that place, I found my countrymen complaining that the guides were incomplete. They suited not the peculiar temper of each class of visitors. The Antiquarian sought in vain for a clue to guide him through the sombre maze he wished to explore; the strict Eco

nomist grumbled that he could not comprehend how he was to live at so easy a rate as, in general terms, he was informed he might; the Admirers of Literature could not yet discover where its treasures were attainable; the Politician saw not clearly his way to the grand theatre of French action; the lover of the Drama, to the mock and minor actors; and many other professors and amateurs remained ungratified. I thought that by rendering my work useful to almost every description of traveller, I might, without perhaps possessing the merit of my brother-writers, produce a more acceptable production than any hitherto published on this subject.

There are still some travellers to whom I have not made a single effort to render my book agreeable. Such are, the fop, the epicure, and the formal man whose anxiety is confined to learning heights, diameters, and circumferences. I seek rather to convey striking effects; to explain the impression they made upon me; the soul as it were of every subject; and when I assert that I can shew you how to *enjoy* Paris, I do not pretend that you are to revel in a round of perfections, but that a succession of entertainment will accrue to the active and cultivated mind; in admiring, criticising, satirizing, and in noting peculiarities.—Whilst I am ardently desirous to fulfil to the very letter the engagement with which I set out, the visiter to Paris must be aware that his enjoyment does not solely depend on the objects discoverable in that city, and on my accuracy in pointing them out. It depends equally on the frame of mind with which he enters the metropolis of France.

A great traveller remarks, that it is fortunate for him if, in setting out on his journey, some pleasant and ridiculous event occur to put him in good humour. Surely it is still better that he should implant good humour in his heart before he sets off.

Few travellers (perhaps not any) receive an impression of the manners, objects, and local circumstances in foreign countries, unwarped by prejudice; which throws, as it were, a kind of atmosphere round them that possesses a power at once attractive and repulsive, and also sheds its influence on most of the animated beings it approaches.—Thus, the sulky man is apt to contaminate with a similar disposition, those who come within his vortex.

Through the medium of this dense atmosphere, as through a veil with ill shapen work, does he view each object.

I will relate, reader, an anecdote, (a fact, a very plain tale) which will prove my assertion. A relative of mine was acquainted with two old ladies of dispositions diametrically opposite. He called upon them shortly after they had been to receive dividends in the Bank, which was marked as a kind of epoch in their lives, seldom on any other occasion quitting their house. “Well, Mr. H.” said Mrs. P. to him on entering the room, “we had a most agreeable ride to the Bank on Thursday, every thing looked so lively; and though we were tossed about over the rough stones, it was amusing to see the variety of people and the numerous carriages; such faces full of business! such evidences of a brilliant commerce! I was

"quite sorry when we got home again." Mrs. L. the sister, then entered the room; and not having heard a syllable of the above, approached Mr. H. with an air, as if expecting condolence, "I suppose," she remarked. "my sister has told you that we were almost jolted to death in that rumbling coach the other day; and it was so hot with the sun shining in it, and we were such a long time drawl, drawl, through Fleet-street and Ludgate Hill, that I thought we should never have reached the end of our journey! I wish we could be saved the trouble of going for our money another time." The grumbler was by much the more robust of the two; it was simply then, a contrast between a mind prone to receive pleasure wherever it was possible to exact it, and one attentive only to inconveniences, that caused these opposite remarks.

Render your minds, therefore, my dear countrymen, keenly susceptible of enjoyment, by salutary reflection, before you quit your vessel. Your happiness demands that you should be free from one error in particular, the commission of which, has caused many an Englishman to complain of the rudeness of his neighbours, i. e. rudeness on his own part.

Adorned as many of you are with virtues which, when discovered, exalt you in the opinion of strangers, why do you cast them in the shade by an austerity of manner, a consequential air, and an impenetrable reserve? The French have heard that the plentitude of your coffers causes this despotic-strut; and they consider it your very worst reason. The french man of fortune is no less affa-

ble in conversing with a respectable shopkeeper, than he is towards his equal in rank ; and he speaks without that air of condescension (styled by the French, air of protection) which seems to say, " Though I am much your superior, I will not oppress you too heavily with my consequence." Our man of rapidly acquired wealth, or he who desires to be thought independent, is seldom divested of this style, when he intends to unbend. It is perceptible through his smile, his favours, his requests.

The stiff and ungracious manner with which many an Englishman enters a coffee-house, a shop, or any place where he has an evident dread that the company, the proprietors, and even the waiters may not be fully aware of his importance, is deemed by our gay neighbours, one of our ludicrous characteristics. I have seen them laugh immoderately at this lofty carriage ; and an imitation of it speedily descends to the kitchen.

On their stage, to exhibit an Englishman, is to lose all flexibility of feature and of limb, as well as every vestige of cheerfulness. Rouse, my countrymen ! Let us conspire to destroy this impression ; give yourself a hearty shake at your first step on the Continent ; spurn from you your solemnity, your pride, and your expectation of receiving insult. Resolve to be pleased, to be happy ; you will become so ; and will be thought agreeable.

I wish not to lead the mind of my *young* reader to be delighted with trifles. In Paris there is ample food for his best taste ; for his most sensible moments of reflection ; and if sensible, why not the

cheerful as well as the serious? In avoiding pride that is ridiculous, (I think worse of it, I consider it impious) you need by no means my *young* traveller divest yourself of that kind of mild and easy dignity, which results from the self-respect that a well regulated mind and consequent good conduct engender. The affability of persons thus endowed gains the heart, particularly that of a Frenchman; and the very slight degree of reserve that accompanies it, appears more the offspring of modesty, than of self-importance. Kotzebue has been styled the Prince of Travellers; should there not be a Prince of Companions?

There is undoubtedly no art more difficult to acquire, than that of companionship, or one which, when attained, is more interesting to society. To persons who are inclined or doomed to rove from home, it is invaluable.

Two friends setting out to view the beauties and varieties of nature and of art, cannot thoroughly enjoy the scenes that offer, without possessing taste, cheerfulneses, a turn for humour, a degree of humanity ever ready to soothe and to assist, and a heart capable of friendship. Among the generality of associates, rarely is *one* found uniting *all* these requisites.

Eusebio, it is true, has an excellent heart;—but where are his talents? Berennius dazzles by his piquant wit; but endeavour to enjoy with him the delight of conferring happiness on others, and he replies with a vacant stare;—it is what he does not comprehend. Artemius talks eloquently about doing good;—but examine the actions of his life: he does not practice what he preaches. Demetrius

has received a careful education, stores of knowledge are in his head, but being totally devoid of genius, he is utterly at a loss for their application. Drusus is capable of a coarse kind of friendship, but where are those nameless little delicate attentions that spread an indescribable charm over the intercourse of friends?

Such can only be found where goodness of heart, an elegant turn of thinking, and an accomplished education centre in the same person. Julio tells diverting anecdotes, but they have been heard twenty times before. Flavia (a good creature) preserves so profound a silence, that her friend is in danger of sleeping; Huberta talks him into a head-ache. Felasco has a few good ideas, but three hours conversation exhausts them. How is it that after three months' constant intercourse with Philario, the impression left on the mind of his companion is, that a repetition of this manner of passing his time for a similar period, would prove the highest possible gratification? It is, that genius, drawing from an inexhaustible fountain, caters fresh aliment every minute, whilst good humour stands by to sweeten it in the delivery.

From my enumeration of accomplishments and deficiencies in the art of companionship, I trust a person may see his way towards a high station on the road to this eminence.

In endeavouring to prepare the disposition of travellers for a true enjoyment of Paris, I wish to address myself chiefly to those persons who, by desiring to prove that they are *somebody*, lose all their comfort in their anxiety. I may possibly offend them; but if I have caused them, even in

voluntarily, to reflect on their ill habits (reflection in such cases, being generally the precursor of reform, more or less) I shall not repent having thus occupied my time and augmented the number of my pages,

LETTER II.

To J. O. Esq.

Departure—Arrival at Calais, Boulogne, Abbeville, Dieppe, Rouen, Paris.

MR. INITIAL!

As I have in the preceding letter treated *Somebody* with very little ceremony, you, who are in fact *Nobody*, but merely a vehicle for conveying my remarks to the reader, cannot expect an exordium full of professions of ardent friendship, or even of compliment. With all due respect, I proceed to inform you, that on my arrival at my youngest brother's house in Kent, I found him full fraught with the intention of purchasing cattle in France. An idea I had once cherished, as one to be treasured up for recurrence when opportunity served, flashed across my mind; viz. that I might, by some speculation, enable myself, without a reproach on my economical habits, to visit that frequented country. But the faint hope I had formed of accompanying my brother, was banished my thoughts, when he resolved to cross from Rye to

Dieppe; my horror of sea-sickness preventing me from incurring the chance of enduring it for two or three days.

To prove, however, for the millionth time, that great events in human life spring from trifling causes, the small circumstance of the Rye coaches being full, occasioned me to accompany him to Dartford the next morning, at sun rise, on our way to France, by Dover. We had a few miles to walk to meet our conveyance; and the sun soon cheered us with a clear view of an expansive landscape. With what joyful anticipations did we hasten across the fields, and bound over the stiles!

Light of heart, and light of foot, we sent our cares back to London by the wind; and the vast prospect extending before us to an unmarked horizon, seemed an emblem of our boundless expectation of pleasures, as yet (as it were) in a mist; whilst the brilliant light on the nearer objects, no less assimilated to those glowing ideas of joys to which we *could* give a *distinct* character, and on which our imagination threw a lustrous effect.

It is not within my plan to describe English towns; suffice it to say, that having entered a stage, we travelled rapidly, and found more entertainment in our companions than is expected from our taciturn countrymen in general, whilst they are strangers to each other.—A red-nosed haw-buck, very chatty; a travelled Englishman, rather less so; a boy of fifteen, whom we might have thought dumb, had not an elegant elderly French man drawn a monosyllable from him.—These characters we were able to study for many hours.

The countryman frequently raised that kind of smile on our countenance that is understood by all present, except the person who excites it.— We were much amused by his description of alarm at the appearance of the ghost of a female that formerly entertained passengers on that road, by such kind of supernatural tricks as proved that she had not borrowed common sense from the region she condescended to quit, in order to worry the weak. His next topic was a young Frenchwoman; (for who, on that road, does not speak of the French?) to whom he had temporarily attached himself. When we remarked that probably he could not speak her language, he replied with most accommodating temper and facetious look, “That does not signify; for she talked enough of it for us both;” as if any given quantity of language from any two persons when together was indispensable; and their comprehension of each other’s meaning of no consequence.

At Rochester we began to perceive signs of a road to France; being informed in the two languages, of the excellence of the articles at many of the inns and shops on the way.

Being still in the stage, I take the opportunity to advise you to provide yourself with a passport, for which no charge will be made, if you procure it previous to quitting London, from the French Ambassador, No. 10, Cavendish Street, Portland Place; and with French cash, from Mr. Smart, 55, Princess Street, Leicester Square, who will give you the utmost that the course of exchange will admit. If you intend to make a stay of several weeks, obtain, besides this supply, a letter

of credit from Messrs. Drummond and Co. or Hammersley and Co. which is effected, by depositing with them the sum you think you may expend in Paris; where, if after all your precautions, you still require French (and are possessed of English) money, apply to Mr. Rollin, Palais Royal. He will return you more than most of the French goldsmiths.

On quitting our inn at Dover, we bade adieu to what Englishmen style comfort, (in fact, sensual gratification) for a few weeks, in exchange for the higher pursuit, mental pleasure; and embarking at noon with a party of forty, we settled that although the weather at Dover was perfectly calm, a breeze should spring up as we advanced at sea, and that we should not exceed six hours on our passage. We resolved that as we entered the harbour of Calais, its gates, walls, and towers should have a most striking effect, glowing with the warm tints of the setting sun, in order that we might send a splendid description to our ease-loving countrymen, who were contenting themselves with the beauties of their native land; and over whom we illuminati began to feel an immense superiority. Puffed up with our own consequence, how were we brought to a sense of our littleness, when the propriety of the French proverb, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose." "Man proposes, God disposes," forcibly struck us! For behold! when we arrived nearly facing the cliffs between Dover and Deal, quite out of our road, the vessel seemed charmed on a sudden! Until darkness hid them from our view we adhered to them most tenaciously; and the sun sank

to leave us in the midst of the ocean. When no longer an object could be seen, a deep silence prevailed among the hitherto loquacious company; their thoughts seemed detached from all around them. Mine naturally turned to the object about which I was at that time most interested—the French; and I conceive that when you are on the point of visiting them, it may be no unprofitable source of amusement to recur to the impression made on your mind as to their manners, by the numerous natives of that country who fled to ours for an assylum, and by the descriptions that were put into our hands at that period. Thus *I* soliloquized; “I am about to visit that land where
“ the importunity of exuberant politeness will be
“ more oppressive than the churlish repulses daily
“ encountered in my own; I am now to behold
“ damsels gay almost to madness, and rouged in
“ a way that defeats its purpose; men who deal
“ invariably in superlatives; who will declare,
“ that a fricasée is superb, magnificent—and
“ have the same term for the noblest works of
“ Nature and of Art; I shall see them dancing
“ in every village at their doors; the vineyards
“ will form fantastic arches over my head in the
“ fields, whilst I pluck their fruit just hanging
“ within my reach; frogs and soup maigre are
“ never-failing dishes, and vegetables and fruits
“ will appear to the almost total exclusion of
“ meat.

“ As soon as I enter Paris, blind men will desire to shew me the way to all things that are
“ curious; and among these, the splendor of the
“ court will dazzle my senses. Their houses, in

“ general, will be found cleanly at the exterior,
“ whilst their chambers will disgust me with their
“ filth. The dress of the inhabitants, though of gaudy
“ colors, will seldom appear clean; and the ladies
“ receive their friends before they rise from their
“ bed, at noon. The lateness of their hours will
“ soon fatigue me, and their excessive volubility
“ in their coffee houses and public places, distract
“ my head.”

This is Paris as it *was*, we shall soon perceive what it *is*.

The lights of Calais at length appeared, and we were conducted into the harbour by a pilot-boat.--- The first thing that struck me as decidedly opposite to our manners, was the song of the French boatswain. Far from being vulgar and boisterous, it came on our ears like the tempered strain of a practised musician, yet his appearance was nearly as uncouth as that of the sailors to whom the English are accustomed. Although it was past three in the morning, the long strand was filled with people.

The entrance between two piers on a star light night, with the dark expanse of water beyond, and at various distances, vessels tossed by waves that even through the sombre hue sparkled when disturbed, was very impressive; whilst the approaching bastions, high walls, and gates of Calais, with their uncertain outline, leaving the more remote objects to the imagination, struck the feeling of the beholders with awe.

I shall not easily forget the moment when first I set my foot upon a foreign land; the magic effect of sounds totally dissimilar to those which we

are accustomed to receive from beings of the same form, can scarcely be imagined. An Englishman has seldom heard the French language spoken in familiar and uninterrupted conversation. With us, adults only and those in genteel circles, express themselves in a tongue that is felt as a restraint; rarely does even *this* occur, except among courtiers; the stranger, therefore, who thrusts himself at once into a croud of mean persons, men, women, and children, many in rags, all addressing him the same instant, with extraordinary rapidity, and in a language to which he has attached a degree of gentility, is somewhat confounded; and can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is in the midst of gentlefolks in disguise and children wonderfully forward. Indeed throughout my journey, I could not bring myself to confess that I had heard a single *blackguard* utter a word; although, from curiosity, I have listened much to the conversation of the lowest classes. I am persuaded this is a general feeling among my countrymen in France.

As soon as passengers reach the top of the ladder placed against the pier to enable them to land, they are assailed by a number of men and boys, who, in French or in bad English, invite them to the inn by which they are respectively employed, and, no doubt, paid for each guest they bring; others endeavour per force to seize on the packages each passenger may carry, with the polite intention of sparing him the trouble; reserving, of course, the expectation of a few sols. I understand (but cannot vouch for it, nor would act upon it) that they may be safely trusted, and

will not lose sight of their employer. Would that this could be asserted of the lowest class of English! I advise, if your parcels be small, that you should not be too much the fine gentleman to retain them in your own possession, and to call forth your main strength in holding them, unless your servant accompany you; and then, fail not to school him in the art of buffetting with the little mob. Some Englishmen have thought it necessary to knock down these importunates. That is, however, rather *too* English. If your trunks be heavy, consign them to the care of your Captain, or ask him whom you should trust.—It sometimes happens, but very rarely indeed, that the custom-house officers take no notice in passing, if you have only hand-parcels. My small baggage did not escape a thorough rummaging, for which no payment was demanded. The inspectors will sometimes feel on the outside of all your pockets. Although cutlery and trinkets are liable to seizure, you are allowed to carry as many of these articles as may be well supposed to be used by yourself in dressing; or a knife and fork for eating, with which most travellers on the Continent should furnish themselves, as the French inn-keepers seldom change them at meals. We soon arrived at the gates, (so celebrated through the surrender of the town to our Edward III. by Eustace de St. Pierre and five other citizens, who offered to sacrifice their lives to save those of their fellow townsmen, and who were pardoned at the instance of Queen Phillippa)—We found the gates closed; but on application they were partially opened to those who shewed passports. I was the only one

(to make a word) passportless; but contrived to squeeze my small person unperceived through the aperture, and, with my brother, endeavoured to find an inn; but inns are not in general so conspicuous as with us, almost every house that lets lodgings being styled an hotel.—Fearing to bind ourselves beyond the power of receding, we refrained from accepting any one of the very obsequious offers of land-pilotism from the ragamuffins on the pier; and neglected to enquire of our fellow passengers where they meant to sojourn. Many of them remained in the vessel in their births; and we had missed the rest.

We, woe! wights! saw ourselves doomed to wander through unknown streets, in a strange land, at four o'clock in the morning!

Suppress your rising sigh at our piteous fate,—for it lasted not half a minute. A little messenger of comfort, clad in varied-coloured rags, appeared, and conducted us to the principal English hotel; but, climax of misery! it was full; and we were doomed to seek another.—This dirty boy, about 13, discovered that intelligence, civility, (I had almost said politeness,) and well moderated familiarity which I have since found among the greater part of the lower classes in France, accompanied by much humour, and frequently by an insurmountable aversion to work. Many of them exist in a round of joyous sallies, and a kind of arch beggary that seems to say, “I have a right to your money, because I am full of little pleasures.”—Recommending to us, with many a powerful argument, an inn that had the good fortune to stand high in his regard, our hero desired

us to retrace our steps, and after many a knock from his fists and no niggardly assistance of his lungs, we were admitted. With a very polite bow, (devoid equally of stiffness and grimace), the accomplished young mendicant took his leave, the richer by two sols, (one penny); and now we were witness to a comic scene. A party of our fellow passengers entering the same inn and parlor, were followed by a bevy of clamorers, each affecting claims on their purse.

"I brought your luggage;" "I shewed you the way;" "I got the gates opened for you." They were driven back to the door by the company, but returned many a time to the charge; and the motley group pressing for rewards in noisy terms, ill understood by most of their angry auditors, produced a hearty laugh from the others; not lessened by the stout arm and stick, now exercised by an infuriated disciplinarian of an Englishman, who dealt effective blows as the enemy retreated.

Completely weary, we were happy to retire to our beds, and found six of them in the same room, fixed in apertures, in the wainscot.—No chairs, no carpet, a brick floor rubbed to a polish, and as cold as marble; and this is the custom in nearly every house throughout the kingdom, until All Saints day, the first of November, when a small piece of cloth, or warm covering, is placed at the bedside, in *some* respectable houses.

The French breakfast excludes tea, coffee, and butter. The two latter, with the addition of fruit and bread, I had imagined, formed their first meal; but, to my astonishment, meat and beer is

throughout the day their principal diet. The auxiliaries, bread, fruit, and soup, are resorted to at dinner, and sometimes at breakfast and supper.—Vegetables, to which they were formerly so attached, are secondary objects with them. After they have gorged (for they eat most voraciously) a variety of dishes of flesh, and frequently fish; very small quantities of potatoes or white beans are introduced alone, to a large party.—At the inns, we called in vain for potatoes, (the Englishmen's staple root,) until every other dish was removed; and when they came, they were only perceptible or tangible by immersing a spoon in the butter and water, that floated at the top; or if with a fork you seek your object, you will, after some efforts, happily seize on a piece about the size of a boy's marble. On the roads to Paris the English are, however, teaching their mode of cookery by degrees, and as they pay best, their method is gradually adopted. An English breakfast can be had at the first inns; but if coffee be desired, it becomes expensive, as they produce and charge for it per cup, at usually ten sols (fivepence) each, besides eightpence or tenpence for bread and butter. Tea, though a dear article in France, will cost but fifteen pence, including its usual accompaniments. Twopence or threepence more for two eggs.—Their ham is not superior to our bacon, and is brought up (unless you prevent it) with a quantity of fine chopped raw parsley, that adheres too closely to be entirely eradicated; and the same, if you are so unlucky as to call for a beef-steak in the English manner. What could induce them to decide that we are such

lovers of an herb that has a flavor so powerful when raw, that it predominates over every other? — Their dinners on the road, with the exception of meat over-roasted and the absence of vegetables, are excellent. Their soup, stews, fish, and fricasees, most agreeable; but where are their frogs? I have not seen, or tasted, or heard of one in the course of my travels,

Eager to view the town and (to us) strange-fashioned fellow creatures, we made a hasty meal and ran out. "True Englishmen," you observe, "they must first eat and drink;" but a truce with your hasty remarks Mr. J. O; before you curl your sarcastic lip, learn to your confusion, that we were no sensualists in this instance; that we had not tasted food for many a lingering hour; owing, on my part, to that least-pitied, but excruciating torment, sea-sickness; and on my brother's, to his companionable disposition.

In wandering about Calais and almost every other town on the road, want of neatness in the streets and people, particularly struck us cleanly Britons. On a fine day, however, when the pavement, such as it is, is clean, it affords a stranger an agreeable variety to traverse the whole of this place. The streets are short, of a tolerable width, and most of them lead to the market place; a large square that possesses no beauty. The Town-hall, awkwardly placed in it, appears antique; and near it is a small, high tower, rising from out of the houses, before which an old woman usually parades to expatiate on the superb view it affords on its summit, and to shew the way. A dreary country is all that is to be seen,

except the sea with the cliffs; with which your eye has already become acquainted. The town, which makes a poor appearance, and the houses, are all of stone, but are far from partaking of the elegance we are in the habit of attaching to buildings composed of that material. The church, a moderate structure with a spire of no elegance, is worth examination in the interior, as displaying objects strikingly new to a Protestant.—It is one of the least sumptuous I have seen; but there is no want of dirty red, green, and yellow decorations, or of miserable paintings; there are also a few that are just beneath mediocrity; a degree of praise that would be quite extravagant if applied to the former. Children of not more than seven or eight years of age, loiter about to explain the subjects of these performances. On quitting the church, three old women who had been regarding us for some time from the door, recoiled from us as if the brushing of our cloaths would have contaminated them; and I heard one of them mention the word “heretic,” twice, with strong expressions of contempt; we were truly astonished, as we had understood that tolerance and even infidelity had made such rapid strides in France, as to compel bigotry to seek an asylum in districts the most remote and unfrequented. No levity of manner on our part had excited the indignation of these devotees; we had felt that sensation of respect, I might almost say, of awe, which the solemnity and purport of an edifice for the worship of the Deity usually inspires; yet, having refrained from crossing ourselves and from bending

before the "graven image," we were at once announced.

It is entertaining to watch the vessels as they enter this lively harbour, and to pause till their contents deposit themselves on the pier; some pale, miserable, seemingly careless of life; (the peculiar sensation attendant on sea sickness, fine ladies for once regardless of their dress; beaux, unconscious that their small hats, low collar'd and long waisted coats are on the point of subjecting them to ridicule; and travellers of ardent and enquiring minds, who by their eagerness for all that is new, seem to lack a sufficiency of eyes and ears. No less curious is the appearance of the French market-women on the quay, without hats or bonnets, with gilt ear-rings down to their shoulders, and necklaces of a prodigious breadth and gaudiness; a cross fixed to each. Here they sell fruit and fish; others, above their knees in black mud in the ditch deep sunk beneath the walls, seeking for worms and small fish.

On the pier is a small column with a ball on the top, resting on a marble pedestal which bears an inscription, intimating that on this spot Lewis XVIII. landed on his return from exile, and expressing the joy and loyalty of the citizens of Calais: they have added a brass plate on the very spot where he first placed his foot, of which it pretends to shew the form; but surely the joy of these worthy folks deprived them for a time of the sense of vision; a belle from China would consider herself complimented in the size.

Persons desiring English fare, English conversation, and much of English comfort, should

put up at the Hotel de Kingston, near the entrance gate, where they will find the prices low. We paid but 2s. 6d. each for a dinner of fish, flesh, fowl, thin table wine, and an abundance of civility. The far-famed inn, late Desseins, still exists; and with superior accommodations, for which the guests must pay; the Hotel de Tillac is its name, and, it is situated in the Rue Royale where, in imitation of Dover, a small foot-path of flat stones is begun, to the astonishment of all France, such a phenomenon having scarcely elsewhere obtruded itself. There are a few rather smart-looking shops; another circumstance of which you cannot justly accuse any of the other towns on the road to Paris.

Calais is well fortified on the land side, and the walk round the ramparts presents objects which have novelty to recommend them. I will be silent on the subject of their beauties.

The flat grounds round Calais can be inundated at the approach of a foe; and the town has three times stood a siege, without sustaining much injury.

Not finding any farther amusement in this town, we took a place of a second Falstaff, in the daily Diligence for Boulogne, in a handsome inn-yard next to the Theatre; and when we ascended into the vehicle, three respectable looking men approached it; the younger of whom was repeatedly kissed in the most fervent manner by the others. As we had entered some time before they made their appearance, we, according to the English custom, chose our own seats; but the friends of the young man insisted, with much

warmth, that as he took a place previous to our application, he had a right to the first choice. Though we had fixed upon good humour as our leading star for this journey, as free-born Britons we began to resist the mandate my brother received to move to the opposite seat, until convinced that they were only pressing for the observance of a rule, invariable in their country, and which is superior to ours on this subject, as being the more fair. Our equipage was rather a sorry one in appearance; an ill-formed coach for four; lean and small cattle; a harness composed partly of leather and partly of ropes, but a preponderance of the latter.

Our French companion considered this road of the dullest order; and certainly it is sufficiently flat, monotonous, and devoid of picturesque scenery to verify this character—yet to us it possessed a thousand attractions; and our heads were every five minutes out of the window, seeking and discovering something interesting; like boys returning for the holidays, who find all things lovely that do not resemble school-rooms, slates, pens, and rods. Here we had new men, women and children, whose dress, language, gestures, and walk, had nothing in common with our country gawkeys; no swing of the shoulders from side to side with graceless time-keeping, or heavy stamp upon the ground; no sheepishness of look or gaping wonderment at common things but the alert step, and the quick eye soon satisfied; the cheerful smile and genteel air, with (generally) nicer-fitting garments.

No object afforded us more diversion on the

road than the ploughmen and carters. Dressed in immense (what with us are) opera hats, and large clubs of hair behind, sometimes powdered; and light blue velvet jackets, waistcoats and trousers; some in blue frocks; combining in one man the contrast of a beau and a boor.—The sheep look like some of the lean dogs that guard them in England, but have tails enormously thick, and touching the ground; the swine bear a similarity to greyhounds.

Boulogne has an agreeable appearance from the road; rows of trees, a handsome stone-wall with foliage hanging over a part of it, (thus breaking its formality) bastions and a gate-way, with a noble prospect over the shipping and the sea, to England, are at once in view. The upper and lower town have two or three tolerable streets; and many that are intolerable. The Pier is pleasant, superior to that of Calais; although the view towards the beach cannot boast of such noble cliffs. Those at Dover and along the Kentish coast are gravely conjectured by some writers to have broken off from the Cliffs at Calais by a violent convulsion, and thus formed the island of Britain; the opposite Cliffs presenting a direct contrast in shape; where the one displays a cavity, the other is protuberant, and vice versa. Our passports were here strictly examined before we were allowed to enter the town. I had procured one from the mayor at Calais, by applying at the Town hall; where a young clerk drew my portrait with as flattering a hand with his pen, as most artists would with their pencil. He turned a large mouth into a moderate one; a bottle nose he made straight; and was so obliging as to add a

few inches to my height. The guards, however, through all the towns, who compared me with this delineation, were most politely convinced at a glance of the striking resemblance.

However remote may be your pretensions to beauty, you may therefore pass as a very well-looking person throughout France. See how many enjoyments are in store for you!

Parting with a most agreeable, gentlemanly Frenchman at Boulogne, we went to the Hotel d'Angleterre, the mistress of which is an English woman, Mrs. Parker, and this inn, though dull in situation, is the most thoroughly comfortable I met with in France. What think you of the luxury of a thick carpet all over the stone-floor? Opening our window which nearly touched the ground, we sat close to it at our breakfast the next morning in order to be amused by, and no doubt, we in return amused, the passengers in the street. How complete is the entertainment that results from the examination of the customs and dispositions of a people differing widely from that which we have left!—Here the Piccardian countenance, long, narrow, shrewd and insinuating; the lower class of women clothed in summer in nearly their whole wardrobe, covered by an immense cloak deeply bordered, its flounce crimped with the nicest care and of various fashions; their caps with muslin, also crimped, pending to their shoulders (some of these borders a foot deep) the cries of articles for sale, at times in a melancholy tone, at others, really musical, and not unfrequently the bass and treble barbarously in league to distract a stranger; the very fine fruit presented, and which they offer to

an Englishman at double the usual price, whilst he imagines the sum desired strangely low; the air of importance of the elderly female venders, who are at all times ready to talk politics; all these to us were novel. When we turned our eyes to the *interior* of the hotels, we could not fix them on a single object familiar to us in form. The tables of marble; the mirrors of an unusual expanse; the beds in the form of sofas with noble canopies and curtains arranged in excellent taste, having at the first view the appearance of royal tents; the vast superiority of the devices on the paper of the wainscots, representing ruined temples and the buildings at Rome and Paris with trees and water; in short in the most important and the most trifling objects, from the commandant of the town to the master of the inn, and from the noble apartments the latter can display, to his tall cream jug, there is a style differing from the English. These remarks apply to almost all the towns I have passed through in France. I shall therefore dwell but little on the remainder, until my arrival at the metropolis; marking only their most striking objects; and those with a hasty pen. You are no doubt anxious, as I was, to arrive at the little world of beauties; the goal of our wishes!

The greatest curiosity at Boulogne is the commencement of the monument to commemorate the *intended* victories of Buonaparte over the English in their own land; and its wonderful scaffold.—Had he succeeded, he meant that the islanders who so often moved his wrath, should be continually reminded of their disgrace; this memento of their expected shame being perceptible from their shores,

unfinished as it is. The derision a too easy conquest of our land would have drawn down upon us, is in a ten-fold degree excited by the contemplation of this premature erection. I suppose it not possible to conceive a circumstance more completely ridiculous than that of a man beginning, at an enormous expence, a structure, the intent of which is to call on a nation to rejoice at his overthrow of a neighbouring people, before he has commenced an attack upon them; unless it be that of his never making the attempt, and yet suffering the monument of his folly to remain. The scaffold is raised to a great height and is in itself so laboured, so neatly constructed and solid a building, that it would form a better dwelling in its present state for twenty poor mendicants, than many of them are in the habit of obtaining. From its summit, the view extends as far over the sea as the eye can admit, and an equal distance by land, there being no impeding heights. The country is not interesting; but few trees; and no fine forms of glens, rocks, or important eminences, appear to supply this defect. A party gives half a franc (five-pence) and a single person two or three sols to enter this embrio structure, around which many a ponderous block of fine marble lies scattered and unheeded; brought hither from the village of Marquise, by the labour of from 20 to 30 horses attached to each. In his camp on this plain, Buonaparte amused 100,000 men with plays, balls, and all the shows and tricks of a fair, and in the course of the scenic representations, England was taken and retaken, yet was fortunately never lost; and London given up to the plunder of soldiers, without being

in the least impoverished. To the great spoiler of the Continent, these bloodless victories and spoilless ravages would have proved as profitable, had he continued them to this day, as have his real conquests. How much more innocent, the sons of Europe still weep to prove! On entering the principal church, which is superior to that of Calais we found several market-women on their knees, apparently praying with unaffected devotion; and so thoroughly occupied with their orisons that, strangers as we were, we passed and repassed them wholly unnoticed. When a Frenchman appears in a country church in England, is he thus received? We looked in vain for a man among the pious damsels; and I have remarked that men seem in the proportion of one to five females on the road to Paris. Buonaparte seems to have been the cause of almost all that is strikingly deficient and strikingly grand in modern France. The paved roads for 20 miles in succession, are his stupendous work; but he has led their inhabitants to death! His canals are of vast extent; but the sinewy arms that should give them interest and value lay mingled with the earth in regions far removed!

It is, however, very evident, that the desertion of places of worship by the men is not solely the effect of depopulation. When, at high mass, the church is nearly filled with women, and men here and there are sparingly distributed, some of the latter will be found in the streets and promenades. These remarks apply chiefly to country towns. In the cities there appears no want of males, though still at their religious ceremonies (funerals excepted) the opposite sex greatly predominates.

Boulogne, much larger than Calais, is entertaining to traverse, if merely to observe the curious attempts of some of the shop-keepers to describe their wares in English. Their signs, their names, (most of them have two and of a pompous sound, without any christian-name appearing), and the significant terms affixed to their streets, amuse a stranger. "The Lying Corner." is written on one spot and with justice. Les Poissardes (fishwomen) who are there seated, gossip to each other news the most extravagant. During the last 25 years, circumstances out of the common-track, have so frequently occurred, that in order to excite surprise and command attention, it has become necessary to outstep the bounds of probability; and these romances have the advantage of a style "out-heroding Herod" in the narration. All females in France, from the pert scullery girl to the duchess, arrange the affairs of state in their own way, or eagerly receive the arrangement of their neighbours; nor is it astonishing that revolutions, the iron fangs of which have penetrated into every house, should have rendered them anxious to learn or to conjecture what next will be their fate. Unconscious that our inn could furnish us with a cabriolet that would contain but two, we sought the proprietor of such a vehicle and made our agreement. When he arrived with it the next morning, a scene truly laughable occurred. Our very solemn, but civil young waiter, together with the major domo of the inn, came up to the master of the cabriolet and with an air of comic dignity, in an heroic strain, (without the least vulgarity of manner) asked him how he dared seduce from them the customers who had

attached themselves to their house. The cabriolist, who was a book-keeper at another inn, assumed, if possible, a still more lofty tone, and looking at them over his shoulder with ineffable disdain, replied "I am not answerable for my conduct to such scum of the earth." This fired our knights of the towel, who with redoubled energy asserted their claims to consequence in the world. Epithets of opprobrium followed on both sides; but in the utmost heat of the contest, no blows, no oaths were dealt. "Were you my equals," added the hero of the quill, "I would call you both out and give you a severe thrashing; but menials as you are, I, an artist, cannot pollute my fingers by having any thing to do with you." As he was then retiring with vast majesty of deportment, the youngest champion of the inn, with eyes inflamed, gnashing of teeth, and clenched fists ran up to him and exclaimed "I will kill you;" notwithstanding this ragic threat, I understood on my return, that the dispute terminated here. We rode off with a boy sitting before us, to guide our stout horse, that was to carry us and our ugly but comfortable chaise 52 miles before night, which was accomplished over excellent roads with ease, and for which we paid but one pound, and a franc to the driver. This is a most agreeable mode of travelling for two persons who wish to linger on the way to view every thing at their ease. There is a hood to protect you from the sun and the rain when they become troublesome. Had not a great part of the country proved barren of trees (not even hedges to relieve the eye) the ride all the way from Calais to Dieppe would have been very agreeable. So clear in general is

the air of France during the spring, summer and autumn, so cheering the rays of the sun, that the spirits are exhilarated and the mind inclined to happiness.

The neat town of Montreuil, finely situated, crossed our path midway. The landlady of the inn, in the market-place, greets strangers with a polite welcome in the best old French style, though a young woman.—Among the peculiarities that first strike a stranger, is the mixture of company placed together at the inns. The remaining effects of the Revolution fix by the side of persons of education a carman and a soldier's wife with her infant. Unless you ride in your own carriage, you must associate with these, and to a traveller who is desirous of ascertaining how the French conduct themselves in all stations of life, the custom is very acceptable. To the natives, I presume it must frequently prove far otherwise. I saw the driver of a cart obtain for his dinner, soup and bouilli, turbot, a partridge, melon, peaches, a bottle of thin wine, and above a pound of the most delicate bread, torn to pieces with his black hands, seated by the side of an elegant female; with whom and with all the company he entered into familiar conversation, had a settled opinion for every subject, and spoke without vulgarity.—Two of these kind of fellows will sometimes enter into a noisy dispute, to the annoyance of the company; as will the waiters, male and female, in some inns; not scrupling to laugh loud, romp, scream, and sit down in a corner of the same room. After witnessing this, I can believe that the pert valets in

Moliere, and in our own French and Spanish scenes of plays, are by no means caricatured.

Montreuil, as a fortification, appears impregnable; it stands on a bold height, and as there are ruins of convents and churches, some of them picturesque, a traveller should look into every street; which he may do in a short time.—The devastating reign of terrorism seems to have marked this town for its chief prey on the road to Paris; not that other evidences of its ravages are wanting.

We recommenced our journey; and soon after sun set the road was enlivened by a row of trees on each side; usually to be found a few miles before a town appears.

Abbeville, like many of the towns, wears a noble aspect at a distance; but bears not well a close examination. Ancient houses, narrow streets, and the highly finished Gothic church of St. Wulfrin in the midst of wretched shops, are its chief contents. The French seem sensible that their towns require something alleviative, to render them tolerable as a residence. They have therefore generally a public walk with trees, and take some pains to make the ramparts of their fortifications agreeable; yet in many parts of them where cannon are placed, the centinels will not allow persons to walk. To an unaccustomed eye, there is something grand and imposing in a strong fortress. The immense walls, deep fossés, drawbridges, archways, portcullis, and massy gates, seem to announce themselves as guardians of much more splendor than they usually enclose. The ery demand of the centinels for a passport

during peace, appears to infer that they dread you will purloin or injure some of their valuables; and the traveller, afterwards looking about, is inclined to exclaim; "Where are they?"

Abbeville, situated on the river Somme; depends chiefly on its manufactures of woollen cloths for support; these, and one of carpets, with two churches that remain entire, and the fragments of another, are the only objects that can tempt you to quit your inn. Many of the houses, of wood, and others with a mixture of stone, are in grotesque forms; and would be considered by an artist, as better calculated for the exercise of his pencil, than many a regular and splendid mansion. By this time we could mark a few other peculiarities at the inns, which, by their repetition, we learned were prevalent in this part of the French kingdom. Some of them are trifling, but I name them, as they all tend to the grand end of decision as to character.—The Picardian noblesse arriving at the hotels, afforded us the first view of French gentry. On their ill-shaped, fragile carriages, were painted their tawdry arms, occupying almost the whole pannels; and the ladies descending the steps were be-flounced and be-fur-belowed from head to foot, in a manner quite correspondent. Mamma and her daughters wore caps of no moderate size; and papa, exceedingly stiff-cut cloaths; whilst little master, had trousers large enough to contain his brother as well as himself, and reaching nearly to his armpits. Their address was polite and animated in the superlative degree, and the joy in their countenances and language on meeting the inhabitants of a town

(their metropolis) appear over acted. These artificial modes are just what I expected; but greatly deceived will the traveller be if, from this specimen of high life, he judges of the upper ranks in Paris. A few families of the old French noblesse, escaped being driven from their chateaux, from which they seldom or never venture a journey to Paris, their slender incomes not admitting such an indulgence; and we could not but conclude that a sigh must now and then betray their mortification, when wealthy strangers pass them on the road, pressing on towards the grand depository of Art and Science (for such is Paris still) which they consider legitimately their own, yet, from which, they must absent themselves.

We found our name, station of life, and age enquired after, at most of the inns where we slept, and inserted in a book. What an impertinence would this be deemed in England!

The Picardians are excessively partial to the colour of blue; I observed it in their dress and decorations as well as on their China. The jackets of the women are of bluish-grey worsted; many wear none, merely a boddice and short shift sleeves. Their worsted petticoats are short, and so full, that they present a curious outline for the artist; the women resembling a tub from the waist to the knees.

In the kitchens at the inns, the master, mistress, and servants are all cooks. The former sometimes dine at the table d'hotel. They allow you but one knife and fork at dinner; no tea-board in the evening; frequently no snuffers; never any soap unless you desire it, and you must

generally wash in a soup-plate ; if you call for a pen, they bring a quill ; you are expected to make it.

At some places, men and women from the street sing and play, during dinner, far better than our common balled-singers.

So many complaints had my countrymen made of annoyance from beggars, that I was surprised to find but few until I reached Abbeville, and this one would imagine was their place of rendezvous, for I became surrounded by a little host of them, and made many fruitless efforts for extrication ; a donation to the nearest only rendered the rest more importunate. " Mine Host of the Garter," or rather " Mine Host of the Thong," beat them off at length with a piece of leather.

Most romantic is the situation of the little town of Eu. In its immediate vicinity is a large chateau of the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, which, in conformity with most of the French towns, French country houses, and even the minds of the French people, makes the best impression, before it is strictly examined.—The small park is very pleasant ; but the house has ill-formed and heavy window frames, of a disagreeable chalky whiteness, filled with bad glass. An immensely high roof deforms the building, and the court-yard and lawn are littered and ill kept.

The agriculture had not as yet proved good ; the soil is generally such as to have rewarded skill, had it been exercised.

" The course of the crops : fallow, rye, oats ;
" or fallow, wheat, and barley. Twenty-two
" pounds an acre is the average price in the pur-

“chase of a large farm. There are no tythes; but a small rate for the officiating minister.”

We made enquiries on the subject of the labouring classes, and found that though the majority of them are poor, some acquire comparative riches; the whole family receiving pay, and cultivating besides, for themselves, a garden of the fourth of an acre. Their food is principally bread, poultry, fruit, milk, and onions; some obtain a very thin wine.

“The country gentry are so fond of dancing, that when a stranger is introduced, most of them make the visit an excuse for a dance; and their hospitality is such that if they learn that a neighbour has a friend at his house, they flock to give him welcome.”

We had now entered Normandy; and a finer race of people cannot well be imagined. Almost every person is handsome, erect, athletic, tall, and of a gratifying cleanliness; particularly in the latter quality, do the women excel; but the risible faculties of an Englishman are invariably excited by the towers of muslin and immense lap-pets on their heads. They are high and long beyond all conception; but give rather a stylish air to the pretty peasant girls, who pride themselves on the whiteness of their linen; and are fond of gowns, petticoats, and cloaks of a red colour.—Scarcely less uniformly beautiful is their country, at least towards Dieppe, and from thence to Rouen and Paris; nor does it fall off, I am informed in the greater part of this large province.

Dieppe is a sea-port full of bustle; it appears far more so than Calais, being much more open.

Of an extraordinary antiquity seem the houses in its dirty streets, and its castle which surmounts the whole. Without permission of the Governor the interior cannot be viewed; but from an avenue to its gates, there is a fine view of the town, country, and ocean. The beach is like a fish fair.—The carelessness with which loads of turbot and other fine fish are thrown about and neglected as if valueless, is amazing. The largest are soon, however, packed off for Paris. —The sturdy Norman sailors, some with fine Brutus heads of hair, are here in great numbers busied about the vessels; and women, not much less robust, assist the fishermen in depositing their burthens from the numerous boats; passengers arrive and depart; many promenade on the fine pier, where there is an immense cross with the figure of Jesus Christ; various emissaries from the inns and packets, and people of all descriptions, passing continually over the short bridges near and at a great distance, render this one of the most lively of the French towns. There is but little appearance in this place of that low sink of infamy, that degeneracy of the human species, which is to be found in a few of the streets of Portsmouth, and of other English sea-ports. Vice is less gross here—it is perhaps but the more attractive.

A traveller who has time should spend a day here to view the variety that the harbour, the town, the interior of the churches, and the country immediately adjacent afford. The inhabitants of Dieppe boast the discovery of Guinea, in Africa, from which they brought a large quantity

of elephant's teeth ; an article that has ever since constituted a branch of their trade.

But the road from Dieppe to Rouen ! who can convey to others the varied charms it presents ? Imagine all that you have thought beautiful of hills and vallies, long sweeping woods, a majestic river gliding among them, in its clear stream reflecting the high cultivation that is spread around ; peeping village spires, chateaux half embosomed, half visible, sudden turns of the road disclosing new features of verdure, and another high acivity to climb to witness farther regions, where nature offers her tributary stores. But above all, " a bold peasantry, their country's pride," and lively villages, with noble cotton manufactories and modern villas, kept our delighted minds in constant activity till we saw the majestic towers of the extensive city of Rouen. With regret I quit the retrospection of these brilliant scenes, to record the view of the most narrow of narrow streets ; heavy, dark houses ; confined and dull shops ; and less cleanly people. Except a few brilliant coffee-houses, a lively beach, a good museum and garden, the churches, some jewellers and watchmakers shops, and the great hall of the palace, all is dismally ugly within the town.—But its grand external ornament, the boulevards, are of an exquisite beauty, quite equal to those of Paris ; there are also fine mansions of the principal gentry and merchants, by their side ; and the surrounding country is not much inferior, I imagine, to an Italian landscape. The most agreeable, but expensive inn is on these boulevards, the Hotel de Poitiers, where I should have made

a point of sojourning, had it suited my finances, from the circumstance, that a great traveller who once visited this house, could not obtain any thing he required, nor meet with the smallest attention. To solve this enigma, I must repeat to you an enchanting trait that he describes in the character of the landlady, Madame Philoppe, "This admirable woman had at that time in her house, an emigrant family just returned from exile. When in prosperity they had been her patrons; they were now poor, had descended from their high station, and in England had long habituated themselves to humble fare. Regardless of this, she saw in them only her noble patrons; gratitude and joy swelled her heart; she had ears, eyes, and tongue only for them; her respect rose higher through their misfortunes; her cooks must select for them the choicest viands, her waiters must attend to them previous to every other guest—yet, nothing could induce her to accept remuneration." Should she still conduct this inn, her carelessness of every other visitor at that period, will draw to her house, I trust, at present, every English person of rank who enters Rouen, and who learns this exalted action, which should be repeated in every future Guide to Paris.

Facing the smaller inn we occupied, were the apartments of a lady who regaled us with some simple and sweet airs on the guittar, accompanied by her voice in a plaintive strain. This somewhat compensated for the excessive dulness of the street, and in the evening for two shillings and sixpence each (three francs) we were admitted to the boxes of the theatre. It is large and handsome. Equally good are the scenes, and tolerable

the performers. The inconvenient custom prevails in all French country towns of having no seats in the pit; and during the pause between the performances, it is the constant amusement of the mob (they merit no better name) to push one another from side to side. This undulating mass causes much mirth and noise to the no small discomfort of the box company. The object, however, that most astonishes the English traveller is the Rouen bonnet. If you have ever seen a modern French lady from Paris with one of those bonnets which the Londoners consider preposterous, add to it about half its height, two or three more large bows of ribbon and a small rose-bush, with half a dozen roses, and all its leaves,—you will be able to judge of the Rouen promontory for the heads of the belles. They are celebrated in this town for following the fashions in extreme. It seems to be their ambition to appear all of an equal height; for I remarked that the short ladies wore bonnets sometimes nearly double the size of those who were tall. Should they at any future time, when this fashion declines, require a cradle and be unprovided, these machines would prove a good temporary substitute. This city contains between 60 and 70,000 people, and notwithstanding my abuse of its vile streets, I could spend a week with much satisfaction in examining its antiquities (the splendid remains of former greatness) and its more modern embellishments. Retrospection of events would cast an interest upon this spot were it totally divested of local advantages. Rouen, as capital of Normandy, was the nursery of the ambitious plans of William, who subjugated England; it saw the

birth of the great and the lesser Corneille; also of Fontenelle; and the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, whom the Duke of Bedford caused to be burnt in 1430, for sorcery. Her statue is to be seen in the *Place aux Veaux*. The cathedral built by William the Conqueror, is a noble pile, but choked with houses. Its interior should be missed by no one, nor should that of St. Ouen's; if even the only time for viewing them be during the stay of the diligence. The traveller would find the *Hotel de Ville* (formerly a convent of the Benedictines) with its library and gallery of pictures far more worthy his attention than the best fare the inn where the diligence halts could supply. "What! lose my dinner?"—"Aye, put some bread and grapes in your pocket, I have no desire to starve you."

Many persons consider the bridge of boats as the first curiosity of Rouen. It was formed by an Augustine friar and can be taken to pieces in two hours. The lively and expansive quay is bordered with vessels (some of 300 tons) on the Seine, which is here of a noble width; but the finest view is on the summit of Mount St. Catherine, where the cathedral and the other churches are *seen*, which is more than can be said in the city, the size of the streets being lost in the confusion of the houses. Rouen, from this eminence, appears arrayed in a magnificence consonant with the grandeur of the hills, the river, and the fruitful plain by which it is environed. We could not prevail on ourselves to quit the finest prospect we had ever witnessed, until we had become masters of every coup d'œil the turn of the hill afforded, and long regarded

every bold mass and every minutia. Compelled once more to mingle with the sun-shunning inhabitants, we found that they were already obliged, though its rays were still lighting the suburbs, to use candles. Their shops have no glass, or window-frames, but from these dungeons-above-ground, peeps many a lovely face, and issues many a cheerful sound.

I had here the misfortune to part with my brother. The Baron du F. whose extraordinary history is related in Helen Maria Williams's celebrated first Letters from France, was at this time absent from his town residence at Rouen, where we hoped to have found him; and as his chateau was 36 miles out of my way and my time less at my command than was my brother's, I left *him* to visit this interesting character with our letters of introduction, and proceeded on to Paris, in what is styled the cabriolet part of the diligence. These heavy carriages are so covered with hay and straw to protect a number of large packages, that at a distance they somewhat resemble waggons. The body holds six, nine, or twelve persons sitting in rows; and to the ends of the coach are affixed seats with leathern covers for the head and legs; and blinds in foul weather. These seats (for three each) are the most agreeable; and are called cabriolets. There is but a very trifling difference between the charges for all the seats. I had for my companion, a young French lady, who though in good health had three pillows to render the seat and sides easy. Buried in these, and under that tower of strength, her bonnet, very little of her could be seen; at her feet lay her dog; in a cage,

her parrot, immersed also in parcels; and some game for presents. I thought her three maids would never have ceased producing her packages for the top of the coach and for the cabriolet. I had on the other side of me a grumbling Englishman dissatisfied with every thing; especially with the imprisonment the lady's accompaniments caused. We scarcely dared move hand or foot for fear of disturbing her puppy, her parrot, or crushing some of her paraphernalia. Maugre all these impediments, I never had a more enchanting ride, and the lady was lavish of her praises of the country, which well deserved her eulogy. Some few parts were certainly not striking; but then we had the noblest scenery to compensate; such as bards would "love to string their lyres among." A disappointment now awaited me—the old Englishman who had travelled this road formerly, pointed out some vineyards. This was enough to excite my most eager looks of enquiry; but I sought in vain for the picturesque rows of uneven stems supported like hops, with slender tendrils and branches, interweaving and forming arches with the rich fruit pendant at the height of seven or eight feet. In short, I had imagined (and so I believe did most of our islanders) that no plant in the creation grew with so exquisite a grace and luxuriance as the vine, when aided by the tasteful planter in France and Italy. I had romantically pictured to myself that I should wander, happy swain! under the imperfect shade of the vine's pale leaves which partially would admit a cheerful gleam of the sun, athwart the bright purple of the ponderous fruit.

Delusions all! taught by the poets and Mr. Esop, with his fox and grapes.

Sympathize with me, oh! J. O! when you learn that a field of potatoes, or of tall cabbages running to seed, is almost as lovely an object as is a vineyard! The latter, in some places, attains the height of three or four feet, but that is the utmost. Easily may the fox reach them; but I have since been told, that in the south of France, they are made to grow in a manner that accords much more with my long-treasured hopes and expectations.—After all then we may be good friends with Esop, and turn our hears contentedly towards Paris.—As Goldsmith says,

“Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing.”

No, genius has little to do, I fear, in the present instance. For “my genius spreads her wing,” read “my pen essays its boldest flight.”

The venerable abbey of St. Denis, and an elegant modern church, stand as heralds of the vicinage of superior grandeur; and “what is that building at the termination of that beautiful road with trees on each side, at the end of those uneven mean houses?” “It is one of the many barriers that are formed like temples (no two alike) and that serve at once for the reception of the military, who may be ready to quell any disturbance, and for entrances suitable to the dignity of the metropolis of France.” “Hide your diminished heads,” ye turnpike-gates at Knightsbridge and at Tyburn. We entered a long and wide street; many of the houses are large and stately, with small shops; a sumptuous arch appeared; we rode to it, and discovered rows of trees, and a throng of peo-

ple in a fine road; this we soon quitted, for streets that encreased the gloom of the twilight; and we turned, at length, into a covered square yard, where we were locked in, nor suffered to depart till each passenger had owned his parcels, settled with the coachman, and agreed with porters. These excellent arrangements concluded, and strangers thus protected from the imposition and theft of stragglers, we were liberated from our judicious imprisonment, and guided to the hotels we had chosen.

LETTER III.

To G. K. Esq.

(A FRIEND.)

*The Tuileries—the Louvre—the Place Lewis XV.
The Boulevards, and the Palais Royal by moon-
light.*

Go! hasten to Paris, my dear friend, with all your susceptibility of grand impressions. The style of *your* taste is wanting to do it justice in description for those among your countrymen, who, attached to the British empire, by compulsion or by choice, deny themselves even a temporary secession. All those objects where the discrimination and applause of pure taste, would have "lent enchantment to the view;" all those where the love of the sublime and beautiful would have excited rapture; those too which just satire would have seized on as its lawful prey, demand the vigour of your pen.

I ransack in vain *my* little budget of capabilities. I cannot find terms to impart to you my sensations on entering Paris in the evening; and after much wandering, emerging suddenly from a dark and narrow street into an immense area,

surrounded by magnificent palaces of stone; to which, the uncertain outlines distance and moonlight afforded, lent a mysterious grandeur. I was fixed for some moments to the spot! Approaching, at length, a triumphal arch, that stands isolated, I saw before me, at a considerable distance, a structure of extraordinary splendour; and, passing under its gateway, found myself in a large court, surrounded by the richest specimens of modern architecture that I had beheld. This is called the Louvre; the former range of building the Tuileries. Another archway now invited me to explore new beauties. What a scene burst upon my view! a broad stone quay, forming a noble terrace for more than two miles, bridges, palaces on each side, an equestrian statue of Henry IV. distant towers and domes, the river Seine doubling these majestic works, and the whole terminated by trees of a stately height. Proceeding along the quays, I arrived at length at the gardens of the Tuileries—it was not too late—I was permitted to enter; and the moon's soft light imparted to its fine terraces, its parterres of flowers, its fountains, and the graceful swans, a charm that the memory places among its dearest treasures. Over this scene, the palace stood with commanding aspect—and the numerous statues, (some courting the shade of the thick foliage, as if to meditate unperceived, whilst others in the chaste light, seemed awakened to attention by the carriages and people near them) the bold vases—the range of orange trees—and a grand stone piazza bounding the view from that terrace which is most distant from the river; are objects at-

tractive to a Londoner, as well by their novelty, as by their beauty. All that I have hitherto described, seems, on a transient view, to leave nothing to desire; but, pass between those large pedestals with colossal figures, through yon iron palisades, you will discover, that the climax of gratification Paris affords, had not before been attained. The vast square now entered, is considered one of the finest spots Europe produces. The sumptuous palaces I had already seen failed particularly in *one* requisite for perfection in architecture—simplicity; but this enchanting attribute pervaded the present scene throughout the whole of its grand extent. Two palaces that face each other, leaving an immense space between, are rival monarchs of this fairy region. The one, in simple majesty, resembling a Roman temple, terminates a fine bridge; the other, though not oppressed by redundant ornament, stands proudly arrayed in superior magnificence and grandeur of scale; admitting into his bosom, the noblest street that Paris boasts. The elysian fields, with rows of the loftiest trees, and a vista of great length terminated with a temple, form one side of this matchless area, and the gardens with a distant view of the palace of the Tuileries, are opposite. Graceful statues and stone balustrades finish the consistent scene; consistent, because no mean objects (which usually disgrace extensive views in cities) offend the eye. Rising from above the Roman temple, like a diadem on the brow of royalty, appears a gilded dome of exquisite proportion; as if dropped from the clouds as a seal of approbation. The distance, and the

tempered brilliancy the moon-light shed upon it, chastened its gaudiness, and harmonized it with the scene. I resolved not quickly to lose the luxuriant contemplations to which my present situation gave birth. Who would not be an enthusiast in such a spot? It seemed to me that true greatness was here first engendered.

If local grandeur, if the noble efforts of Nature and of Art combined, be ever styled a terrestrial paradise, this must surely be the place; and the vanity of the French might lead them to assert that Paris is only an abbreviation of the term.

Should you desire an enjoyment once in your life beyond all others that the views of "all that we inherit," can furnish, contrive to enter Paris about the full of the moon; do not regard a single object until the time of its meridian power; then issue forth from your lodging; avoid the Palais Royal until you lead to it, and enquire as I did for the Place de Carrousel, from whence, direct your course through the Louvre, and by the side of the river Seine.

When I quitted le Palais Bourbon, le Garde Meuble, and la Place Louis Quinze, which I have just been describing, I bent my steps through the fine but short street, called Rue Royale. A sudden turn in the road drew from me the mental exclamation "What is this? a scene of enchantment? Is this a garden, and a day of festival? perhaps it is a fair." No such thing; these are the Boulevards; so justly, one of the boasts of the Parisians, and of which the English have no idea. Let us now have a little sober description. They consist of a broad road,

(wider than our Portland Place) through the middle of the town; with two rows of beautiful trees on each side. These elms are suffered to grow on the outside with all their natural luxuriance, and are not so closely pruned over the heads of the passengers but that many of the branches hang gracefully down; and, in various places, afford a delightful shade. As the boulevards wind their course for more than three miles, these rows of trees display an enchanting variety. Here, you perceive them ascending a gentle rise, and they seem to terminate: yet, a little onwards, the continuation of them forms a vista, farther than the sight can reach. Now, they take a sweeping bend in their progress; then they are placed in a direct line, and a sudden break in them renders the two last that you can see highly picturesque, forming a careless arch. How preferable are these, to the few rows of formally-shorn trees that may be perceived before some houses in English country towns; or even to the never-varying poplar, when suffered to attain its natural height. At the sides of these lofty elms stand many of the houses of the nobility, splendid coffee rooms, public and private flower-gardens, shops, innumerable booths and awnings, a chinese bath, among artificial rocks and real flowers, two fine gates with bas relief, several handsome theatres, and, in the middle of the road, a most superb fountain. These things again, so situated, are foreign to our knowledge as Englishmen.

Were a man of taste to plan the finest city that fancy can represent, a mixture of trees,

fashioned to some degree of regularity, with noble erections of stone of varied architecture, would form the main part of his design. In short he should make a circuit of four miles in Paris, to furnish him with ideas of what is beautiful on this subject; for the sublime he must proceed to Rome.

The chief attraction of the Boulevards to the generality of people, is the concourse of gay company and equipages that frequent them; and there is no parallel in the world, I imagine, for the vivacity of the scene this place exhibits on a fine evening in autumn; except it be the Carnival at Venice, Rome, and Naples. The entrance from the Garde Meuble and Rue Royale, is called the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and is the least frequented by the pedestrians; you may here, indeed, as a relief from the crowd, sometimes enjoy a solitary walk at night, without the danger of being robbed, which (as I have experienced) may possibly occur, in the more remote Elysian fields. By eight o'clock in the evening, the Boulevard Italien to that of St. Antoine, comprising almost the whole extent, is frequently one moving mass. Persons chiefly intent on amusement, form this motley assemblage—and their aim is accomplished. To the right, will be found a merry andrew, with a thousand grimaces, compelling laughter; a shewman, in a long string of promises of superlative entertainment, vociferously inviting you; and a juggler, shewing tricks, and depending on your generosity for his reward; on the left, with infinite humour, a man acting a variety of parts; now young, now old—now a nurse in want of a


place—presently an epicure eating bon bons on the verge of the grave.

Thus braving fatigue, and with unabated spirit these poor creatures offer entertainment to the passengers on the bare chance of a sols (a half-penny) from the most considerate. A little farther on, stands a man at a post, with a small house, and many an intricacy within, which little white mice are continually exploring with great rapidity. The greater curiosity of a fortress, with canary birds for its centinels, will next attract you; little muskets are attached to them, with which they perform several evolutions in a manner that astonishes. Close by, in the corner, is a large globular glass, in which gold and silver fish are briskly swimming; and canary birds appear flying up and down to the very bottom of the water without in the least wetting their wings; on the top, they have a little mansion of trees and moss, with diminutive windows communicating, apparently, with their new element. This pleasing deception (pleasing from the consideration that they have needed no torturing tuition) is effected simply by a vessel of very clear glass, placed in another of larger dimensions. The outer one only is filled with water, and occupied by the fish.

As all these varieties and many more meet your eye, music and singing of different degrees of merit, and sometimes, but not so frequently as in England, devoid of any, strike the ear. The merry dance, the sprightly air of those who pass, the dazzling lights, the company, two or three deep, who line the way, seated on chairs,

under gay canopies reading, drinking, smoaking, and laughing, in the midst of them several well dressed ladies, of great respectability, just descended from their carriages, and these, rattling on the stones, with the noise of fruit-women, tumblers, footmen and their lasses, the most obsequious apologies for molesting the toes of the seated spectators, many of whom come for no other purpose than to enjoy the endless bustle; officers from a dozen countries, in their respective habits, the gayest of the damsels on foot, with towers and trees upon their heads, perfectly careless of their burthens; in short, such a combination as leaves far behind the descriptions in the Arabian tales, when diversity of amusement is their theme,

I should advise, on your moon-light excursion, presuming it to be your first, that the boulevard of the temple, a little beyond the great fountain of St. Martin, be the end of your evening's peregrination; and that you retrace your steps until you come to the passage of the panoramas to regain your lodging, if you reside within a quarter of a mile of the Palais Royal: *this* many of our countrymen chuse, that they may reach most of the theatres, libraries, and places of recreation, with facility. Leave your visit to the Palais Royal to the next night, as this also is most striking by the light of the moon, which displays the richness of this vast edifice to the greatest advantage; and in the deep shade this building casts on one side, the contrast of the bustle, the lamps, and the brilliant chandeliers of the shops and coffee houses can be well viewed from



the other. That traffic in a thousand forms should seek its hive within a modern palace of no mediocore stamp, is a circumstance new and interesting to all travellers, from whatsoever country ; and here, pleasure mingling with business bestows a peculiar character, that renders this usually the earliest object of a stranger's attention. Let me place you on one of the seats, and direct your eyes round, that you may perceive the theatre of all this bustle. In an area much longer, but not so wide, as that of Somerset house, surrounded by a more splendid palace and adorned with piazzas, is a flower garden confined by green lattice-work, and intersected with walks and rows of young trees, the leaves of which, large and bright, add a lively colouring to the scene. Corinthian pilasters support the building from the arcade to the summit ; and, viewed in long perspective, their capitals have a very rich appearance. The area is often filled with loungers who excite many a smile from the quiet spectator, here arrived to study French manners.—He sees passing before him, the aged beau of the old school, ready to die with agony if he trod on a lady's gown ; the fierce officer who makes a rude sport of such accidents ; the threadbare emigrant returned, who has vainly sought a remnant of his property and is the jest of the more fortunate revolutionist ; the tripping and laughing soubrette, intent on nothing but food for mirth ; the solemn priest (for lively abbés are now out of fashion) and the ci-devant nun, no longer afraid to look about her, bring up the rear, whilst from the crowded piazzas, numerous languages of foreigners emulate the Tower of Babel.

The shops being small and each well lighted, cause at night an effulgence that renders you almost unconscious of the day's departure; and the proprietors of the coffee and eating rooms are resolved that since their habitation is a royal mansion, its decoration, as far as they are concerned, shall not prove in the least derogatory to its title. —Polished marble, gilding, bas relief, clocks suited to a prince's state-chamber, a profusion of artificial flowers looking fresh and natural, the finest peaches, melons, and grapes tastefully arranged (forming no inconsiderable ornament,) large chandeliers of cut glass emitting the brightest colours—and all these sumptuous objects reflected ten fold in the immense mirrors that adorn every side of the room—Such are the costly articles which are to be found combined in most of the houses of entertainment in this little world of shew and motion: and with this kind of furniture on a larger or smaller scale, are supplied all the places appropriated to the same purposes throughout Paris. The grandest specimen of them, (a magnificence which challenges palaces to equal,) is the Café des Milles Colonnes, on the first floor of the Palais Royal, which should not be missed by any traveller. Persons are at first curious to learn how 1000 columns (as the name imports) can possibly be contained in one apartment. On entering this blaze of splendour, you instantly perceive that it is by the magic effect of the well-placed and exquisitely clear mirrors, which a few gilt and glass pillars, multiply to 1000. The excessive brilliancy, the richness, and, in its delusion, the apparent extent of this place, be-

wilder the senses for a moment. I understand that a conversation with its mistress, the sparkling of her eyes and the tout ensemble of her face, more celebrated than her fairy mansion or her radiant jewels (of no fictitious value,) will not tend to diminish the dazzling effect. She was absent when I took my coffee there. In pity, I suppose, to weak heads and susceptible hearts, the goddess of the enchanted region withdraws a while.—A statue of Venus de Medecis is here in a recess; and these rival queens of beauty, strive, no doubt, each the other to outvie. Venus calls simply on nature to support her claims—her competitor disdains not the aid of Art.

Although the latter, like the former, is said to have proved far from inexorable, women of character with their friends are daily to be found sipping chocolate in these rooms—where there is very little, if any, appearance of levity.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

*The Louvre—The Tuileries and the Pont Neuf,
by Daylight.*

Paris, Sept. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My first business in the morning was to witness those scenes by daylight, which had rendered me such an enthusiast the preceding night.—If they lost much of the solemn dignity that the contrast of deep shade and the modest light of the moon had thrown round them, the detail now discoverable, in a great measure, compensated. The former, was majesty viewed with admiration; the latter, an interesting character with which you delight to become familiar, and to draw forth its beauties by degrees.—I consider that minute descriptions of Architecture and Gardens fail almost always to produce the effect intended. A general account proves most agreeable to readers who design not to visit the spot; and minutiae are unnecessary for those who are to behold it. The former, however, though fatigued by numerical accounts and dimensions, desire some description of size and form; and the latter, purchasing a book as a guide, justly require an explanation of the principal statues and devices. I am prepared for them in this respect—

and as soon as my senses are quite composed (for who can be precise and formal on first retracing such scenes?) my endeavour shall be to satisfy them. I shall reserve my detail for the latter part of this volume.—To you, my friend, I will address the bolder outline.

I have nowhere seen, in a modern structure, a piece of architecture that has so highly gratified me as one of the facades of the Louvre. This palace consists of four sides; the internal is in a style profusely ornamented, at once appearing rich, and proving a source of entertainment; the various stories told, and characters represented, in bas relief, affording the spectator many objects of interest: the external, not less magnificent, is far less decorated. This seems to me judicious. The interior of all buildings is leisurely paced, and closely examined; the exterior—viewed at some distance. My favorite facade, intended as the principal, when completed, is relieved by a recess from the first floor nearly to the top, extending almost the whole length, and fronted with Corinthian columns of more than usual elegance. The lateral projections, have six pilasters and two pillars. Beneath this colonnade, the building is plain, and balustrades finish the top of the whole range. My admiration of this part of the edifice is sanctioned by that of all the travellers I have seen; and the French declare it to be the wonder of Europe; yet it was the work of the physician, Perrault, after de Bernin, the most celebrated architect of the time of Lewis XIV, had relinquished the hope of forming a front to a structure already beheld with surprise and approbation.—Iron palisades of a bold height,

in the form of spears and tipped with gold, face the river front of the Louvre, which is joined to the Tuileries by a gallery of a prodigious length—towards the river the two palaces appear but as one.

The side of the Louvre that is parallel to Perrault's chef d'œuvre, is the most ancient; and was built under Francis I. in 1528, for the reception of foreign monarchs, on the scite of a state prison of the same name that was fortified by Philip II. in 1216, and which is traced back as far as Dagobert, 500 years before. It was from the windows of the Louvre that Charles IX. fired upon his Protestant subjects at the time of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day.

The Tuileries, though grand, is in a style very inferior to that of the Louvre. The garden-front, of a noble extent, should be divested of its high roof, an upper story substituted, and the whole rendered as free from a black colour, as is that portion of the gallery and the Louvre, which Buonaparte caused to be cleaned. Notwithstanding its present imperfections, as a specimen of architecture, were the cleansing completed, it would have a truly royal and palace-like appearance. The roof is the only cause of its heaviness; the building being much relieved by a colonnade, with statues of Roman heroes and sages, and by the open gallery over them for walking, where stone vases with flowers are placed.—The wings are rich in ornament, and are more massive than the grand body of the palace. In the gardens, I now became more intimate with the statues, and could trace the various passions of these inhabitants. The softness of Venus contrasting

the stern determination of Mars; the joyous Cupids, the languishing Nymphs of Sylvan story, the gross luxurious Bacchus, and most of the deities of the Heathen Mythology. Passing on by the great centre walk, I arrived at the largest bason; on the sides of which, the muses love to contemplate; and seated under the deep shade, I joined them for a time with my rêveries.—A little onward, parterres thickly strewn with flowers and aromatic shrubs; are the favorite morning haunts of company disposed to sit and converse free from the noise of the streets. Nearer to the palace, there is a promenade which it is fashionable to traverse in the evening, and the gay and elegant French women of rank are here to be found laughing and chatting with their lively military beaux, who never fail. In these gardens also, in the deep gloom of the remote parts, I have observed (more frequently than in England) the overcharged heart pour forth its distress into the bosom of a condoling friend; the studious sage tired of the world's insignificance, fly for repose with his chosen book; and here, like me, the admiring stranger inclining his mind to sympathise with all. The French excite a powerful interest in the heart of a spectator from the ardour of their pursuits. The vivacity in the crowded promenade, each narrator seeming to engage the powers of wit and the charms of sensibility, to secure attention, has no sooner communicated a joyful animation to an observer, than two persons in a distant walk by their violent emotion and gestures, evidently denote poignant suffering, and attract his eye; whilst the hurried step and despairing countenance of a figure that has crossed

the path to avoid the crowd and struck into an unfrequented bower, spreads an alarm for his fate; it is instantly recollected that suicides frequently occur among the Parisians. Thus, the stranger, who is naturally seeking to be impressed, finds his feelings attacked in various ways in every scene in France.

But to return to the Tuileries. The origin of this name is extremely mean, when we consider the design and use of the place. It proceeds from *tuiles*, tiles, that article having been made on the spot; and "it is singular that the finest garden in Athens was also so called, and from the same cause." The sanguinary Catherine de Medecis ordered this palace to be erected; Henry IV. added the gallery; Lewis XIV. made improvements, and Buonaparte planned an entire union of the two palaces with the demolition of the intervening buildings. A third part of this grand alteration was effected, and I rejoice to hear the clicking of chisels and the blow of the hammers, renewed at the Louvre, and along the gallery which is opposite to that of the pictures.

From the gardens of the Tuileries, crossing the unique Place Louis Quinze, the short but elegant bridge of the same name is easily attained and affords a view that is well worth observation—trees, water and palaces—and on the quay a great number of cabriolets for Versailles, St. Cloud, and all the towns and villages within fourteen miles of Paris. The drivers run in flocks to assail each passenger that approaches these vehicles, with vociferous assurances of immediate departure. Rely not on them, unless you can join two other passen-

gers. On the bridge styled Pont Royal, which leads from the Tuileries to the Faubourg St. Germain, an encrease of bustle and many elegant pedestrians and carriages are usually to be found. The next, towards the city, the Pont des Arts, is of iron and from this, the Pont Neuf, (though called new, the most ancient) and its incessant crowd is distinctly seen. I puzzled myself much to discover why the latter is considered by many persons the handsomest bridge in Paris—perhaps merely because the statue of Henry IV. ornaments the middle. The Ponts de Jena and Austerlitz, appear to me as much superior, as our bridges are to these. But on the Pont Neuf, there is much entertainment. As it connects three portions of Paris, it is frequented by persons of every description, and is lined with stationary venders of fruit and nicknacks—and men and boys who profess perfection in the art of cutting the hair, ears and tails of cats and dogs—with others who, ready to clean shoes and boots whilst they are on the feet, would fain persuade you they require a new polish, though you have just employed the next neighbour for that purpose. Apples and pears inconveniently numerous for one penny, and a peach for the same price, are offered to your notice by stentorian lungs. Books, prints, cakes, lemons, hot fried fish, potatoes, and blacking, compleat the salmagundi of commodities this bridge and its environs expose for sale.—An excellent clean poultry-market, within a good building, stands at the end of the bridge, where a Frenchman can obtain a fine goose or turkey at from three to four shillings, consequently a foreigner ought not to submit to pay more. In the Marché (market)

des Innocents, poultry can be procured at a lower price. Game is openly sold at a charge nearly double.

This letter begins to grow (if it has not long become) very dull; I perceive at least that I begin to gape over it. The sooner therefore, it is terminated the better, and no matter how abruptly, since I have not the wit to give it a flourishing finale in a new style—every body is tired of the old.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

The Garden of Plants, and Museum of Natural History—The Pantheon—The Conservatory of Arts and Trades.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now to introduce you to the most complete establishment of its kind that the world presents—the most comprehensive exemplification of the wonders that natural historians have described.

So vast an exhibition of the charms and fantasies of nature; now displaying exquisite symmetry, now sporting in wild vagaries, and now writhing under grotesque images, would alone induce the man of taste to quit his home and to travel unrepining many a dreary mile.

The handsome flat-iron bridge of Austerlitz, leads to the gates of the Garden of Plants, and the open railing discovers ranges of sombre trees and gay flowers in broad compartments reaching to the white building at a considerable distance, which contains the chief objects of our curiosity. “But what objects?” the uninformed visiter enquires; judging as he naturally does by the general name,

"Garden of Plants," that the French have given to the whole of these varied treasures. There never, surely, was a national institution containing so many important depôts, with a title so little communicative.

As you proceed, you will perceive that plants (occupying certainly the greatest space) are not more interesting or complete than the other subjects for view.

To the simple admirer of nature, the beds of innumerable flowers possess great attraction in summer, as well as the picturesque trees and shrubs from every clime, that form the long promenades; still more, the exotics in the ample green and hot-houses: and if you and I enjoy this display of Flora's and Pomona's riches, what must be the rapture of the botanist? Here the goddess of hard words (whoever she may be) has fixed her head quarters; for in no other spot I imagine is there such a profusion of labels unintelligible (like a Freemason's secret) except to the elect.

Not however to indulge in ridiculing an excellent study, I ought to mention that this is a school for botany, that the order and division of more than 7,000 plants are under the care of learned professors, who have arranged each class with perfect skill for the student, and that by six o'clock on a summer's morning, many ladies as well as gentlemen, (amateurs and students) may be found examining and copying. During the heat of revolutionary mania, whilst unquiet spirits occupied their time in morose ruminations or in turbulent activity, struggling to divide the spoil that was scattered in the general wreck, a little crowd of young persons,

I am told, resorted to, and for a time, found tranquil and salutary enjoyment among these annual payments of the professor's toil. Legitimate and intrinsic wealth! "I always find time too short," said one of these amiable naturalists to me; and it was apparent by his unaffected cheerfulness that he had scarcely known more of unhappiness than the name—whilst his eagerness to bestow pleasure on others, proved that his deep researches into the volume of nature (for he is no superficialist) have expanded his heart. But these peaceful students remained not wholly undisturbed; the Parisian Canaille were not satisfied until they had decapitated the figure of Linnæus and struck off the top of the fine cedar of Lebanon, (planted 80 years ago by Mr. Jussieu) which is still a beautiful object. This is situated at the foot of an artificial hill; on the summit of which, from a temple with eight small pillars, surmounted by an armillary sphere and dial, is a pleasing view of Paris, and a man attends with a telescope for your convenience. This garden supplies several other schools of botany with seeds and saplings; those for the purposes of medicine are not forgotten, and the hospitals are gratuitously supplied; neither is there a want of specimens of every fruit and vegetable that can here be made to grow; and for aquatic birds and plants there is a basin of water from the Seine. There are also specimens of soils and manures, hedges, ditches, ha-ha's, convenient and ornamental, with or without flowers; palisades, frames, evergreens, &c. The company is generally most interested by the singular and admirable menagerie and aviary that adorn this extensive garden. Gra-

tifying is it to the feelings, to perceive those beasts that can be safely trusted within a wooden fence, enjoying a degree of their original liberty, and the society of some of their own species. A portion of ground is allotted to each little community; and as a substitute for the caverns or trunks of trees that they would have inhabited in their own country, each has a rugged cottage proportioned to his size. The trees and shrubs to which he has been accustomed (here introduced as often as the soil and climate will allow, for him to climb or play with) in almost every particular portion, are tastefully arranged, and are consequently rendered picturesque.

The animals, approaching their natural state, appear independant and agile; and I took much pleasure in observing the countenances of visitors to these romantic habitations, as I remarked in them, almost invariably, an expression of uncommon delight. Curiosity was gratified, and the heart and the judgment acceded with perfect satisfaction to the manner in which this natural passion was indulged.

Nearer to the river, are the ferocious animals; necessarily surrounded with iron bars, and confined within a small space: but how lamentable, is it to witness their impatience at restraint, their walking to and fro desiring and expecting to find an outlet; shewing a striking and affecting instance of the want of memory, by returning with an extraordinary frequency of repetition to the very spot where, but a few seconds before, they had discovered an impenetrable barrier. I have seen these prisoners throw themselves down (mostly

towards the evening) with a low moan, as if exhausted and in grief. The next morning they rise refreshed to recommence their monotonous and harrassing employment.—Of lions, leopards, and tygers, here are some of the finest I have seen, and the aviary, at some distance, is well stocked. A fine elephant has a house to himself, and there are two camels that turn the wheel of a forcing pump.

From one of the promenades are seen several large and deep square pits, in which different animals have habitations to which they seem to retire with a vast deal of complacency, having besides, a sufficient space to roam about in the open air when agreeable to them; and among the most good-humoured and polite, is a bear, the Vestris of that tribe. At the desire of any persons who pay him a visit and shew him some food, he displays attitudes the most graceful in his power; and after climbing a very high pole that has many a stake driven into it, he descends in a style peculiarly his own.—No keeper is at hand; Bruin appears spontaneously anxious, for the honor of the spectacles, to exhibit what a bear can do.—In several parts of the gardens are buildings applied to various purposes. The best built of these is the amphitheatre, where lectures on all branches of Natural history are delivered. On Botany, at seven in the morning, by Desfontaines; and by Jussieu the younger, who makes excursions with students and others into the fields to gather and examine herbs. Hilaire lectures on Birds; Laugier on Chemistry without notes—he is eloquent and sufficiently rapid. Lagrange and

Vauquelin also on Chemistry and Pharmacy; and Count Lacépède on all viviparous animals; but his servility to Buonaparte has rendered him so unpopular that he is but little attended. Dumenil, lecturer on Anatomy, frequently reads for him.—These dissertations, though scientific, and generally profound, are conveyed in a style that adds grace and interest to the subject. In these fascinating decorations the French have long excelled; and females (some of the most lovely too) numerous attend most of the lectures in Paris. Critics should beware, I think, of condemning the embellishments of language resorted to by these professors with a view to secure attention, since they are by these means frequently successful in drawing round them many of those young persons who possess the power to purchase gratifications far less innocent; and many instances have there been of these juvenile auditors, led captive in silken toils, penetrating recesses hitherto unexplored, and gathering for society, gems of which their preceptors had no knowledge.—A richly stored cabinet of anatomy occupies another mansion, in which resides the professor. Numerous curiosities are here exhibited besides dissections of the human and almost every other animal body. One of the most interesting is the progress of the chicken in the egg, from a mere speck to the day of its birth, imitated in wax; in which substance also, are imitations of fishes that cannot be preserved. Fœti and monsters are also here in abundance. Two days would be well spent in these rooms. A week would be employed in doing justice to the grand museum that

heads the principal walks. Those who recollect Sir Ashton Lever's collection in London, and to an equal number of specimens in each department, add half as many more, will comprehend the extent of the treasures of the Parisian galleries. I should except, perhaps, birds: the Leverian, as well as this museum, being amply stocked in this department of Nature; but the shells, the minerals and fossils excite, by their number and their beauty, the wonder of all strangers. Although I had deliberately examined several of the best English collections of shells, I found here, some of a form with which I was wholly unacquainted, and others exceeding in size and elegance those I had seen of the same description.—Of most kinds, here are several specimens; and the perfect cleanliness, the polish, and the arrangement of each sort is admirable to observe.—The vast variety of birds with their plumage in its original loveliness, (so perfect is their preservation) induced me to linger long among them. These and most of the beasts, nearly 200 monkies, the tall ostrich and cassowary, the enormous elephant and the rhinoceros, are in glass cases. The cameleopard, 17 feet high, standing without a cover, towers above the whole. Of funguses, sea weed, coral, nests, eggs, and chrysallises, particularly of the three former, the collection far exceeds expectation.

The indefatigable naturalist will in time, perhaps, discover some process by which the brilliancy and beauty of some of the finny tribe may appear on our shelves; at present they form the least satisfactory portion of collections.

The marbles, porphyry, and granite; the spars

the barks of trees, ferns, lava, basalts, bones of animals known and unknown, many in stones, arranged by the famous Cuvier; the ores, chrystals, jaspers, and varieties of ornamental articles, formed of these materials, occupy several rooms; and to compleat this establishment, there is a library fruitful in information on all that the galleries contain; a statue of the great historian of these treasures, the Count de Buffon, executed by Pajou; and paintings of plants and animals. Persons whose time is wholly at their own command, would find a thorough acquaintance with every object throughout this immense establishment, one of the most profitable and fascinating occupations their lives had experienced. With the catalogue that is to be purchased in a booth contiguous to the museum, and with a volume of Buffon abridged, a knowledge of the habits of each of the animals, and the properties and peculiarities of each inanimate body in these chambers, may be acquired.—The presence of these ornaments and wonders of the creation, would render a perusal of the work not only a most enchanting pastime, but would deeply impress the mind of the reflective reader with innumerable salutary lessons. There is a vast deal more truth than is generally imagined in the tendency of the remarks of Gay's Shepherd, *i. e.* that Nature presents a compleat book of morals in the actions of her creatures. Yet when we visit an exhibition of different animals, we seldom recollect that we are introduced to a number of instructors; and instructors of the first order, since it is by their example, not precept, that they teach or warn. That patience, courage,

forbearance, and fidelity are virtues strikingly pointed out by dumb creatures, we are well aware, because they are daily within our cognizance; but in the repository of extraordinary forms now under our attention, welcome *strangers* greet us with their presence, and afford us the advantage of models for our conduct. Shall we not blush at our deficiency in conjugal affection, when we learn that yon little animals, the kamichi, male and female, quit not each other during life, and that the loss of the one is acutely mourned by the widowed companion to the latest moment of existence? and that the red lark suffers death rather than compulsory absence from her young? A long list of virtues, as well as of noble attributes, might be composed in these galleries, towards a code of laws for human conduct. You may, perhaps, remark that Buffon supplies us with these lessons (the result of his astonishing researches) in our closet.—It is true; that these rules are more firmly graven on our hearts when the interesting sources from which they were drawn are before us.—“What!” we exclaim, “and is it that delicate, humble, little creature that performs an act so heroic?”

Since, in the catacombs under Paris, the moralist has judiciously taken advantage of the wreck of man there exposed, to affix on the walls, scriptural and other apposite precepts; why should not this institution, pregnant as it is with opportunity, lead the visitor into a useful train of thought by a few sublime and suitable inscriptions, intelligible to the meanest capacity?

I could not refrain from anger at the view of

some negligent, incurious persons who passed without a remark, with somewhat indeed of the expression of contempt, hundreds of exquisite objects that had been purchased at the expence of the toil and hardships of naturalists, in journeys undertaken from pole to pole.—Their insensibility was the theme of those who were leisurely examining the objects before them. I felt tempted to admonish those insensates in terms that might form the prominent subject of the inscriptions I suggested, and should have rejoiced if such persons, or casting their eyes round, could have fixed them on words of this import.

“ Recollect, vain man, when engrossed with
“ your pre-eminence over the creatures here en-
“ closed, that most of these were gifted with some
“ power which you possess not. Go, if you can,
“ soar into the air ; or penetrate with your visual
“ faculty, the shades of night ; or preserve your-
“ self in the midst of the ocean ; or protract your
“ life for two centuries ; or plunge into an abyss
“ unhurt, when your enemy is in pursuit. See
“ that your reason be guardian of your conduct ;
“ that you shew fortitude, perseverance, gentle-
“ ness, industry, and constancy in your attachments.
“ If you have failed in virtues so necessary to your
“ happiness and to that of others, seek here the
“ forms of those who could have taught you by
“ example.”

Such ideas should not occur to the persons who come to this place to benefit or to admire. And what deep, interminable gratitude ought they not to feel towards the man who has nearly drained the cornucopia of Nature, and poured its contents into

would be improved by having some kind of figure on the top; it wears at present rather a naked appearance. Upon the whole, it is one of those erections that enchant the eye; and from the upper dome, Paris expands itself before you, surrounded with gardens, which render the view more picturesque than that of London, although there is a striking want of elevated buildings, and not a single spire; more than fifty churches and convents having been destroyed during the revolutions.—The Pantheon appears about half the size of our St. Paul's. An extensive library is attached to it, where strangers may read daily from ten till two o'clock. Mr. Chevalier, the principal librarian, wrote some fine tracts on Greece, and is a man of great learning.

The liberality of the French in admitting foreigners into the greater part of their literary societies and public edifices, in many of which they will not suffer the attendants to accept a donation, is the theme of universal praise among our countrymen; and there is one exhibition in particular where their hospitable and generous ideas are manifested in a degree that cannot be sufficiently applauded. I allude to the extraordinary permission that strangers as well as natives enjoy, to take a deliberate survey of all the instruments and machines used in the sciences and trades throughout France; which, together with their produce, are collected into one focus, and arranged without the least confusion in the very extensive rooms of the ancient priory of St. Martin. It is styled the Conservatory of Arts and Trades; and this, again, is, I believe, a unique establishment; at least we are unacquainted with

any other of this nature to any considerable extent. If to a man wholly ignorant of mechanism, quite unversed in the sciences, this place be interesting; high indeed must its merit rank with those who have a general knowledge of these matters.—In the large hall are placed ponderous machines: fire escapes of ingenious construction, balloons with cars, steam engines, &c.; beyond, are to be found many that relate to agriculture, to hydraulics, and to fire.—Some of these are models, beautifully executed, curious from their intricacy and minute parts, and highly finished in every particular, in various kinds of wood, metal, and ivory. Many of them are within models of the buildings in which they are exercised. On ascending a very handsome staircase, a range of apartments is found filled, chiefly, with minor instruments and models; but here are still machines of an immense size, by some of which the strength of a man is encreased a hundred fold; bequeathed by the celebrated Vaucanson, with the tools with which he constructed them.—Weaving, knitting, spinning, twisting, and carding machines stand here a credit to this great mechanist; and a druggist with flowers is shewn, made entirely by an ass, with a union of instruments, which Vaucanson, in a passion with the obstinate people of Lyons, most ingeniously affixed to a machine, worked by his new servant, to give them a sense of shame.—All those inventions which have obtained rewards from the French government or public bodies, as well as patents, find a place in this repository; and many of foreign origin. Methods of arithmetic, fine writing, papers coloured, stamped, and some beautifully cut out; fans of mother of pearl; machines

to facilitate the study of perspective ; and models of pulpits ; (usually a very ornamental object in the French churches) are placed in rows. The admirable and simple process of Montgolfier to raise water to the top of a house is shewn, and a variety of inventions and curiosities far less common. The ram of Montgolfier may be seen in action at No. 15, rue Pastorelle. The generality of visitors seem most gratified by a collection of ribbons and silks, which, trifling as this part of the museum may appear on a cursory view, is truly worthy attention, when the difficulty of producing such a variety and richness of pattern is considered.—Foreigners can obtain entrance by shewing their passports, every day except, Friday and Saturday. A few persons have attributed to the pride and vanity of the French, their ready admission of strangers to all their curiosities; but that it arises from sentiments the most pure, (I am inclined to say exalted,) is proved by the anxiety they manifest that foreigners may thoroughly understand the nature of all that is exhibited to them, and borrow whatever may be conducive to general improvement. A man attends twice a week to give a particular description of all that is striking, and his good humour and ardour to oblige and instruct, enhance the value of the repository. His days vary ; when I was there, they were Sunday and Thursday.

This venerable priory appears from the garden, like an ancient palace ; and although devoid of merit as a specimen of architecture, it cannot be viewed externally or internally without a feeling of interest, when the ideas connect with it a train of

monks and all their ceremonies and habits. We look about for the refectory, the gratings, the chapel, and the cells. Slight are the traces of them ; and there is now, within, a gaiety of colouring, a lightness and a bustle very foreign to its former tone. It is now a grand portrait of all that is useful.—What a contrast to its original purpose ! Its present directors correspond with all parts of the globe, with a view of ameliorating the condition of their fellow creatures. Its former inhabitants, groaned out their lives in penance for sins that many of them never had an opportunity of committing ; or under a veil of austerity, pampered themselves with luxuries which they purchased without a single effort of mind or body,

LETTER VI.

TO AN ANTIQUARY.

The Museum of Monuments—The History of Paris—The Churches—The Town Hall—The Palace of Justice—The Invalides—The Mint—Ancient Buildings.

DEAR SIR,

To you, who so far from affecting to despise the productions of modern times, are as eager for their developement, as you are for the examination of those that bear the stamp of antiquity, from which latter taste, eagerly pursued, your title emanates; I dedicate a chapter on the subjects which form your delight, and with which the metropolis of France abounds.

First in the rank of these charms, stand forth Museum of Monuments! arrayed in your commemorative glories of Sculpture, from the times of yore, and from eras less remote that Nature more particularly marked her own!—When Atheism, with a barbarous disregard of taste, annihilated many of the temples of religion in Paris and in its vicinity, and despoiled others, a man whom the

Arts hail as their watchful guardian, and whom all France should venerate, Al. Lenoir, formed the resolution to preserve from sacrilege the monuments raised by his country, or by admiring individuals, to the memory of renowned characters; and in every possible instance the remains of their mortal frame.—He succeeded in secreting them, through all the convulsive throes of the revolution; and the Constitutional Assembly, with a just sense of the value of such services, granted him the ancient convent Les Petits Augustines, as an appropriate receptacle for the venerable relics he had protected. Here, Mars, Minerva, and the Muses mourn alike their favorites! and there is scarcely a mortal but must sympathise with one at least of these divinities.

The surprise of the uninformed visitor is most agreeably excited when entering the meanest of gateways, apparently belonging to a house of a low description, he suddenly perceives a long court surrounded with antique buildings, some of the ornaments of which have been selected from the remnants of the churches and of other edifices, immolated at the shrine of infidelity. Proceeding forward under archways enriched with devices, and through a smaller and more sequestered court, on my first visit, I passed into a garden perfectly in the English taste; that is divested of offensive formality; consequently in unison with the vestiges of art scattered around. This small spot of ground is laid out with so “exquisite a cunning” as to seem devoid of any, and appears of twice its actual extent.—It has an effect almost superhuman to be thus tranquilly placed among mementos of

heroes and their historians, poets, and philosophers, under the shade of the willow and the acasia, in the midst of a city where commerce and pleasure seem the sole pursuits of a busy throng, who are not a hundred yards removed. What a delicious retreat for studious Parisians!—Our Temple, our gardens at Gray's and Lincoln's Inn, still present an aspect of hurried passengers and common dwellings; but here, all is repose; a complete enclosure of romantic scenery! A thick foliage almost buries a Gothic ruin close by my seat; a crumbling Roman temple, clearer from branches, but still under their shade, meets my eye more remotely; and in the open lawn stands a pillar with many a history of battles told by the actions of the heroes in bas-relief: farther on, a tomb on which Time has but gently laid his decomposing weapon, and statues in a thick plantation, terminate the scene.—This was my favourite haunt in Paris; and can you conceive any thing more inviting than its silence, its solitude, and the cool air at twilight in a sultry autumn? Closed from all the gaieties without, I lingered to that hour full of reflections that soften and amend the heart; and if the gravity of Descartes, whose features are here before me, and the remembrance of the fate of Abelard and Eloisa, who actually (as well as their images) lay extended under yon Gothic canopy, have given a tinge of melancholy to my thoughts, I have but to turn round, Moliere and Boileau will enliven them! Nor is this garden devoid of open walks, cheerful with a profusion of the gayest flowers; some in antique vases, others scattered negligently among the trees; whilst in the gloom beyond, paths, that from the wildness of

the shrubbery appear long deserted, rise, fall, and wind at length over rustic bridges; till, become confused in the distant plantation, they no longer can be traced.—In this “World in an Acre,” although in addition to what I have enumerated, many a bust of bronze and stone, and mouldering monument find a place, there is no redundancy;—all is harmony, all grace; and it is hoped the great projector of the whole will infuse a portion of his taste into his countrymen, when in future they are planning the disposition of their grounds.—Do not suppose, my dear Sir, I have yet introduced you to a fourth part of the treasures this place contains. Turn back, and view with me the convent and its sombre chambers; where sculpture, on a *grand* scale, courts inspection.—Look! the door of that great hall opens, and through the awful gloom you think those groups of figures that stand so boldly out, are animated. They are from the inspired chisel of many an artist lost to the world, yet thus surviving. Come on; nay, be not transfixed by a dread of intimacy with the exalted characters before you. *I* have become familiar with them; and penetrated those galleries that extend so far beyond. The dim light from the painted glass, at this closing hour of day, renders imperfect the features of the recumbent figures that appear beneath the windows—and the reverential feelings that you cannot conquer, are not diminished by the view of those several chapels; so venerable in fretwork! so solemn, with their gothic tombs! Here I sometimes take my morning walk, and, unmolested by other individuals, seem to be received at once as a cotemporary by characters whose lives were not coeval.

If living, these great men would not, I imagine, have admitted me their friend or intimate; I am *here* permitted to survey their images unopposed. A sigh of regret will, however, obtrude that the wish by some action to merit their esteem (a wish seldom wholly useless when inspired) comes too late in reference to them. By the aid of memory, and no less of fancy, I trace in their features some of the prominent sentiments their works advance, or of the passions which instigated them to action; and cannot but conclude that contemplations among sages thus personified, whom we have formerly admired at a distance, stimulate the mind to excel and persevere in whatsoever laudable pursuit it may happen to be engaged. This, at least, is the feeling with which I ever quit places of such a description; and I judge of others by myself.—Who with us quits the abbey at Westminster without some amendment of his heart or mind, however transient it may be with the *profligate*?—And yet mean and narrow is our Poet's Corner (commemorative as it is of nearly all our men of genius), compared with this convent of the Augustines and its stupendous decorations. Have we, as here, monuments resembling temples, chapels sacred to progressive ages, and filled with their respective tombs? It is true, Paris contains not a structure for religious rites that equals our metropolitan cathedrals; but the Augustines (not like them disturbed by the frequently-discordant chaunt, and crowded gazers at gaudy ceremonies) affords its *silent* shelter for the "honored dead;" a silence seldom broken but by the footfall of the respectful enquirer into their several merits.

I invite you to pause here, my dear Sir, not as an antiquary, who seeks the petty fragment of a stone that may have been ascertained to have existed in the same form 2000 years, and who regards it with a degree of rapture unauthorized by taste, but as an Antiquary (such as I know you to be) who has penetrated the character of those whose lives or talents present from distant periods, examples for his own, and consequently for mankind in general; who desires to know *how such peculiar merit looked*; who carefully examines the pretensions to accuracy in figures proffered as resemblances; who glories in the faithfulness to nature of the artist who has handed down to posterity at the same time a great cotemporary and his own fame—as an Antiquarian in short who carries with him through all his investigations, be they into architecture, sculpture or other objects, the grand principle, utility, as the ordeal by which he tries their merits.

I have pointed out a spot that to you will prove an elysium; where you will breathe, as it were, the air of antiquity, and imagine yourself to have existed through various ages; nor can that mind be fairly ridiculed that here exalts itself to a feeling of sublimity.

I subjoin a list of the most striking objects.

In the garden, monuments are placed over the ashes of Descartes, Boileau, Montfaucon, La Fontaine, Massillon and Moliere, Duguesclin, the Constable Ann of Montmerency, Henry de Bourbon Condé, Dagobert, a stone statue of Jupiter, and in a small piece of ground for that purpose only,

that of Abelard and Eloisa, brought from the Abbey of Paraclete.

In the Convent, the tombs are placed in various apartments, each of which is appropriated to a particular portion of years.

In the great Hall are the rude sepulchral works of the dark ages—altars of the Gauls and the Romans, yielding to the ravages of time; the tomb of Clovis, where he appears imploring pardon for the cruelties he practised; the decayed monuments of the Kings from his death to that of Charles Martel; the vile Chilperic, the still more sanguinary Fredegonde and the heroic conqueror Charlemagne. To render this Hall strikingly picturesque, a deviation with regard to order has taken place; and the aspiring tombs of the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, that of Francis I. and those of Cardinal Dubois, Diana de Poitiers, the statue of Peter Corneille, and a variety of decorative sculpture are introduced.

Chapel of the 13th century.—Lewis IX. called St. Lewis; Philip the bold, and his Queen Isabella; Charles King of Sicily; his uncle and others.—*The style of sculpture very uncouth.*

14th century.—Philip the Fair; the Duc d'Alençon, slain at the battle of Cressy; King John of France, who died in London, where he was attended by Edward the Black Prince, to whom he was prisoner; the celebrated Charles V. surnamed the Wise, a great patron of the arts; the intrepid Du Guesclin, &c.—*Sculpture advancing.*

15th century.—Lewis d'Orleans and his brother Charles, one of the early poets; Renée d'Orleans; Philip de Commines, the historian; Charles VI.;

Charles VII.; Valentine of Milan; Lewis XI.; Joan of Arc; Isabel of Bavaria; Lewis XII. &c.

There is much elegance in some of the ornaments. The tomb of Lewis XII. resembling a gothic chapel, is a superb specimen of the taste of those times.

16th century.—Francis I. and his wife Claude, recumbent figures, admirably executed by Jean Gougeon; Henry IV. by Francheville; Pibrac; Marot; Rabelais; the brave Coligny; the wise l'Hopital; Philibert de Lorme; Palissy; Ronsard; Jean Cousin; Amiott, and the insatiable Catherine de Medici.

Sculpture had by this time acquired a style evidently the result of a close enquiry into nature.

17th century.—The great financier, Colbert; Le Tellier; Le Brun, the historical painter, and his mother; the philosophical historian De Thou; Lulli, the musician; Descartes, the philosopher; Marshal Turenne in the arms of immortality; Poussin, styled the painter of poets and philosophers; Lesueur; the Princess de Conti; Corneille; the good La Fontaine; the elegant Racine; Mansard; Pascal; Quinault; Coysevox; Santeul; Lenostre; Lamoignon; Fenelon; Bossuet the first of French orators; and all the great men of the flourishing age of Lewis XIV. who is to be found among his heroes and philosophers, regarding his old friends with exultation.—*His statue is most highly finished, and altogether French sculpture is become honourable to the arts.*

18th century.—Maupertius; Crébillon; Cousin; Lepautre; Marshal Saxe; Montesquieu; Fou-

tenelle; Chevert; Helvetius; Piron; Jean Baptiste Rousseau; Buffon; Voltaire; d'Alembert; Caylus; Marshal d'Harcourt, &c.

Sculpture has still evinced improvement; many of the heads and figures are full of expression and truth; but there is great contrast of style, and inequality of success.

Doubtless you desire to learn the origin of a city that had lately some claim to be styled the capital of the world. According to Cæsar and Strabo, Paris was named Lutetia, and was the chief town of a people called Parisii. It was confined to the Island which is now called La Cité, and which is joined by the Pont Neuf to the two banks of the river Seine. Fifty years before the Christian era, Lutetia became the property of the Romans, but revolting, Cæsar sent Labienus to reduce it to obedience. He was twice repulsed and it did not surrender till the inhabitants had burnt the greater part and seen their Chief, Camulogene and his brave Gauls, perish by their side. At that time an altar to Jupiter was erected on one of the points of the Island; and Mars had a temple on Montmartre, then Mont de Mars. St. Denis having introduced the Christian Faith, a small church was raised in the third century.

The Emperor Julian in 356, occupied Lutetia, and dignified it with the title of his "dear city." There was then a suburb extending to the magnificent palace of Thermæ (warm baths) in the Rue de la Harpe, of which some remains are discoverable; in a small street at the back, some of the remnants of the antique architecture in this quarter are interesting and much frequented by the

curious ; a cooper, a traiteur, a printer, and others, inhabit a venerable pile. Julian built the Great Chatelet as a citadel for the protection of Paris, and in the 5th century, Clovis greatly improved and extended the city. The 9th, filled it with dismay, through the incursions of the Normans, who pillaged the rich monasteries, and ultimately destroyed most of the adjacent houses. In 886, the Normans besieged it a third time under Sigefroy, and it resisted for a year and a half in the midst of the horrors of pestilence and famine through the valour of Eudes Count of Paris, and of the Bishop of Goslin, and his nephew Eble, who signalized themselves in a manner not expected in ecclesiastics. Charles the Fat at length appeared at Montmartre, and by ignominiously paying 7000lbs. of silver, delivered the country from his enemies. In the 10th century commerce began to flourish, but such was the ignorance of the times, that the early kings of the Capetian race could not read: and those persons who *were* thus accomplished were called clerks. Soon, however, the schools of Paris acquired great esteem, and persons flocked from all parts to hear the eloquent Abelard. A University being at length established, not less than 20,000 scholars crowded the colleges. Philip Augustus at the commencement of the 13th century surrounded the city with walls, paved the streets, and raised the towers of the Louvre and other buildings: the former, though now in the centre of Paris, was then beyond it. In 1294, Philip the Fair rendered the parliament stationary in the metropolis, and people pleaded in courts of justice instead of deciding

right by single combat. During the imbecile reign of Charles VI. the English got possession of the metropolis; in 1422, Henry V. of England died at the Castle of Vincennes, and Charles expired a prisoner in the same year in Paris, where Henry VI. of England was crowned King of France. Charles VII. regained the city in 1436, and inhabited the *Palace de Tournelles*, now the *Place Royale*. The horrible massacre of the Protestants occurred on St. Bartholomew's day in 1572. Francis I. erected many public buildings early in the 16th century, and in 1549, Henry II. was so averse to the rapid increase of the city, that he prescribed limits, beyond which no persons were permitted to build. Paris was then so unsafe by night that the theatres closed at half past four. Henry IV. did much towards the embellishment of the city, Lewis XIV. still more, and the plans of Buonaparte, had they been executed, would have left Paris without a rival in the splendour of her streets, as she now is in many other points. Besides the boulevards in the interior of Paris, which marked a former boundary, there are extra boulevards which surround the city, and its limits are now nearly 20 miles, but within this space are many large gardens and pieces of waste ground. The number of houses in Paris does not exceed one-third of those in London, but the people are more than one-half; about 600,000, besides foreigners.

The churches in Paris would occupy much of your time. There are many objects within each; that merit examination and their appearance is widely different from those of England. I did not enter a single church in France that was not pro-

ductive of much gratification, and those in the metropolis abound in interesting or curious objects. It is a great relief to quit the painful, uneven stones in the streets, the clatter of carriages, and the pushing of the people for the perfect tranquillity, the coolness and the cleanliness of the churches that rear their heads over the dull houses in different quarters of the town. The dim light, the painted glass, the richly carved pulpit, the numerous paintings, the sculpture, and the noble organ, of a bold size and height, are the impressive contents of almost every building appropriated to religious worship.

That of Notre Dame, in the form of a cross, surpasses all the rest in size and majesty. It was built in the reigns of Lewis VII. and of Philip Augustus, in the 12th century, is in the Arabic taste, and is detached from other edifices, except that on one side it is joined to a small part of the archiepiscopal palace, a structure that forms a curious contrast to the elegant and elaborate cathedral, being a heavy mass of stone, offensively white, surrounded by a tolerable garden and a large plain wall. These tasteless fabrics are not visible in the principal points of view from which the church is seen; it is a truly noble object as it stands before you in the small square that fronts the grand entrance.

There are many rude figures intended as ornamental that surmount the doorway, which add to the richness of the architecture, but are in the rudest style of barbarism. Galleries, small columns, pyramids, and obelisks in miniature, are the prevailing features among the decorations, of

the exterior. One hundred and twenty pillars support a range of arches in the interior, which displays a corresponding degree of splendor. The middle aisle, grand from the height of its roof, affords from the entrance an uninterrupted view of nearly the whole length of the church; the sumptuous altar, the striking pictures and the gobelin tapestry that adorn the sides, at once meet the eye; and the small chapels of the minor aisles are perceptible between the pillars. A great number of subjects in bas relief, some of which are extremely well executed, are introduced in this church; in which, notwithstanding the profuseness of decorations, there is a lofty simplicity that overpowers the gaudiness that might otherwise have injured the effect. Few of the French churches are so chaste in their colouring as Notre Dame; yet there are two or three that surpass it in this attribute of beauty. The superb choir was the design of De Coste; the altar and the sanctuary are of marble and porphyry, and tessellated pavements and variegated shrines adorn the numerous chapels. The pictures are striking and above mediocrity, the tapestry below it.—Notre Dame is spoiled by its two heavy towers, the dusky hue of which increased by black shutters, and their meanness, by their modern windows beneath, but ill accord with the light and delicate architecture of the body. The view of the city from these towers is the most satisfactory to those who desire to obtain a knowledge of its situation; that from the Pantheon is more beautiful.

St. Germain des Prés, once an abbey, founded by Childebert in 558, has nothing to distinguish it

but its very ancient gothic style and the circumstance that King Pepin, when he ordered St. Germain's body to be removed from the side to the middle of the church, said to it, "Receive, Mister Saint Germain, our village of Palaiseau and its dependencies."—We do not learn whether the Saint testified his approbation; but it must have been very acceptable news to the surrounding monks. Palaiseau is better known to us by the Magpie than by the Saint to whom it appertained; but in future you will, no doubt, increase your respect for a village so famed in tales of yore. There are remains of the monastery of St. Germain de Près discoverable about the prison called the Abbaye; and a handsome printing office and houses adjacent, have a venerable air, though lately repaired. During the revolution, a library of 100,000 volumes was here destroyed.

St. Etienne-du-Mont, anciently St. Genevieve, though of a very antique appearance on the outside, is the lightest and gayest church in Paris in the interior. Its open-work ornaments, its confusion of Greek, Arabic, and Gothic orders, and its airy-built stair-case, strike the spectator with astonishment; as, from the gloom without, he expects all that is sombre within. A variety of colours and drapery contribute to shock the eye of taste; which, turning away in disgust, finds a relief in the modest tone of the contiguous Pantheon. St. Etienne, the front of which is much admired, was built in 1222, on the ruins of the abbey of St Genevieve, whose tomb, found in a subterranean chapel, has been raised into the church, where it forms an altar, and bears the date of 511. The pulpit

modern, designed by La Hyre, is supported by a Sampson, well executed by l'Estocard. Some of the pictures are good. The martyrdom of St. Stephen, over the altar, is by Le Brun.

St. Gervais.—The front of this church is beautiful; Desbrosses was the architect, and he chose the three Grecian orders for his grand portal, placing the one above the other. The interior has a solemn effect, the light issuing from richly painted windows; those at the back of the altar, viewed from the entrance, are particularly imposing. It is lamentable that this pleasing structure is almost buried in mean houses.

The Holy Chapel, at the Palace of Justice, was erected by St. Lewis, in 1245, and has an air of great antiquity, a richness, and an elegance that have given it the character of being one of the purest Gothic temples in Europe.—The four edifices I have already mentioned, and the nave of St. Gervais, may be considered as specimens of the first style of architecture in France; the second, (that of the age of Lewis XIV.) is exhibited in the five that follow, in which the Roman is the style chiefly imitated.

Church of the Jesuits.—A Roman cross with a dome in the centre. The front is overcharged with ornament; the interior is grand.

St. Mary has little to recommend it.

The Assumption is a circular church, simple and beautiful within, with a cupola painted by La Fosse. The outside has a portico supported by eight Corinthian pillars.

The Val de Grace, built by Ann of Austria, in 1645, for monks, is converted into an hospital for

invalid soldiers, and its truly elegant church into a magazine. The marble pavement, the fine paintings in the dome, by Mignard; the Corinthian pilasters and the bas relief, by Augier, remain uninjured. There is much grace and lightness in the exterior, the portal having columns and marble statues, also by Augier. The hearts of some of the royal family were here interred.

The church of the Sorbonne, of a similar description, is destined to the same degrading office, and with more direful effects. It appears already in a state of ruin, and nothing can be more dismal than this part of the town. The dead silence that reigns throughout the heavy buildings of the Sorbonne is certainly favourable to the artists who reside in them; and this repose must have been necessary for the discussion of the doctors in theology, for whom Lewis erected the buildings. There were four churches close to each other on this spot; in one of them the celebrated divines and their disciples held deliberations. David's pictures are now shewn in another.

The third era of architecture, still aiming at the Roman style, was a character grand and severe, of which these five churches are examples. They were built under Lewis XV. and Lewis XVI.

The new St. Genevieve, the Pantheon, has been described.

St. Sulpice is one of the most splendid monuments of France, and should not be hurried over by the traveller. Its majestic front, by Servandoni, of the Doric and Ionic orders, is crowned with two towers, one of which is mean, in its unfinished state, and much lessens the beauty of one

of the finest modern structures, in which the bold conception, and the attention to proportion in the execution, raise the admiration of the cognoscenti, as well as of the common observer. Beneath the noble portico are some admirable bas-reliefs, by Stodtz. But to the interior, it is not easy to do justice by description. A magic effect is produced that arises from a combination of causes, which it is difficult to trace or to comprehend.—The Corinthian order prevails; the altar and the colouring throughout are more chaste than is generally found in French buildings; but the richness of the painting and the delicacy of the sculpture, in the chapel of the Virgin, behind the great altar, chiefly excite surprise. A soft light is admitted by means that are invisible, which gives a tender tone to the sculptured form of Mary, who, wafted by the lightest clouds, has just placed one foot on the Earth, to which she is about to present her Son. The perfect sweetness of her countenance, the harmony and repose of the tints, and the gloom in which you are placed, that the figures may be the only enlightened objects, approach nearer to the sublime than any scene I have witnessed, and I listened involuntarily for some celestial sound; when the organ swells its solemn notes, it must powerfully effect. It is before you ascend the steps of the chapel that this enchanting appearance arrests you. On a nearer view, the exquisitely painted ceiling, which is concave, is clearly visible, though it is still impossible to discover from whence the light proceeds. The paintings are small scriptural figures among clouds, by Lemoine; the sculptor of the Virgin was Pigale. A superb pulpit with the

marble staircases and the figure of Charity; the vessels for holy water at the cross, of granite from Egypt; and those near the entrance, of enormous shells on rocks of marble; are among the sumptuous decorations.

The church of St. Roch has a grand portico, and there is much lightness and simplicity in the lofty aisle. Three chapels behind the choir are so contrived as to produce a striking effect; somewhat, perhaps, too theatrical, and here again the light is admirably thrown. Christ crucified is on a rock, and the Magdalen at the foot of the cross. The pictures of St. Denis, by Vien, and of a cure effected at the intercession of St. Genevieve, by Doyen, are fine specimens of the late school.

St. Eustace is a bold structure; but a barbarous mixture of Greek and Gothic offends, and the loss of one of its towers renders it still more uncouth. The pillars that support the narrow portico are studded with small square pieces of stone, a mode of spoiling them to which the French are attached as they are also to crossing them with a number of lines, like rings. This church is large and resembles an abbey. Colbert, Voiture, Vaugelas, and Chevêr have here their sepulchres; and on the latter is one of the best of French epitaphs, near the entrance, on a marble slab.

St. Philip du Roule, also large and handsome, gratifies by its simplicity and its grave character. The portico is of the Doric order. The inside is strikingly elegant. The concave ceiling is terminated in an amphitheatrical form, and supported by six stately columns. The coup d'œil is particularly impressive on entering.

St. Merry, a church on a much smaller scale, has a mean exterior and a dirty neighbourhood, but is rich in ornament within. The fine choir was the work of Stodtz, and the arcades are of a stucco, closely imitating marble. A golden glory over the altar, in tolerable unison with the surrounding colours and decorations, has a much better effect than you would imagine could be given to such an object. The pictures, with the exception of a few, are highly interesting. The two that are placed in the chapels at the sides of the choir, are by Charles Vanloo, and some of the others are chaste, well designed, and of a solemn expression.

St. Louis, formerly the Capuchins, is the simplest in Paris, but so well proportioned in all its parts, that it is not the less admired. It was erected in 1780.

The church des Petits Ponts, after the designs of Peter le Muel, in 1656, of the Ionic order, surmounted with a kind of composite, has its beauty.

St. Germain l'Auxerrois has nothing striking, but its portal, on which are the statues of Childbert and his wife Ultrogotha, the founders of the ancient chapel, on the scite of which the present is raised. This front is the work of the famous Perrault, and Le Brun added some ornaments; they are specimens of pure Gothic. It is surprising that two such great men did not effect something of more consequence. The altar boasts a good picture, by Rumbourg. A grating of polished iron is worthy of remark.

St. Thomas d'Aquin. The exterior, Doric over Ionic; the interior, Corinthian, and the fine ceiling,

representing the Transfiguration, is by Lemoine. This church belonged to the Jacobins, and was begun in 1685.

St. Severin, of a date unknown, was embellished by Tubby, in 1684, after the drawings of Le Brun. Its altar is ornamented with eight marble pillars composite, which support a cupola enriched with bronze gilt. It merits attention, as indeed do each of these I have enumerated.

L'Hôtel de Ville (the town hall) though condemned for its architecture has a richer and more interesting appearance than such high-roofed buildings in general. Its inner court is small but handsome, and decorated with arcades. The design was by Nicholas de Crènone, in 1433. The Corinthian pillars are too small, and a Falstaff would scarcely be able to enter at the grand door. All this disproportion is certainly barbarous, but it has some fine rooms. It was the theatre of many of the horrid scenes of the republic, and of the fall of the friends of Robespierre.

The Palace of Justice is as large as a small town, and is not deficient in dignity. It is supposed to have originated under Eudes, in the ninth century, was inhabited by several of the Kings of France, and was three times destroyed by fire. The front court is entered through a superb grating, which leads to the numerous steps ascended to gain the principal door. The body of the building is faced with four Doric pillars and statues, representing Justice, Fortitude, Plenty, and Prudence. The great hall to the right, where ambassadors were formerly received, and the nuptials of princes celebrated, is now the rendezvous of lawyers and

their clients. The halls and other apartments are grand, but beneath them is a prison, the Conciergerie, to which if Justice consigns her victims, Charity has not always been allowed to interfere in their treatment, and mercy has remained unheard. The shades of Marie Antoinette, Pichegru, and many others, still haunt some living characters in their leisure hours, to tell this awful tale.

One side of this palace is occupied by vast galleries, where a variety of trades people expose their goods for sale. It is a kind of extended Exeter Change; and the French are partial to these covered passages for venders and purchasers; some of them, of a very superior kind, are to be found in several quarters of the town, and the shops within them are among the most splendid, best arranged, and frequented. These sheltered ways are convenient on a rainy day, and from the boulevards to the rue St. Honoré, nearly a mile, by going through the passage des Panoramas, that of Feydeau and the Palais Royal there is only the rue Vivienne, which is short, and another very small space, that is uncovered.

The Hotel des Invalides is one of the noblest erections in Paris, and one of the evidences that Lewis XIV. studied the comfort of his subjects after they had assisted his ambitious projects. It is the asylum for disabled soldiers, and consists of five courts after the design of Bruant, which were begun in 1671, and completed in 1700. The facade towards the Seine is grand but heavy; in the middle are colossal figures of Mars and Minerva, Justice and Prudence, in bas relief, and at the sides figures representing the four nations con-

quered by the royal founder. It is the first court that principally pleases; rendered light and elegant by arcades, it is at once simple and imposing, and is ornamented, but not profusely, with figures, horses, arms and trophies. The church, a graceful structure and truly splendid, presents a singular medley of military and religious decoration; pictures of battles, and in the magnificent dome, the twelve Apostles by Jouvenet, and a Glory by Lafosse, beneath which is some of the finest tessellated marble pavement. There are some other good paintings of Saints and the monument of Marshal Turenne in the arms of victory; the battle of Turkeim, bas relief in bronze; Wisdom and Valour are placed near, and Vauban and Gen. St. Hilaire repose in this spot. The gilding, though sumptuous in a high degree, assimilates so well with the varied colouring in the interior of this beautiful church, as not to appear too gaudy; which cannot be asserted of the exterior, where a light and finely proportioned dome is certainly spoiled by this extraordinary addition. Viewed as a novelty and an object of peculiar richness among stately buildings, or seen as it is in many points of view rising from a mass of trees, it is apt to snatch applause from you before you have time to consult your judgment; and this is the case with a vast many of the attractive French works. The four refectories at the invalides with Lewis's battles by Martin, the immense kitchens, the hydraulic machine that conveys water to all parts of this establishment, the time-piece by Lepautre, the fine Library where the brave veterans may be found reading, and above all, the admirable models of several fortified

towns, should be seen. The esplanade and ample walks extending to the river, and the contiguous external boulevards form some of the most delightful promenades in Paris.

I have now described the buildings that in your character of Antiquary would chiefly interest you, and will take leave by a slight mention of two or three more structures, and some remains of structures that you would be desirous of examining.

The Hotel des Monnaies (the Mint) is a very large building close to the Pont Neuf, and though heavy from the black tinge with which the smoke of the city has covered it, adds to the grandeur of the broad quays. Mr. Antoine furnished the design in 1772. Ionic pillars and the statues of Peace, Commerce, Prudence, Fortitude, Plenty, and Law, face the Seine, and a vestibule with doric columns lead to the principal court. To the right is a noble stair-case, on ascending which I little expected to find the apartments fitted up with the splendour of a palace. A sumptuous Museum of minerals arranged in excellent order, together with other curiosities and various articles for chemistry and for experimental philosophy are on the first floor where lectures on these subjects are delivered.—Near the top of the Museum, is a magnificent corridor, the sides of which present additional objects for attention and are terminated by small galleries that are also filled. How can time ever appear tedious to a Parisian with such numberless resources before him!—A portion of the medals is removed to the Royal Library; some fine Roman coins and others still remain, and by application to the directors, strangers may be admitted to the Mint.

The Military School in the Champ de Mars, founded in 1751, by Lewis XV. an elegant structure, has a dome, on which are the figures of Time and Astronomy with a dial. The inner court surrounded with doric columns is striking, and at the foot of the grand stair-case are the statues of Condé, Turenne, Saxe and Luxembourg. This fine place is converted into barracks. The walk from the invalids to the very expansive Champ de Mars, through the boulevards is agreeable.

La Tour de St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, is the most elaborately finished relic in this city. Its elegance and richness drew me into a number of little wretched streets, and induced me to wade through a rag fair, that I might behold the fine church to which it belonged; but that has disappeared, and this little gothic remnant rises now out of liquor-shops, rag-shops, and I know not what rubbish. I cannot learn the date of the tower, but advise you to approach it, and also that of St. Jean de Latran, as it is supposed to have headed the palace of Clovis.

The Hotel des Sens, built in 1318, since occupied by Cardinal Duprat, shews us what kind of mansions the nobles of Charles VI. inhabited.—Moliere was born in the Rue de la Tonnerrie, where you may see a rude bust of the dramatist.

In the Hotel de Mesme, was held the famous bank of Law, the Financier, who ruined France by his projects.

In the Hotel de la Rochefoucault lived the great Turenne.

I have ransacked Paris for morsels of antiquity to gratify you, my dear Sir, and at the same time

myself; but except the churches, it does not afford so many objects of curiosity in this point of view as various cities that are far less considerable. Palaces here abound; they are chiefly modern, and it is in the erection of such extensive piles, that the architect has ample play for his genius. "Unconfined as to space and style, and not so severely scrutinised as to the rules of orders, he can range about his imagination and present us with its choicest produce. This country affords one among many proofs, that aristocratic governments are favourable to the architect." "The Greeks were ignorant of splendour in private houses, in Italy their magnificence has attained its summit, and Paris emulates her southern neighbour. The desire to strike the multitude with awe, and to assist in the plan of subordination, as well as the inordinate disproportion of fortunes, are, I imagine, the chief causes of the success of this art in despotic governments."

LETTER VII.

To G. K. Esq.

(A FRIEND)

The Revolution—The Manners of the People traced through the reigns of Lewis XV. and XVI. and of Napoleon—The present Customs—The Arts and Sciences in France and England compared.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You recollect, no doubt, that previously to the late wars with France, we read volume after volume on the manners of its inhabitants, and that these descriptions were confirmed when the vast influx of emigrants to this country afforded us the means of estimating the accuracy of the statements. With what expectations these portraits and their prototypes had filled me on my journey to France, the early part of this work exposes; I have now to prove to you that few of them were fulfilled. The revolutions in their government and the instigators of these reverses, have very sensibly affected their

habits. The conduct of Lewis XV. and of his ministers attacking the dearest interests of the nation, raised the indignation of all reflecting men, and drew on the government the lash of popular writers. The unmanly degree of humility with which the middle classes regarded and served the higher, and the general adoration of the "Grand Monarque," began to subside into moderate respect, which in time gave place to a spirit of independence, and before this reign terminated, to occasion resentment. Voltaire, Rousseau, and other men, whose opinions were eagerly sought, encouraged disaffection by pointing out the claims of reason and nature ; and the Frenchman in addressing his superior, lessened the convexity of his bow at least half an inch. It was, however, still obsequious, and Flattery was called upon for her choicest stores when the youthful, the benevolent, the scientific Lewis XVI. and his gay and beautiful consort occupied the Tyrant's throne. The vivacity of the French was tuned to one note. How to convey to the sovereigns to the nobility and even to each other, the neatest turned compliment, was the business of each hour. The nobles daily exacting more and repaying what they had received with insolence and oppression, were soon made sensible that their pampered taste must endeavour to accommodate itself to food less gross ; and for all they obtained, it was expected that in future they should return affability. Willing to enter into this compromise, they were shortly after induced by the fascinating Maria Antoinette, to give the rein to pleasure ; and dissipation became the order of the day.

With all ranks, enjoyment was the primary object; they kept not self-gratification solely in view; to please each other, and to be pleased was the system, if system such a mad whirl could be called. The King sighed and reproved, but was no farther regarded than as forming a subject for praise, which, in their hilarity and openness of heart, became vehement; for enthusiasm must have an idol on which to lavish its emotions. Good humour, fair promises, and unbounded confidence were every where exchanged, whilst elegance, wit, and gallantry, stood in much higher repute than virtue, and flattery was still the coin every man thought himself bound to dispense on all occasions; it had, however, acquired some polish, and the nobleman disdained no longer to pass it to his inferiors. This reign of folly was of short duration; the tradesman and the professor discovered they could obtain nothing substantial for their work and their goods; cards, dice, and horse-racing had provided sharpers with the means of despoiling the wealthy, and entertainments, rivalling the East in splendour, involved them in difficulties that were inextricable. The people openly condemned the nobles, who, too haughty to brook reproof from beings they considered as an inferior species, re-assumed their tyranny. Lettres de cachet and other instruments of cruelty silenced a few clamourers, but raised a thousand more. The injured Frenchman, forced into comparison, began to enquire of himself, whether he, as having wronged no one, was not, in fact, a being superior to the contemptuous oppressor who passed his door in a

gilded box ; and looking into the writings that had resolved this question in the late reign at a similar epoch, found an answer in the affirmative. It was now *his* turn to wear the haughty brow. He summoned to his aid the Mirabeaus, the Condorcets, and the La Fayettees, who soon discovered that Le Peuple Sovereign was a tyger that once roused could not be appeased without blood. Indiscriminate and ferocious, carnage and rapine spread throughout the kingdom, until there arose one man to divert the torrents of blood into other channels, and to crush the structure of liberty and equality that had been triumphantly erected. Buonaparte had perceived that the French might be moulded to any purpose that a specious and daring leader should frame. He found their thirst for blood still unsatiated ; he found the Many plundering the wealthy Few, and that long revelling in the spoil, they had imbibed a distaste for industry. Intestine broils, neglected manufactures, and a stagnant commerce, were bars to his project of governing an empire that should prove the most flourishing in the world. At once to extend his territory and to indulge their sanguinary and rapacious disposition he led them out to slaughter foreign victims, whilst, by the promise of high rewards and an appeal to their pride and vanity, he revived their passion for art and science. Equality was still their darling theme, and each man regarded his fellow with suspicion that he might not subscribe to the general sentiment. This, together with long protracted scenes of horror, infused into their manners and conversation a

bitterness and a wildness that banished sociability; and Buonaparte, justly considered that the welfare of the Empire and the continuance of his reign (for he had become sovereign in all things except the name) depended upon a resumption of the system of subordination. He was aware that the low tone of manners and of dress which the French thought consistency required them to adopt, coincided not with their secret inclinations. He knew he could with facility persuade them that they never could become a great nation in the eyes of Europe, whilst divested of splendour and of the magnificence of pompous appellations. This change therefore he effected, and presented himself with *that* title to which mankind have affixed the highest import; bestowing on his military heroes, lofty designations that cast a dignity over their newly acquired plunder. The lower classes were no longer found disposed to pay that deference to grandeur of which their parents had set them the example, especially when they discovered that many of the new Patricians were of their own plebeian race; yet the former, severe disciplinarians in their army and inured to the exaction of obedience, resolved that the novel system of subordination should be enforced to the utmost; and a petty warfare commenced. Buonaparte, to divide their attention, had recourse to fetes and glitter, to which his subjects had ever been attached; and he succeeded in maintaining tranquillity, until they began to consider that although they had found it an agreeable sport to slay each other, it was intolerable that foreigners should take the liberty to

destroy them, and that their sons should be daily led out to the sacrifice. Buonaparte amused them with assurances that though they lost their relatives, they had become, as a people, the terror of the world, that the proud term they had formerly applied to themselves, "the Great Nation," was now reverberated from pole to pole; that they alone were absolutely distinguished by that title, and were becoming invincible. When, however, thousands and tens of thousands of their countrymen lay prostrate on distant lands, and that a few stragglers reported the defeat of their Demigod in Russia and at Leipsick, they suspected that they had bartered their brethren for fame that would not prove stable. It *was possible* Buonaparte might have been mistaken as to his invincibility, and he soon arrived to inform them that, inconceivable as it might be, such was the case. Signing a declaration of his incapacity in the existing state of affairs, he made room for the mass of ancient nobles to return headed by the hereditary Sovereign; and the Parisians for a few days became a prey to the most frightful alarms. The cannon at their gates, capitulation their only resource, they received into their bosom their conquerors and their old companions, and felt or feigned a lively transport. Lewis XVIII. thought it politic to conciliate all parties, but the emigrants could ill conceal their contempt for the parvenues, (persons suddenly raised to wealth and rank) the military could not endure to be reminded by foreigners that they had been conquered, and the people in general added to the established sternness of their manners the im-

patience that is excited by pride that has received a galling check. The splendour of the nation had evaporated, and the numerous creatures of Buonaparte clearly perceived that their consequence, their pensions, and the opportunities of distinguishing themselves, would never recur unless they could effect his recal.—Speedily was the plan arranged; he made rapid strides through France; without a blow re-seated himself on the throne that Lewis had quitted but the day before; and his friends proceeded to rally round his standard in numbers that became formidable. They augured that the glory of the French would be restored, that *his* name alone would awe the approaching enemy, and render them an easy prey. Not thus predicted the most reputable families; among them, his downfall was considered inevitable, the talisman was snapped, and his genius, vast as it was, could discover no plan by which the myriads of foes that would pour in on every side of the empire could be effectually opposed. He hastened the decision of his fate, and was himself the announcer of defeat; his habitual hauteur forsook him; he humbled himself before the Senate and the people, with the hope of retaining the guidance of the state. The Parisians saw that an adherence to him would soon reduce the city to a heap of ashes, and at their instigation, a second renunciation of power on his part took place; but still he lingered near the spot, trusting to his destiny for some favorable start of fortune. Soon the loud trumpet sounded danger in his ears, and again he fled; whilst the citizens of the metropolis, far more terrified than

at their former subjection, from the dread that *vengeance* now would point the sword, and the voice of mercy prove unavailing, were agitated by internal cabals. The long-dormant Jacobins, though without a ray of hope, reared their head for a day, to convince the world that their dear-bought experience of the inaptitude of their system for the French character, had passed by without enlightening them on the subject, or altering their principles. Paris again surrendered; and though the allied powers harboured no idea of drawing upon themselves the curse of present and of future ages, by annihilating its inhabitants, or the proud monuments of their taste, there was no intention that a nation should remain unpunished which had drawn into the field, the sons of neighbouring countries, from a home to which they had returned to repose from excessive toil. Such, however, was the interpretation many of the French and their friends gave to the treaty which once more bound them in amity with the allies, that the Parisians enjoyed, for a few weeks, a perfect security that their treasures were to remain in statu quo. What was their horror and astonishment when the restitution of the invaluable plunder they had gained by conquest, was demanded and enforced! For a few days they sank into despondency; but it is not in their nature to attach themselves to misery with the tenacity some nations evince. They flew to dissipation as a relief; and you will now find the French, if not thoroughly the gay and thoughtless people they were considered previous to the revolutions, retaining much of this

disposition. They still dance, and sing, and fill the theatres; and what is most extraordinary, though provision for the future is banished from their thoughts, and their receptacles for old age and poverty do not amount to one fourth of those in London, the squalid and miserable objects in the streets are far more numerous with us. I attribute this chiefly to the temperance of our neighbours. An onion, some bread, and some water satisfy the lowest order of society; their passion for amusement is gratified in the streets without the expence of a single sol, and a dozen of them will sleep in the same room; their lodging costing them a halfpenny per night. The precarious income they receive from the benevolent, or for carrying a message, or for some other trifling service, they chiefly dedicate to the repair of their cloaths, which is effected early in the morning that the whole day may be free for enjoyment; or if an additional penny be required, an hour or two is set aside in the pursuit. Thus, in the knowledge of the real wants of man, they approach Diogenes; and if a tub were at hand they would not scruple to make it their residence. These, in common with the rest of their countrymen, are enthusiasts in whatsoever they undertake; nor are they bound by principal to refrain from affording their hearty co-operation in any deed of vice; at the same time the ridicule of virtue is not so prevalent among them as with the dregs of society in England; neither is swearing or pilfering; intoxication is barely known to them. — There is a little bevy of ladies of a higher rank, whom I must take leave to defend in one point of

view, from the heavy aspersions that our nation has thrown upon them; it is true they have betrayed a want of discrimination in their political sentiments; most true, that they were vociferous abettors of all the cruelties practised during the republic; and that their participation in the discussions of the Parliament of Paris, threw no additional lustre on the powers of eloquence or of logic evinced by the senatorial body; but I deny the assertion that the nymphs, whose cause I am now taking upon me to advocate, and who are in France termed *Poissardes* (fishwomen), display a coarseness of style that rivals our *Billingsgates*. That there is a degree of noisy mirth among them, and that they are ready for the perpetration of any atrocity to carry a point, I admit; but as a general position, liable to some exceptions, I maintain that there is a polish in their address, and a happy selection of terms in their conversation, to which the best sort of our market women are strangers. I have placed them a step higher than the scum of Paris; and were manners the sole criterion by which mankind were classed, they would be ranged but little beneath the middle ranks. There is also an independence about them devoid of insolence, on common topics, that obtains for them some little portion of esteem. Buonaparte lost the favor of the whole mass of market women, called under one general name, "*Dames de la Halle*," by refusing the bouquets they presented him, and by ordering them not to meddle with politics. It was happy for him that he was surrounded by fierce, whiskered fellows, with swords and muskets, or the insult would

have been instantly avenged. War was declared in the markets against him and his adherents; but whether these women were a milder race than their predecessors, or that his military system not including them within its pale, and leaving them no weapons but their tongues, kept them within their oil-skin fortresses, I am ignorant; certain it is, during his two reigns they made no figure on which historians could exercise their genius. One trait, however of their spirit and defiance was their "constant repetition of a song, on his second sovereignty, which terminated with 'Notre Pere de Gand,' in allusion to their favorite Lewis who was retired to that city." The manner in which this sentence is pronounced conveys the double meaning of "Our Father of Ghent," and "Our pair of Gloves.—What police could notice the latter, which they would sometimes archly declare was their comprehension of the line?

Something too much of fishwomen.

Shall we rise to the middle classes?—no, not till I have insisted that the lower are now almost the only obliging persons to be found in common intercourse with the Parisians. The highest are not included in this denunciation.

For humour and quick apprehension the inferior ranks are deservedly celebrated; and the only alteration in their manners effected by the political convulsions, is a diminution of servility. They are now polite without the caracatura that formerly rendered them so comic, yet contemptible, from the meanness and falsehoods of which it was composed.—From the praise of a desire to please

and of agreeable civility, I must except the servants; they are usually characterised by rudeness, negligence, and a proud and frigid air.—The republic had taught them to regard themselves on a footing of equality with their employers, and the despotic government of Buonaparte restored them to their insignificance, from which the present regime affords them no prospect of emerging. They are not yet reconciled to their depreciation, and remain impatient and impertinent.

It is among the middle classes that the disappointment of a visitor, as to the contrast between former and present manners, is most severe.—They have ever been esteemed a thinking portion of society, and it is from galling recollections, as well as from republican habits, that they are become harsh in interrogatory, and abrupt in replication.—Not very remote was the time when each man considered himself a sovereign and a law-giver; his pride was soon furnished with a new object; Buonaparte induced him to exchange his sovereignty for the consideration of becoming a member of the most powerful and brilliant empire in the world. He did not feel that his consequence had suffered diminution. Although it was no longer the *ton* to tutoy, (to call each other thee and thou) to disregard appearance in dress and suavity of manner for the superior study of the maintenance of liberty and equality, it was by no means their plan to submit to the new system of subordination farther than a bare support of the forms that constituted its existence. For the humiliation of this acquiescence, they repaid

mselves by feeding their vanity with a review of unprecedented splendour of their conquests; illust their senators, arrayed in the elegant costume of which their acquisitions in virtue had adorned them desigus, regarded themselves as Mæcenas, and Ciceros, under a second gustus, and the females emulated in every respect the character of Livia.

From the concise statement I gave at the beginning of this letter of their political conduct and manners for the last forty years, the French character, in general, may be easily deduced.

A portion of all the natural effects of the several revolutions, remains with them; and to gain advantage, each individual can reach the full part he formed during the influence of either. Where his interests are not immediately concerned, his behaviour, on a casual interview with a foreigner, is not introduced, is far less prepossessing than in a fellow citizen; to the former his humbled pride becomes morose, his vanity is still conspicuous, but a kind of subdued defiance darts from his eye. When, however, he finds an Englishman persevere in gentleness and civility, the Frenchman unbends, becomes the agreeable companion, expresses surprise that you deviate from the ungracious manners of your countrymen, and is desirous of discovering for you some gratification you have not yet taken. There is, however, frequently in his conversation an evident desire to depreciate everything that belongs to your country, and to exalt all that is to be found in his. "I believe you begin to have some idea of the Arts," is a common remark with them, when desirous of paying a compliment

to an Englishman. They admit themselves to possess less prudence and forethought, and to observe less morality in their conduct. Strict principles are not, indeed, deeply inculcated in their hearts; to become brilliant characters is all that is thought desirable. The dress Vice in the garb of Decency, and then throwing round it numberless delicacies and attractions, consider that they legitimize its allurements.—I perceived not that boldness of deportment in French women that we have ascribed to them. It is now the fashion for them to appear reserved and diffident. This wears off in a few minutes after they are addressed, and a perfect ease, without levity, is the mode they adopt, I allude to women of respectability; those of lighter character in all public places, except the Palais Royal, assume the same gravity; but are to be distinguished by the freedom of their remarks.

The dress of the French ladies, generally white, is but little decorated, and this simplicity would add a charm to the figure, did they not by folds and an apparent negligence entirely conceal their form; but they condemn the well-fitting gowns of the English women at the waist and bosom, as indecent. They give an unnatural tournure to their shape, and some degree of awkwardness results, which is not corrected by their walk. Their very short, quick steps, and their manner of bending forward, are ungraceful. These they have acquired, I imagine, by going continually over the small, round, and sometimes pointed stones with which the streets are paved. They declare that our ladies march; and their risibility is excited by the flatness and diminutive size of the English bonnets.

They have improved each other in this respect.—Feathers are in fashion; and enormous bouquets placed almost under the left arm, large wreaths of flowers on the top of the little pyramids of hair that they raise on their heads, and ringlets are much worn.

From a love of admiration, sometimes guiltless, sometimes otherwise, a few of the married women have several gallants who escort them, and are each received as a favored lover; others have but one cecisbeo; and it is said, though I am not one of those who credit the assertion, that there are husbands who regard these gentlemen as valuable friends, because they augment the happiness of their wives.

It is perfectly true that a shopkeeper often leaves his wife to transact the business, and to be assisted by a male friend who pretends to be dying with love for her, whilst he is himself to the full as near the verge of the grave, on account of some other female. Not that these lovers are in fact, in the least anxious upon the occasion, or the less constant to their wives; but it is their style. They cannot exist without real or pretended extacies.

The women have a more affectionate manner towards their own sex in France than in England; they have each other's comfort much at heart, and are in the habit of embracing with tenderness.—I have seen two old women kiss, and part with many endearments in the middle of a crossing in the street; and the men are little less ardent in saluting one another; to which custom an Englishman vainly endeavours to reconcile himself.

The publicity and manner in which the washer-

women of Paris execute their business, ought not to pass unnoticed. They are conspicuous to all who promenade the beautiful quays. Whole regiments of them stand on rafts or in barges washing or rinsing, or beating the linen with violence, and without compunction at the consequent fractures. Persons preferring whole to tattered garments, should put in a clause at the bottom of their washing bill, to interdict this merciless castigation. It will be sufficient to say, "Ne battez pas le linge." Perhaps you have formed a notion that when tubs are used in washing, the linen is put into them.—Avaunt, with your old fashioned ideas! In the villages near Paris, it is the women that go into the tubs; not the cloaths. These tubs are sunk in the ground by the side of the streams, and the nymphs abide in them during pleasure, and remain quite dry during their work.

There is here a small sect of women who have been respected and free from molestation throughout all the sanguinary scenes in Paris. They are called, "Les Sœurs de la Charité," Sisters of Charity, and are well named. for truly benevolent is the office they assign themselves; that of attending the sick without the smallest pecuniary reward. To this, almost the whole of their time is dedicated. They act under vows, but of a kind far more rational than those of the former nuns, whom in dress they much resemble. They are permitted to marry, and to discontinue their humane employment if it should become inconvenient. These angels upon earth, have contributed by their indefatigable care to the recovery of many a desponding invalid. They dress wounds, cheer the patient with

the voice of encouragement, and pray over him.—It is admirable to perceive the veneration with which they are regarded by all who pass them; the coarsest labourer and the sternest soldier make way for them with a respectful air.

The French are partial to pompous names; it is not uncommon to hear the child of a beggar addressed Victoria, Clementina, Alexander, Augustus, &c. and many of the men have female names, as Mary, Anne, and others.

There is a want of neatness and compactness in the dress of the men, but they, as well as the women, are more cleanly in their persons than formerly. A gentleman often wears in the morning a mean great coat and dark worsted stockings, and most of the men appear in a constant state of alarm, their wild hair standing perched up perpendicularly round their foreheads, as if an attractive power hovered round their head; or, perhaps, the many frights they have had, the frequent striking of the tocsin that the Republic, like the rattle-snake, sounded when it pounced upon its prey, caused the hair involuntarily to jump erect, “like quills upon the fretful porcupine,” and they have never been able to smooth it down again.—I hope you are struck with the profundity of my research into causes, and the justness of my conclusions.

There is an easy air in the loungers of the Palais Royal, and an elegance that we cannot discover in our bucks of Bond-street. The dress of the latter is so sharp cut, so tight in the waist, that they seem to have studied grace from those insects that appear divided in the middle, and which (not knowing their proper name) I would call father long-legs,

were that not a vulgar term. These gentlemen, in opposition to French ease, also stiffen their joints, seem afraid to discompose the formality of their apparel, and altogether look as if they had immersed themselves in some viscous composition before they set out for the morning; or, if suddenly recollecting that they ought not to shew that they are conscious of having attained the summit of perfection, they determine to strike into the "style nonchalant," it is with such swinging of the shoulders shaking of the legs that Grace affrighted flies far off. You will find her in Paris familiar almost with every rank. This is particularly discoverable in their dancing, and it is singular that a nation so much more volatile than the English, should evince less spirit in this exercise. We enter the lists with heart and soul, and each endeavours to excel the other in ardour. They move on, not less jocularly, but without employing their whole strength in the performance. Lightly, gently they keep time, and though not deficient in spirit, prove that ease and grace are their aim; young and old intermingle, and the Guinguettes (public gardens) are crowded every fine night.

Females are much employed in shops and in laborious offices. A woman driving a waggon and carrying heavy burthens is no uncommon sight; and I have seen women, men, and dogs yoked together to draw a cart. The suppression of nunneries left many thousands to seek a provision by every possible means, and the destruction of armies made room for them in almost every kind of business.— Still, however, men usually perform the part of chambermaids in most lodging and other houses in

Paris. "Parlez au portier" (speak to the porter) is to be seen on all sides, and the porter generally proves to be a woman; except at the mansions of the nobility, where "Parlez au Suisse" announces a sturdy inhabitant of Switzerland. The terms "Swiss and porter" are thus made synonymous.—It cannot be pleasant to the feelings of a gentleman from that country, when on a visit to a Frenchman, that every frequenter of the house should be directed to "speak to the Swiss." The French seem to infer that opening a door and receiving a message are accomplishments peculiarly suited to the genius of their neighbours.

The persons in Paris whose manners towards foreigners are the least agreeable upon acquaintance, are the officers of Buonaparte, and this may easily be accounted for by every person who reflects upon past events. Stung to the quick by recent defeats, deprived of all or part of their pay, and without a prospect of future support, their case is lamentable, and their petulance should be met with as much forbearance of anger as can with honor be maintained. These are the only Frenchmen that seem to feel the horrors of ennui. Having received a Buonaparte education, that is, having been taught from their youth that talent consists in forming and executing ingenious plans for the destruction of as many as possible of their fellow creatures, and for obtaining the possessions of others, and that virtue has no other meaning than courage, they are totally at a loss how to occupy their time. Literature has for them no charms—even the newspapers are become destitute of the power of amusing. No murders, no quarrels, no longer any schemes for

checking the redundance of human beings. At the first shock that peace gave them, they tried if duelling with their former foes, and suicides, would not furnish entertainment, if not for the perpetrators, at least for the instigators. The former soon found there was no joke in it, and this resource failed.— Abuse of the reigning powers became dangerous, and gaming presented the only method of rousing their dormant passions. Great part of those who are not banished from Paris, take up their residence round the tables of “Trente et un (31) biribi,” the “Jeu de Dè” (Game at Dice), or “Roulette,” at the Palais Royal. Those who are somewhat less immortal find relief in dosing in bed till the time of dinner, and in dancing till midnight, when they bless their stars that another day is over. Their commanders having mostly risen from a low order of society, preferred the appointment of men of slender knowledge as subalterns, that their own ignorance might escape discovery, and the same motive powerfully operated in their adoption of regulations for military education.

The few officers that remain of the old school are not at a loss for employment, but occupy themselves with that which is rational. Their manners retain much of the ancient style, a little corrected by the spirit of the times. The military of Lewis XVIII. are agreeable men, and make a point of civility to foreigners. A little more learning and less self-sufficiency, would improve them.

I placed myself by the side of one of Buonaparte's officers at a table in a very crowded eating-room, shortly after I arrived in Paris. It was the only vacant seat, and so compressed that it drew

from me the remark, that I feared I should incommode him. In the language of flattery he declared that nothing could be more agreeable to him than my company, and he entered cheerfully into conversation, presumed I was an Englishman, admired the nervous construction of our language, and the beauty of our women; what could I imagine but that the English were favourites with him? He rose to depart before I had dined, and thus addressed me in French, "Shall I candidly tell you how I regard the English?" Without waiting for the reply, he clenched his fist, and added in a loud tone, though he had previously spoken very low, "I detest them." He drew the eyes of all the company on me, and in a moment was lost among the crowd that was entering; but at the door I heard him say (though I could not see him) "Adieu, my Lord English, a good appetite."

This hatred to us, as a nation, is almost universal with the men in Paris. Be it our endeavour to eradicate it by meriting their esteem in all our actions. By a perseverance in every kindness we can shew them, by a commiseration of their misfortunes as individuals, and by regarding their prejudices against us with sorrow rather than with anger, we may in the course of time remove them. Not to resent injuries done to our nation would betray a weakness that the mildest Christian would perhaps condemn, but the difference is great between an injury and an expression of dislike. Our countrymen have generally found that though the mortification of defeat has filled the French with rancour, and that their behaviour is rude on the onset, on a farther knowledge, they take much pains

to oblige us, and to shew their respect for us in our private station; and in the provinces, such has been the conduct of our soldiers that they have left a good impression wherever they have sojourned. At Rouen, Bordeaux, and other cities, where we have commercial relations we are much liked; and the women are almost every where our advocates. Their benevolence inclines them to say "It is of no consequence on which side of the water they were born," or whether they say "I love you," or "je vous aime,"

There is a portion of Paris called le Marais, (the Marsh) including and surrounding the Place Royale. Kotzebue observes that in this spot reside people of small fortune, who are the most moral, the most sensible, and the most learned; uniting to these acquirements much elegance. This description no longer applies in so general a sense, but in part it does, and among these, Lewis finds many of his best friends.

The education of young persons is become more strict than during the late dynasty, particularly among the higher orders. The present Court assumes a grave character, and dissipation being no longer prevalent, time is afforded for reflection, and parents perceive that learning is the first of wealth that it is calculated to preserve the morals and to draw forth the talents of their children. The laxity of education that for many years disgraced the families of rank, daily presents itself before them in the idle habits and unblushing ignorance of those who have for some years arrived at manhood. The youth of the present day are therefore early consigned to the care of eminent preceptors; and it is

fortunately becoming the fashion that young men should take Latin for the ground-work of their studies, that the knowledge of their own language (which they are expected to write and speak with elegance and purity) may be facilitated. English and Italian are considered honourable accomplishments, the former to enable them to become acquainted with the valuable works it embraces, and the latter for light conversation. German is less regarded, though sometimes spoken, Spanish remains unnoticed. Music in general is understood, and the violin much regarded; the flute and clarionet are in the hands of many; dancing in the first style of elegance and fencing, are indispensable qualifications in the French youth of fashion. A general knowledge of the Arts and Sciences, particularly of history, mathematics, and geography, is expected. For all these acquirements, boys are now preparing themselves with assiduity, and tutors are severe. Much therefore is to be hoped. May the anxiety of parents not be turned into a channel less salutary! Well founded is the dread that the French will still prove inconstant to their plans, and that Frivolity will soon re-assume her empire.

The young females bestow due attention on their own tongue, and Italian is more frequently studied by them than by the men; English is sometimes acquired, the piano-forte generally, the harp but seldom. Geography, history, and botany, occupy much of their attention; needle-work but little.—Dancing and some knowledge of drawing, are never omitted.

Among the middle classes, all the accomplish-

ments of the two sexes are less sedulously instilled except among the children of professors, or those who desire to qualify themselves as instructors, and these two latter, study with a degree of assiduity that is little known in England; and the emulation among them to gain the prizes in the *Lyceums* for various acquirements in many instances, almost amounts to phrenzy. These scholars are as yet too juvenile to have mixed in society; the traveller is not therefore, likely to form his judgment of the present state of education from any other than the superficial sons of the Empire, who are become adults. He is consequently apt to draw false conclusions. In two years not much can have been effected, I have described a system which has acquired some degree of forwardness; and two years is an important period from the age of 14 to 18, in the term of education. There is not a fourth of the number of private schools in Paris that London presents; in the former, the masters are more strict, and many are excellent. For the lower classes, the plans of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster, begin to be adopted.

It will appear to you surprising that among a people so full of spirit, so indifferent to what we style interest, and where love is the leading theme of every young batchelor, there are but few unions of affection in the upper ranks. A cold, calculating bargain is concluded by the parents, and the young people accede. Of this I have been assured by many of the inhabitants, or I should not have given credit to the charge. Thus you perceive that we plodding Englishmen are the most gallant husbands; for I think we may aver that of our mar-

riages, three-fourths result from spontaneous inclination. The young French ladies are allowed to enter but few companies until the knot be tied—and then, far from proving a noose to them, it launches them at once into life and loosens every tie.

The marriage ceremony differs from ours only in the circumstance of being registered at the office of one of the mayors, without which form, it would be illegal; this, together with being asked twice in church, with which even Princes do not dispense, was formerly considered a sufficient permission for union through life, or during pleasure; but with Lewis, have returned many of the former modes, and it is now esteemed indecorous not to enter a church and to be united by a priest. During a part of the service, two friends or relatives, hold a white cloth fringed and embroidered, over the happy (I beg pardon, the indifferent) pair. They cannot be married by a licence and a priest at a private house. The middle classes are rather less the slaves of convenience than the wealthy; and the lower ranks when they *do* marry, usually consider love a necessary ingredient.

Baptism always takes place in a church; the form is similar to ours, except that the priest puts a grain of salt in the child's mouth, and the name is inserted in the books of the Municipality. A godfather and mother (never two of each) engage to superintend the piety and morality of the child, and perform the engagement to the full as strictly as with us.

The dissimilarity in the treatment of the dead, is more marked. As soon as the breath has left the

body it is enclosed in a sheet, which is seldom removed. The death is registered with the mayor of the district, and the body not examined unless under particular circumstances. The most curious part of the ceremony attending it, is its exposure in the coffin for half an hour at the street door, with candles and holy water placed near it, and all the passengers to whom the action is agreeable, are expected to sprinkle the coffin and to describe the form of a cross with their hands. The rich have many accompanying solemnities; as draperies, a kind of chapel raised in the hall, the lights numerous, and the coffin splendid. The priests if well paid, meet the body at the house, chaunt with choristers, and accompany the hearse, (in which the coffin and pall remain exposed) to the church, where, on some occasions an oration, an elegium (if largely recompensed) is pronounced, and sometimes mass of two or three hours, according to the sum bestowed; and the church is then hung with black. Relations, friends and strangers, stand round the coffin, form a kind of procession, and as they proceed, repeat the words "requiescat in pace."—"May he rest in peace," this occurs at all funerals. It should be observed to the credit of the priests, many of whom are men of profound learning and unaffected piety, that friendship and merit have drawn from them a public tribute of praise, with no other remuneration than the satisfaction of their own hearts. The priest and the male relatives follow to the cemetery.—Except among the lower classes, the women never attend, unless merely at the church.

There are very few inns at Paris, I saw but one, and there are not half a dozen hotels similar to ours. In general, where you sleep they will not furnish your breakfast, and at the coffee-houses, where you breakfast, you cannot dine. To mention our cook-shops or chop-houses, in comparison with the restaurateurs, would be the height of injustice; some of the latter rather resemble palaces, and one of them has found a place close to the Tuileries, in the very gardens. It is built on the plan of one of the small palaces of the Herculanæum and has a flying stair-case, lined with orange trees; it is called *Very's*, and is always filled after five o'clock. You may dine here for 14 francs; but people seldom expend less than 20. Every article is dressed in the most perfect style of French cookery. The elegance of the company, the taste displayed in the decorations, the fine view from the windows, and above all, the good band of music that was playing when I first approached this temple of feasting, held out strong temptations to enter, but Economy stood frowning by and I walked off to taste the purer enjoyments of the air and the beauties of nature. One should take care not to bring a good appetite near these places. At a much smaller expence people dine equally well at Mr. Le Gacques, close by, at Mr. Formy's Rue de Coq, and at many other such caterers of more than 200 dishes; or still more moderately, at any of those that advertise their address; at 30 sols (15d.) per head for a certain number of dishes, or from the Carte (bill of fare) on which the prices are fixed, you may have a good choice and be aware

of your expenditure. The Rocher de Concale, Rue Montorgueil, is celebrated for fish and indeed for every delicacy, at charges that are not extravagant. It is styled the Empire of the Epicures, and the wits of Paris resort to it daily.

At all these places as well as at the coffee-houses ladies appear with their families, and frequently unattended. I have often seen a father, mother, and several children, quit their home to take their meals in these public rooms. Many families never dine at their own house. The restaurateurs are therefore very numerous. The coffee-houses are stated at above 1000.

The honesty of the French has furnished most English travellers with fresh invectives against the laxity of this principle in their own country. I am perfectly willing to join them in both sentiments, although you might judge from the following event that I could not subscribe to the justice of their remark. I have seen many instances of integrity in the lower order of people, and——“Come, Mr. Author no prosing, to your ‘story.’”—One night (to use the true gossiping style) after visiting the Theatre de la Gaieté, at about half past ten, I found the moon unusually powerful, and the trees of the boulevards, soft and majestic, invited me to a long stroll among them. As this is precisely the time a stranger should treat himself with the truly fine sights of Paris, I wandered on and gazed till I reached the Rue Royale. The paragon of beauties, the Place Louis Quinze, was once more before me in the height of its glory. Though I had strolled more than two miles, and it had become very late

for Paris, I saw no necessity for resisting the enjoyment, and I went forward. Behold me in the middle of the great square, full no doubt of sublime ideas, not one of which I can repeat to you so completely were my wits soon after put to the rout; for some time I had met no one, all was still, when hey! presto! a voice suddenly struck my ear—I turned round, a figure was near me; it was no ghost, as the event will prove, however opportune the visit of a spirit would have been to have given a high finishing to my tale. It was a young man asking alms in an humble tone. The supplicant seemed by no means worthy of attention as a beggar and I walked on, he followed and addressed me in very animated terms, but few of which met my comprehension, as he was behind me. I understood he had sold all his furniture, was involved in debt, and almost famished. I gave him half a franc, telling him I could afford no more, and wishing him better fortune was hastening away, when he seized the skirt of my coat and desired me to increase my donation. “Ah! thought I, these beggars are what we “should call footpads in good English,” and by way of returning the compliment I held him by the collar and called out for the guard, who was however a quarter of a mile from us, and did not hear. A coach appeared at a distance, my lungs were exerted more forcibly than before, but my companion, not struck with the harmony of my tones, begged leave to call my attention to a large knife; insisted on relieving me from the burthen of my watch, and so far deviated from the rules of politeness, as to place his instrument close to the

abdomen, and to promise he would plunge it in. 'Je frapperai,' was his very pithy sentence. A vast many ideas shot through my brain in two seconds. I had not the smallest desire to present him the watch, yet his manner was extremely pressing; there was no chance of wresting the weapon from him as it had a kind of hilt that went over his hand. Lewis XVI. and many others had lost their heads just in that spot; the French hated the English; the lower class of catholics were said to consider it no crime to slay a heretic; there was little doubt then that, albeit unusual with a Frenchman, he would perform the promise he had volunteered; he did not seem at all disposed to admit a little sound logic, and there were some persons in England who had really expressed an expectation that I should return; in short his argument was powerful; and his ways proved winning, for the watch passed from my sob to his coat pocket. I blush whilst I tell it, but such was the fact; and he had the rudeness to set off without a single acknowledgment of the favour. He certainly borrowed invisible wings, for he reached the trees in an instant, where I suppose he boasted to his friends of my condescension of gratifying his desires.— I had not many more moon-light cogitations at midnight in that place, you may rest assured. The next day I purchased a stout stick. Another Englishman was robbed there the night before, but I did not hear of it till afterwards. No doubt you will consider the advice I gave you to visit this spot by moonlight, particularly friendly, now that you understand the nature of

all that is here to be met with; there is however, not the smallest danger before ten o'clock, as it is much frequented and the chief promenades for the summer evenings are in sight. The Parisians keep early hours; few public places being open after eleven, and in the morning by seven, the shopkeepers are ready for customers and the streets full of bustle.

Every man who subsists by his pen, by his wits, and by tricks or shews, styles himself an Artist. Vanity and pride is conspicuous in almost every person you meet; but when well acquainted, you will find it is a cheerful inoffensive kind of vanity; and scarcely ever is their exhibition of pride so insufferable as with us. Their's is seldom the pride of birth or of wealth; it consists in a pretence that they know every thing and can do every thing; and as they generally feel at the same time confident that you believe them, their expression of pride, though strongly visible, is neither insolent nor morose.

It must be understood that I am describing their manner when you become sociable; the first address of the middle classes is as I observed, usually abrupt and unmannerly, but this is rather the effect of anger and mortification than of pride or vanity.

The houses in Paris resemble those of Edinburgh, several families living in each, and few consisting of less than five or six stories. The interior is kept clean, except the general staircase, and that in many houses is daily washed. There are no areas towards the street, no kitchens under ground, no railing or lamp-irons, no neat

door ways. The dwellings even of the middle classes surround court-yards, where a porter resides and is the depository of news for the whole community within. The entrance is by a massy gate that is so heavy your whole strength must frequently be called upon to effect an admittance after the lazy porter has invisibly raised the latch by some mysterious talisman within her room. Its magic influence always reminded me of the charm in the "Forty Thieves," "open sesime." Almost every man in Paris may style his house his fortress, if not his castle; for the very thick walls, the iron bars at the lower windows, and the ponderous gates, defy the ingenuity of house-breakers. The French, indeed, do not exercise their talents in that department of the art of thieving. Houses of all descriptions are uncleanly on the outside, and venders of small ware, ballads, &c. are frequently allowed to sit close against them. A Parisian once said to me, when recommending his lodging,—“You perceive, Sir, that we are particularly clean at our house, for the dirt is every morning put out at the street-door;” and there it often remains to incommode those who enter.

The lower classes are not quarrelsome, neither is their curiosity excited by trifling occurrences. A mob is not often attracted except by games and shows.

All ranks possess courage, and a zeal for the accomplishment of whatsoever they undertake; but it must be soon effected or their anxiety generally evaporates. Whilst the fervour lasts they are indefatigable, and they are not without individual

instances of extraordinary patience. Difficulties are overcome with good humour, they consider few things as hardships; the closing of their Theatres, and the imprisonment of their persons would prove to them the most insupportable. The study of the human heart is much facilitated by an intercourse with the present race of young persons in France. I have always thought that it is among the gay and the careless that you can best discover its emotions. Thus we generally find persons of more than ordinary eccentricity at places of public resort, as Bath, Brighton, Margate, &c. Persons visiting these places for pleasure, divest themselves not only of their cares but of that artificial guise which they think it necessary to assume in their daily intercourse with their acquaintance, clients, tenants, and customers, &c. They allow their feelings full play, and we get a peep at nature when they are off their guard. Unshackled by forms, their foibles and their virtues stand out confessed, and thus is it with the French daily, and in their native place, where pleasure is as much their pursuit as it is with the French daily, and in their native place, where pleasure is as much their pursuit as it is ours when we quit our homes. Most appropriate is the idea of an admirable writer on Paris, "that, compared with other cities, it is like a glass beehive compared with those of straw."—Not but that the inhabitants breathe upon this glass at times to render themselves less visible, yet it soon reassumes its transparency. I think I hear you exclaim "I understood they were the most artificial people in the world." They are still artificial in a degree; the veil, however, was always thin and easily

penetrated; it is now less opaque than ever. When a Frenchman covers himself with art, you instantly perceive that he is covered; when an Englishman uses it, he generally contrives that you shall imagine him in the garb of truth.

The persons of the men in Paris are generally of a middle stature, slightly built, rather small-boned than thin, and the rising generation have small regular features, fine eyes, and picturesque heads, though not of a bold, masculine description. They are pale, not so sallow as formerly, and seldom fair. In short, the faces of the young men and women differ but little; the former know best how to walk, but their shoulders and legs are seldom muscular, or finely formed. It is well known that they are good soldiers, and but indifferent seamen. The soldiers wear hats disproportionately large and (in common with all the men) coats that are short-waisted, which adds to the light appearance of their figures. I was surprised to find the numerous coffee houses and reading rooms for newspapers so quiet. In the latter, even to tread heavily or to address the mistress above a whisper, is unusual. I ought to mention that these proprietresses sit like queens on a throne, that they are frequently surrounded by as much splendour, and, almost buried in artificial flowers, receive their company with as much dignity. A condescending smile generally greets you, and those who are not English are expected to shew these potentates of the cafés much politeness and respect. They seldom occupy themselves in any way, except in conversation in a low tone, and in receiv-

ing money, which they accomplish with infinite grace.

Never did the manners of a particular class of people receive so striking an improvement as have those of the nobles and gentry of France. The gross flattery that disgraced the court of Marie Antoinette, is sobered down to a fascinating politeness; fascinating, because whilst it exhibits a desire to please it retains no appearance of affectation, is replete with elegance and sweetness, and their natural levity is tempered to cheerfulness. I allude to their conduct towards each other, and towards strangers; at court, the sombre air that pervades the Royal Family becomes contagious. The British court has been distinguished by the designation chaste; that of the French may be styled the serious. It is not far, indeed, from rivalling ours in the former epithet at present, much of the spirit of gallantry having fled during the late change of sovereigns; and among the returned emigrants, during their acute sufferings. The court is now composed of the ancient nobles (of whom there are not many) of their children, and of the few that remain in Paris of Buonaparte's creation. They all feel the necessity of affability towards their inferiors in the existing state of affairs; and I should hope they will find this carriage so agreeable in its consequences, that it will long continue in vogue. Misfortune has been an admirable school for the adherents of the Bourbons, and they have profitted greatly. Not so much, perhaps, as was expected; but whilst the French perceive that their nobles have no disposition to return to their former arbitrary and dissipated habits, whilst there appears

no tendency to a renewal of bastilles, lettres de cachet, terrorism, assignats, or wars to depopulate their country for the mere sake of renown or additional territory, they ought to consider their situation as greatly amended. That it is still far from enviable must be owned; that there is an appearance of bias in favour of the priests; that they are oppressed with a burthen of taxation unprecedented in the modern annals of their country, and that they have been compelled to relinquish many advantages they had gained is but too true; but the influence of the priesthood is as yet little more than conjectural; early and gentle remonstrance may check its growth, whilst they possess a monarch that is mild and benignant; their taxation, except in the event of unforeseen calamity, will be but temporary; there is no probability that their king will launch into extravagance for personal gratifications, or become attached to an expensive warfare; and with respect to the extraordinary possessions they have lost, as they had not just claim to them, I do not think they will long continue to insist that they had; by frequent recurrence to a subject, if it involve a striking truth, conviction of its justness infuses itself by degrees.—Many of the nobles, by these reflections, have already acquired placidity, and turn their whole thoughts to the good of their country; there are, doubtless some ambitious and some restless spirits, who will not admit that affairs shall take a smooth current; and there are, fortunately, others, who keep a jealous watch on all attempts at innovation.—With regard to the morality of the upper classes little can yet be judged. It wears a more auspicious appearance

than since the early part of the reign of Lewis XVI. whose noble example reformed the profligacy of his court, until his thoughtless consort gave support to each encroachment as it succeeded the other.

The present nobles give but few entertainments, and those on a frugal plan, a fashionable evening party obtain confectionary, ices, and green tea punch. With the exception of five or six Buonapartists, about double that number of bankers and men in business, there is not a Parisian that possesses £10,000. per ann. The Royal Family are not included in this statement. Massena was the richest subject; and his annual receipt dwindled from about £90,000. to little more than half that sum. Ney once possessed a property nearly as considerable; and the rest of the marshals, besides Cambacérés, Count Regnaud, and a few more of the favorites of a master who was liberal of plunder, had become rich; but the immense contributions that have been levied since the year 1813, and the maintenance of battalions of soldiers in their houses and on their estates (Ney was obliged, when in prison, to support above 700 men) have sensibly diminished them. The cessation of salaries and pensions has also lessened them by some thousands.

The haut ton, at the present time, consists in being seen between twelve and five, in the Champs Elizées and the Bois de Boulogne, in a carriage or on a horse; to dine without company; to go to the opera when the singing is almost concluded; to the Theatre Français to see Talma, Duchesnois, or Fleury; and now and then to Feydeau, and

sometimes to two or three of these places on the same night. The gentlemen seldom fail peeping into three or four, and chatting with the actresses in the boxes. The women in France are a handsomer race than formerly; many of them have oval faces, regular features, and black hair. They are generally brunettes, and have but little colour furnished by Nature, nor is Art resorted to so frequently as in England. This is, indeed, a reform! Most of the women have good eyes; some, the most beautiful Nature can bestow. They are of a middle stature, well formed, and graceful in all their actions, except walking. Some of the ladies, as well as their husbands and their beaux, cannot exist at night without the gaming table; but this passion has not yet infected many of the nobility.—The class immediately beneath them, and all the middle ranks of people, have this wretched predilection to a most lamentable degree, and the public gaming houses are under the direction and opened for the advantage of government. The adherents of this corrupt measure urge in defence, that since the people will not be deprived of their favorite occupation, it is better that the government, by superintending and sanctioning in part, should be enabled to check the excesses of gaming, than that it should be permitted to attain the dangerous point to which it would otherwise soon arrive. This excuse is inadmissible, as it would be equally in their power to cause their restrictions to be enforced by proper officers, if the public tables were in private hands. The fashionable games in the houses of the gentry are boston, bouillotte, quadrille, reversis, piquet, and whist. Billiards are to

be found in all quarters, and good chess players are not uncommon.

The French entering into every thing with energy, their games are pursued as if existence depended upon them, and they take vast pains to render themselves masters of whatsoever they attempt. It is to the adoption of this general principle that whatever they undertake shall be completely effected, that the world owes many a great work; and France, its Jardin de plantes, its conservatory of arts and trades, and many other establishments that approach perfection.

The French must always dignify every thing in which they are engaged, how trifling soever it may be. Cookery is disguised under terms that might serve as heads for a work on ethics or the title page of a poem; and your laundress, on returning your linen, exhibits her style of "getting it up" with an air and a speech that might introduce an artist shewing a fine picture that he has executed.

Idle people are to be seen loitering in every public walk. A woman and her children pass you with a yard of bread that they hold like a musket, and a few onions or chesnuts in her ridicule; thus prepared, they spend the day in the open air. There are hundreds who seem to have nothing to do, and the military prevail every where. The French are fond of being conspicuous; they must also be notorious if it be possible. Although they profess to dislike the people of England, they are attached to almost every article used for convenience and many of taste, that are English. There are three things which, from their being

sold in several places in every street, strangers would suppose were necessities of life, viz. English blacking, Cologne water, and roasted chesnuts. They are very licentious in their conversation; and in their prints, which women do not scruple to offer for sale. In the lower description of shops, women are generally the venders; the men are either walking about, playing vulgar games, serving as national guards, cooking, washing, or scrubbing the rooms, making the beds or making love. The national guards are volunteers, and among them are many shopkeepers of great respectability. They all do duty without pay and even furnish their regimentals, which are always handsome and clean. Their employment is frequently troublesome and harrassing, yet they perform it cheerfully, and appear attached to Lewis.

The cellars of the Palais Royal furnish various kinds of amusement every evening, and sharpers, male and female, of every description; who are by no means scarce in the upper stories. To persons of reflection, and who are attached to domestic comforts, the scenes here, at times, exhibited are truly melancholy.

The Parisians are as partial to weak lemonade as the Londoners are to porter, and the Limonadiers carry the liquor on their backs in vessels that are so much ornamented, they may be mistaken for shews. I would not advise you to convince yourself to the contrary by your palate.— You ensure civil answers from the lower classes by addressing them with Madame, Mademoiselle, or Monsieur; they are flattered by the title from their superiors.

People of all descriptions inhabit the same house; a washerwoman in the garret (did I say garret? pardon my vulgarity; there is no such thing, I mean the attic,) and a General in the first floor! The number of public baths is amazing; people of all ranks are fond of this wholesome method of cleansing. They are of different but of low prices; and though all those in the Seine spoil its appearance from their extraordinary size, some are very splendid and have a garden raised round them, where people read and converse. There is a school for swimming. The air is exhilarating at Paris, there being no coals burnt to make it dense; the sky appears a bright and deep blue; rain is not frequent, but a light shower sometimes falls before you have perceived a cloud, and when the rain continues, it pours frequently in torrents. —To a pious Protestant, a Sunday in Paris displays a very offensive scene. All is holiday, music and dancing (waltzing is in vogue,) and the theatres are crowded to suffocation. Lewis, who had imbibed some English ideas on the subject of the solemnity of the sabbath, injured his popularity by ordering the shops to be shut, for commerce as well as amusement engaged the Parisians; but he was not long obeyed. A few are still closed.

I was pleased with several of the signs over the shops; some of them are superior to many of the worst pictures sent to our exhibitions, and the panels of many rooms are painted with good effect and much elegance.

The French are fond of jugglers and fortune-tellers; the latter, under pompous names, give out

their decrees and decisions with the gravity of a Nestor. Many of the Parisians have implicit faith in predestination. It was always their inclination, and Buonaparte encouraged it as it was easy to render it sub-servient to his views. He used to rely, or pretend to rely, on his destiny; the latter, I think, the most probable. He had the capacity to imitate greatness when great actions could serve his purpose, and if an appearance of folly was useful, he could play the fool. The French can scarcely exist without party, and consider it unpardonable to be neuter; but having severely suffered by too close and warm an adherence to political sects, they turn their attention to minor subjects, but with no less avidity or tenacity. You must now admire to distraction, a George or a Duchesnois, the tragic heroines. The styles of certain dancers at the opera you must decide as graceful, or go over to the opposition and declare it insufferable; Gerard or Guerin, as painters, must be your adoration, as formerly, in music, you could not be visited until it was ascertained, not whether you were a virtuous and agreeable person, but that you were a Gluckist, a Piccinist, or a Sacchinist.

They appear to have learnt the art of being happy; at least they enjoy all that they themselves utter; it either gratifies their vanity or they fancy it gratifies your's, or they are delighted to express their emotions. They soon reconcile themselves to the expedient or to the present state of things, however contrasted it may be with that to which they had long been accustomed, unless heated by

inflammatory language, and induced to espouse the cause of a political party.

Women depend much upon their powers, and expect to influence the most important decisions if they resolve to throw out all their fascinations of language, of eyes, and of tears; and frequently they are not deceived. A Frenchman cannot resist a French woman; and it is become a fashion to admire also the English females.

The French people marry at a very early age. Some parents do not scruple to decide upon the union of their children while yet infants, and are seldom disappointed in their expectations that it will take place. These premature matches, are, as might have been foreseen, often productive of infidelity; but this vice, as well as many equally heinous, are much sooner forgiven and forgotten than in England.

The French enter into an intimacy at once when you are introduced to them, and sometimes without introduction make you their confident, when they pretend that you are the only person on whom they place reliance, that their respect for you is the most profound, their friendship the most ardent, and that they have no pleasure when deprived of your society. They overwhelm you with promises and make appointments with you, but fail repeatedly in both, and renew all these professions to the next new face, and you are totally forgotten. In France, all that you see, hear, touch, and eat, has a foreign character. Inconsistency prevails in most places; wherever a combination of circumstances or articles are requisite to make a Whole comfortable or handsome, such a happy as-

semblage is scarcely ever to be found. The palaces of the Trianons are the *most* perfect in their kind. The horses in France are not so inferior to ours, as is reported; many of them are well formed and strong. I will not, however, deny that should Don Quixote visit Paris, he would not be at a loss to find many that would remind him of the charms of his favorite.

I cannot close my account of the French character without assuring you that the exceptions to nearly the whole of the general statement I have laid down are by no means rare. There are to be found, and particularly in the provinces, persons of the most exalted sentiments, and whose actions confirm their sincerity. There are those whose constancy in love and friendship, is truly exemplary; and with the agreeable qualifications they possess, of all friends and lovers, they are perhaps, the best calculated to confer happiness when disposed to stability in affection; and with regard to talent, if France has not yet boasted a Shakespeare or a Milton, she has bestowed on literature a greater number of valuable ornaments than any other country since the Christian era, and in the cause of virtue and heroism, Rome herself has scarcely seen a nobler band of sufferers. There is certainly a dearth of talent of almost every description at present in France. With the exile of the regicides, nearly the whole is exported to other countries, where few will be the opportunities for it to flourish. In such hands, talent is more dangerous than ornamental.

Escaping civil contention and the incursions of enemies, the Arts in England have assumed a much

higher tone. Elocution, of which the senate, the pulpit, and the bar are the grand theatres, has within the last ten years lost all her favorites among our neighbours, who long took the lead in Europe in this art. We have also to deplore the decrease and retirement of our first orators. It is truly lamentable that the promotion which remunerates talent in our country is of a nature to shut it out from our view. Raised to the peerage, our great lawyers, divines, and senators, lose the opportunity or the inclination to maintain celebrity in their professions. Elocution is, however, more respectable on our side of the channel than on the other; but have a care, my countrymen, or soon will your superiority disappear; the French youth are daily advancing in their favorite study. Poetry and Painting preponderate greatly in our favor; the former we almost exclusively enjoy, and in every other department of literature, excel. In the Arts of Sculpture, Architecture, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Surgery, Natural Philosophy, and in Mechanism, the two nations are nearly on a par.

In Agriculture and in the management of cattle, we are their superiors.

In Mathematics and Natural History, they retain the first rank.

In stage performances, we excel in Tragedy, they, in Comedy.

In their scenery and decorations, they study propriety and what we call keeping; the magnificent and often picturesque, occupies more of our attention. In the latter they are, however, far from being deficient; and to the former, two of their



theatres, the serious and the comic operas pay much regard,

Of music, they are the best performers, we the best composers, and enjoy the best singers.

In most of the minor accomplishments we must yield to them.

In the number of their charitable institutions, they are inferior to us; but in establishments for public utility, magnificent display, and liberality of management, they excel the rest of the world.

LETTER VIII,

TO THE SAME.

The Theatres—The principal Performers—Dramatic Composition—The History of French Music.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING described the way in which the French contrive to pass through life, I have now to lay before you the manners adopted by a small portion of them, as illustrating those of the whole body. Although Paris contains not much more than half the number of inhabitants that are to be found in London and its suburbs, their copyists, the mock-joyous and the mock-miserable the stage performers, are more numerous than with us. I have ever considered that their art *might* be made subservient to the noblest purposes, and themselves the respected instruments of conveying effective instruction. How remote from these results, are those that *have* accrued, authors and actors have long taken pains to prove, I have seldom, however, quitted a regular theatre, perverted as are many of the noble uses to

which it might be rendered subservient, without imagining myself somewhat the happier and the better from the performance I have just witnessed. The gross and immoral speeches and actions I pass over with contempt; the grand sentiments or those simply natural and good, throw me into a train of useful reflections—whilst the keen and just satire at once amuses and improves me, and in this latter talent, the French particularly excel.

There have been several attempts in London to establish a French theatre, and considering the avidity with which the language is studied, it is astonishing that success has not crowned these efforts. The last company from France took the Tottenham-court theatre, and played several pieces in a style over-wrought, but not without powerfully interesting their auditors.

From my late observation of French manners and their epitome, I imagined the performers who then visited London, may be considered as of the old school. Faithful were they to the cringing style, the extacies about nothing, the tremulous agitation when but a common place sentiment is expected, and the “passion torn to tatters” at an occurrence of importance; which we had seen in the emigrants. As little of this is to be found at the present theatres of the French, as they retain of it in social intercourse; but on the stage, they have substituted in their tragedies, a species of whimsical affectation, from which their habits seem now perfectly free.—It is almost indescribable; to be understood it should be seen, as it

resembles any thing rather than Nature. Their comedies, however, make ample amends.

With what eagerness did I present myself at the pit-door to be admitted to Mons. Tartuffe, the Misanthrope, and the rest of Moliere's characters, whom I had contemplated with advantage in the closet! But "Stop, Sir," exclaimed a guard, "if you wish to enter the pit to-night, you have no business at the door." "Allow me, at least," said I, "to examine the exterior of the theatre." — This being the resort of the best critics and amateurs of the French histrionic art; where, at its highest pinnacle of excellence, Voltaire, Corneille, Moliere, and Racine saw the heroes of their imagination personified, the visiter expects to see an expansive and splendid building. He is, however, as much disappointed as he would be if he planted himself at any of the doors with an expectation of obtaining entrance when they opened.

Human nature being fond of mystery, I gave you a hint just now (left unsolved) of the whimsical despair with which you must be seized, if you have formed and acted up to the preposterous idea that by being the first person at the pit-door, you have a chance of admission. It is only in England such a natural effect follows such a cause. At the French theatre, the door is kept free from the touch, and not even within the ocular rays of the frequenters, in the first instance. Quit the door and take a circuit by many a shop and narrow passage, and when you have walked half a quarter of a mile, place yourself as near to a closed iron gateway as the company (ranged two by two

by the guards) will admit, although from these iron rails not the smallest vestige of any thing belonging to a theatre appears.—You look through the grate of your prison, wondering when you shall be released; six o'clock strikes! and suddenly, an agreeable turn is given to the state of affairs. A guard opens the gate, shews the pay-office, which proves to be near, and after your privilege for entrance be obtained, gently, quite detached from the crowd, and with half a dozen others, although hundreds are behind you, you deliberately enter the pit-door, which you discover, notwithstanding your apparent distance from it, is but four yards from the grating. Why is not this agreeable regulation, as to the crowd, adopted in England? are we too proud to save our limbs at the expence of being styled imitators? Constables might be employed instead of the military.

The interior of the Theatre Français, where all the most rational entertainment is to be found (the best plays, and the best performers) is dull, dingy, and insignificant. It is chiefly built of a dirty-coloured marble, and is small and nearly circular, the form adopted for several of the Parisian theatres, and in each of them there is but one chandelier, the size of which is sufficient to dispense an agreeable light.

Few are the amusements that prove more satisfactory than the comedies on this stage; they usually convey a good lesson, are lively, display well-contrasted characters, and possess a delicate vein of irony. If the length of some of the speeches begin to tire, confine your attention to

the merit of the performer, observe the art with which, by his tones and manner, he gives variety to tautology and spirit to amplification, and you will still be gratified. To my astonishment, I found all the men on the stage wear powder and court dresses (some of the utmost richness) unless they are to represent foreigners, when nothing can be more appropriate than their appearance. Britannicus, Merope, Athalia, &c. are strictly in the costume of the countries and periods in which they flourished. *We* are but too apt to indulge in an excess of finery, though lately in other respects, equally with them, attentive to peculiarity of modes.

The chaste performance of the French comedies delighted and surprized me; grimace, unnatural violence and all excesses, are banished from their style; and insipidity has not usurped their place. A sparkling animation, an ardour in love, but just submitting to the curb of reason, an enchanting elegance that marks the highest fashion, are still their characteristics, and you may judge how fascinating these become, divested of the exaggeration of former times—rather should this style, I imagine, be considered a recurrence to the excellence of periods still more remote, than a reform of the stage; for can we suppose that the fine taste of Racine, Voltaire, and other poets of transcendent talent could have borne to witness the offspring of their minds in the disguise of superlative affectation? Is it not probable, that at the brilliant epoch when their career was at its zenith, when wit was generally appreciated, virtue almost adored, the warmth and spirit of

the times gave an energy to expression that was lovely, while natural, but that its grace fled with the talent and the virtue that excited it. Energy had made friends and found its way to court, it became the fashion, and the charm of spontaneity having ceased, affectation for a time assumed an empire: but, at length, yielded its sceptre to brutality; and this in turn relinquishing its reign, moderation has succeeded. A portion of all these variations has marked the progress of the players in their familiar pieces, in which alone they convey resemblances of the people; but a degree of polish and ardour in ordinary life, and common incidents, will ever distinguish what is styled genteel comedy; and without any deviation from propriety, since they find this polish among the higher orders, whom they frequently represent; and the degree of ardour in all ranks, on extraordinary occurrences, is such as they describe. Features wholly dissimilar characterize their tragedies; as these usually portray beings foreign to their knowledge, they find in life no models for their style. Previous to the lessons they received from Racine, Corneille, Marmontel, and other eminent characters, the manners of the performers were as formal and as bombastic as the pieces they represented; and so long a period has now elapsed since their illustrious monitors have been lost to them, that, joined to a few of the precepts handed down, they have formed a kind of system for the regulation of the Court of Melpomene, to which they have inclined the people to become attached. And of heterogeneous composition is this standard of ideal perfection! It partakes in a small degree, of the

extravaganza of the latter years of Lewis XV.; in a much greater, of the ferocity and vulgarity of the sanguinary Revolution; the Roman-like fervour of the Consulate, the best features of which are still within view, and the sustian of the subsequent Empire have not passed by without leaving *their* impression. On these various foundations, severally the admiration of their respective seasons, it seems to me they have raised the temple they dedicate to their goddess.

Let us try her votaries individually.

Talma! the terrible Talma! the model for all tragedians! the first of actors in the known world! these are the titles by which the French acknowledge him.

Which of my countrymen enter the theatre, unprepossessed with the idea, that a commanding figure and the dark stern brow, like Kemble in *Coriolanus*, or if possible, a still grander and severer front, will prove on his appearance, Talma's claim to the terrific?

Who then is that mediocre-looking man, with a short face, small eyes, brows of little force, mean nose, and a chin that as an accompaniment of unseemly fat beneath, disproportioned to every other part; his figure in height and bulk being something less than the middle size? Why does he stand there ten minutes before he can utter a word? It is, indeed, Talma, greeted by his admirers, with vociferous plaudits. This disappointment being somewhat mitigated by the noble manner in which he stands, we mentally say, "Come, come, no prejudice, our Kean is but a little man, and here is dignity at least." It was as Nero that I first saw

Talma, and this character is considered one of his best efforts. As he approached he walked with a manly step, and threw into his countenance a just expression of pride and contempt of which his face is very capable, his mouth being naturally somewhat inclined downward at the ends. He bears a faint resemblance to Mr. Elliston and Mr. Pope, and was admirably dressed for the part. All as yet augured well; but when he spoke, the illusion was lost, it was no longer the forbidding Nero.—His style is a curious medley! consonant indeed, with the system apparently laid down in France for a tragedian, and which I have explained. At times, a hasty snip-snap, then a broad elongation of a syllable, somewhat compensated shortly after by a fine burst of nature, struggling for pre-eminence; now, a mean-sounding taunt, worthy only of a clown, then we own him for a sovereign again, and the tyrant terrible in his wrath! but the mode of speech that is in the worst taste and which it seems the ambition of most of the French performers to attain (being also certain of applause when effected with sufficient celerity) is a breathless haste through many lines until arrived at a certain climax, and then a stop so sudden as to make you start. A simple comma often occasions this pause, after which the voice drops to so low a tone that it is scarcely audible. Another vice of Talma in speaking is, to urge himself on with this wonderful rapidity, till at the end of a line his text presents him a full stop; but does he check his career at this spot? By no means, that would be too rational; he catches up the first word of the next line as if he feared it would escape his vigilance,

and there in defiance of common sense, he fixes his period. He is sometimes guilty of this uncontrollable stream of talking, in a manner that is irresistibly laughable; indeed a foreigner "cannot chuse but laugh," and the anger of Talma, is in many instances not less comic; in short, on me this performance upon the whole acted as a burlesque. I have as yet, however, been too sparing in the enumeration of his merits. He delivers some few passages in a manner that no one but a man of the first rank of genius could accomplish. Terrible indeed, was he, when being asked by Agrippina, why suddenly he shewed such marks of affection for Brittannicus, he replied "Pour que je létouffe." "That I might stifle him,"—he electrified me! his grin of exultation, (for he had kept his word), his subsequent dark look at his mother, intimating that her time was also come, petrified all present. He took from us for a few moments the power of applauding. With all his grotesque fancies what can we call *him* but a great actor, who, in the course of an evening produces such effects at various points?

In characters of a milder stamp there is also a peculiar pathos in his voice. In the low moanings of his grief he fails not to touch the heart, and deeply have I been affected for a time; until by a few transitions to the ridiculous, his power of interesting has ceased.

I have seen him in Hamlet. A French Hamlet! what an object of interest to a lover of Shakspeare! This was more ludicrous than all the rest, and yet it is esteemed his chief d'œuvre.

Hundreds of persons that crowded the passages, were unable to arrive at the doors.

Reviewing in my mind the contrast of French to English opinions, their strict adherence and unbending partiality to the unities in dramatic composition, their general prejudice against our works of fancy, their particular aversion to our drama, to our histrionic ghosts, to our murders, and even to our salmagundi of tears and smiles; retracing this catalogue of prejudices and the battle of pens on this subject between the critics of the two nations, I do not recollect my curiosity ever to have been more strongly excited than whilst I took my stand for two hours in the train of patient expectants near my old intimate the grating, in hopes of discovering how much of our admired Dane the French would permit us to recognize in their theatre. In this instance, the prodigious number of people was too formidable for the guards. After a combat of elbows I effected my entrance and another hour passed in meditation, the orchestra being so filled that the musicians could not appear: three rude blows as usual announced the performance. A mean and dingy hall, the *only* scene throughout the play, is entered by Claudius and his Confidant, who amuse each other and set us to sleep by speeches of a length so intolerable, that even French patience, accustomed as it is to endure a sentiment till spun to its last fibre, became exhausted. When Claudius had waded through two octavo pages without a pause or interruption and still proceeded, I saw my neighbours the critics, uneasy on their seats, begin regarding each other with looks that said, "though this be an imitation

of the chorusses of Sophocles and Euripedes, dare we not affirm it tedious? Before they could settle this point, the Confidant ventured a remark and pedantry was satisfied. Not so the sons of nature—a faint murmur was ventured; but the variety on the stage now caused by the appearance of a third person, brought conviction to the mind of the warmest advocate for incident among the *French* portion of the audience, that there was sufficient bustle for the opening of the piece. Talma, however, justly remarked to the English, that if our tragedies possessed less and those of the French stage more action, they would both be amended.

He will not allow his performance of Hamlet to be forgotten; his style is the most remote from mediocre. When he rushed on the stage in alarm at the sight of his father's ghost, *we* started not less alarmed! In justice to this unequal actor, I must own, no other ever caused in me so much terror. Breathless he ran from the lower end of the stage towards the audience; at one instant too much "harrowed up" in soul to look back on what he had seen, then snatching a glance, and covering his face to lose again the vision; but vainly, it still haunts him, his agony palsies his whole frame, and his parched lips refuse to utter a word of explanation to his urgent friends. Lebrun himself would have declared it a master-piece of mingled fear and anguish. Why cannot such a man prove consistent? His dramatic education has forbidden it. Rhyming colloquy introduced monotony; and genius must bend under the yoke; but Talma is not obliged to drawl through a dozen lines two or three times each scene in one unvaried tone; and

that precisely like the canting twang of some parish clerk on his best behaviour giving out a psalm. Here again, Talma *cannot* be forgotten, at least by an Englishman. In this description there is no exaggeration, and a foreigner visiting our theatres might equally improve us by ridiculing such of our bad habits as custom has sanctioned, and on which, like him, though dissimilar their nature, we dwell with partiality. Like the faces of our best friends, be they ever so homely, we would not have them exchanged for better.

The report that Talma was intimate with Buonaparte is correct, not so that he became the instructor of the Emperor. It is not in all his characters that Talma fatigues by monotony; nor, though he yields to it when he conceives it necessary, does he appear to feel at his ease under this burthen imposed upon him by the Author. Spirit, ease, sensibility, transition, modulation, (the elements of good acting are those in which alone he seems to breathe freely. It is his frequent burlesque of them of which I complain, and on some occasions the vulgarity of his delineation. I cannot leave this eccentric actor without declaring that in Hamlet, his expressions of tenderness towards his mother were so pathetic that I delight in recalling them to my memory. In these and in portraying a warmth of friendship, I have never seen his equal; his love wants delicacy, and altogether is devoid of elegance; as if in contrast to every other serious performer, for these are precisely the points on which the French excel, and none more so than

Lafond, considered the second tragedian. From

his general merit, his consistency, his force and pathos, I should have felt much inclined to give him the palm, but that Talma has a few passages of superior grandeur and spirit. With infinite variety of manner Lafond contrives that a face of no great expression shall depict the passions. In Bannister's earliest days, when he played Hamlet and Romeo, he must have presented a flattering likeness of this man. With a voice equally agreeable, Lafond possesses far higher requisites for the buskin; and making them subservient to his good sense, his grief and joy fail not alike to reach the hearts of his audience; nor are his affections and his anger less impressive.—Still, apparently in imitation of the deity of the French drama, he has his moments of burlesque, of vulgar tones, of monotony; and a mock heroic insolence in commanding. These moments, are, however, but few. His Sultan, in Zara, has deservedly many enthusiastic friends, and he who can, unmoved, perceive the struggles and sudden vent of love in the midst of indignation, which this artist of the heart exhibits, must be strangely callous to the effect of scenic art, or possess but little sensibility.

Mademoiselle Raucour would have been quite out of place here, as being no longer in existence; but that having enjoyed a reputation on the Continent second only to that of the great Clairon, having been seen and much distinguished by the English, in 1814, and having established a kind of school for the tuition of her art, from which sprung the present style of female action, it may be necessary to observe that persons who witnessed the performance of her latter days, should

beware of extending to her pupils the prejudice that may have arisen from her various defects. I am assured that she could no longer be recognized by those who saw her flourishing in youth and genius. Talma seems not to have disdained her tuition, for I perceived in them both, though with much less animation on her part, the same flagrant deviations from Nature, and the same happy points. With her, however, that which in Talma raised a smile, excited disgust, from the extreme ugliness, I had almost said hideousness, of her countenance. Chinese eyes, a mouth of an extraordinary width, and high cheek bones, though in company with a good nose, could never have seconded her talents; in old age you may judge that their effect was—most repulsive; especially when her lips, singularly thin, were severed to give utterance to a grating voice, a dull, same, bombastic tone, twenty times repeated, and to a pedantic pronunciation. Her figure must have been of the finest proportions; and received the advantage, in Agrippina, of a deportment truly dignified. She moved an empress, but spoke full fraught with affectation. Her resentment was, however of a noble cast; her repressed, but nearly bursting grief, failed not to excite sympathy; neither it appears did her loss, for her funeral was attended to the church of St. Roch by most of the nobles and by about 20,000 people. It was formerly the custom to throw the bodies of the players into the Seine, being denied the rites of burial; but this monstrous barbarism has long been discontinued. The priests still refused to admit the remains of our present subject into the church, the gentry remonstrated, the populace im-

plored; the bigots were inflexible, and the people became so clamorous as to threaten the destruction of their Temple, when an order arrived from the King to commence the usual service, and the gratified Parisians bore the object of their solicitude in triumph to the aisle.—She was then interred in peace.—Of her protégés,

Mademoiselle George presented for her to “deck in all the garb of woes fictitious,” as complete a countenance for a tragic heroine, as (Mrs. Siddons excepted) ever fashioned itself to varied tunes of misery. Rage, grief, horror may be read by turns in those brilliant eyes, in that proud mouth, on that majestic brow. Of a middle height, a form far from graceful, and with too much *en bon point*, she deviates little from the dignity of her tutoress. She draws you with her in her resentments, her triumphs, her condescension.—Thus far her success; for her failings, enquire into those of Talma, deduct from each a trifling portion, and you will do her ample justice.

Duchenois, exquisite Duchenois! A Siddons has retired, the world therefore, I imagine, presents not your equal in the mimic art. We cannot bear your grief, it is so profound, so heart-rending! Unkind! to send your best friends from the theatre half choked with your woes. And yet not it should seem unkind, for do we not return, again, and still again to partake your sorrows, to dwell on that poor, wan cheek, on that forlorn eye, on those broken sobs, on that despairing motion of the head?—For such it is with you when you make the miseries of Andromache your own. And come we not to shudder with Hamlet’s mother at the frightful picturings of her remorse? Whilst Memory shall

retain her powers, shall *we* not retain in our minds that look, now supplicatory, now despairing, as Hamlet drags you to the urn of your husband's ashes to swear that you conspired not to his destruction?—I see you now before me; he urges you towards that appalling urn! vainly you struggle and implore; as vain, is that piercing shriek; you *must* approach and touch it; he marks your writhing agony, the trembling of your uplifted hands, of your sinking knees. He bids you swear! Your appeals are useless; you endeavour to comply, your mouth opens but not a word comes forth; what! is your tongue motionless? You stand the tottering image of despair; a sudden chill causes that terrific shudder. You look on vacancy, Hamlet finds you cold as death; and now you sink at his feet deprived of every sense. Such is Duchesnois in this powerful scene.

This lady seems to disdain any other than natural modulation, and she dictates of spontaneous feeling; thus is it she towers above her contemporaries; and, possessed of a graceful figure, is a perfect representative of the principal heroines of tragedy, with the exception (must there alas! be an exception!) of her features.—These are most unwelcome to her genius; her glass surely must inform her that its powers are enfeebled by the chief instruments engaged to proclaim it. I need only assert that her face presents a thin and very unfavourable likeness of the first Mrs. Pope, to prove to Londoners her claim to pre-eminence in ugliness. Mortified do I feel to affix a term so harsh to the casket of a brilliant gem, but no other could faithfully designate it.

Mademoiselle Duchesnois is the only French actress who does not, every half hour, adjust her dress on the stage, that it may set in becoming folds. Her heart seems too much engaged in the scene before her to recollect how she is apparelled. Her bye play is as fine as Talma's, and that is saying every thing in its favor.

Let us now quit sighs and tears for a time, and examine the comedians, who are so consistent and happy in their delineation, that a strain of eulogy, almost unwearied, can alone do them justice.

Fleury is the finished gentlemen; full of fire, though nearly sixty, and equally true to Nature in joy or rage, the dignified and injured nobleman, the proud, satirical misanthrope, and the finical beau of the old school. In order to convey to the English at home as correct an idea as possible of each of the masters of this fine art, I mention when a parallel can be drawn with them on our stage. In vain I look for one in the present instance who approaches him, as the Courtier, the polished Man of Fashion, the lively or the serious Scourge of Folly. But if I recur to past times, old King, especially as Lord Ogleby, presents me a good counterpart of Fleury's manner in similar characters, and of his face, when undisguised; the same quick, sparkling eye, the same mouth, full of meaning; and about the same height of figure. King, however, could not in his decay play the Lover with Fleury's spirit at the same age, nor could the latter so perfectly divest himself of the gentlemen as to represent the pert valets, in which King was so admirable.—Among the beauties of this French Grandison, if I could decide

that one of them is transcendant, I should select his playful, delicate irony.—As an animated lover, Armand is now far preferable, and in this point I should not imagine that Fleury in this meridian, whom he has taken for his model, greatly exceeded him. Nothing can surpass the delicacy yet fervor of his style; his tones reach all the ladies hearts; and, in the midst of the most profound respect, he *looks* persuasion. Though, when we are ourselves free from this domineering passion, we are apt to smile at its effects on others, and still more on a mere mockery of these effects, yet Armand's grief is touching; his despair afflicting. I have heard that an Irishman alone knows how to love; I am sure a Frenchman knows best how to wear its semblance. It is on the French stage that this passion is truly represented, from Armand down to Firmin. The ladies, who are by much the best judges, of what is intended to be successful with them, acknowledge the former as captain of this band of lovers; and, as he seems to live but on the smiles of his mistresses, the coldest critic cannot but subscribe to the propriety of their verdict. Armand, though not strictly handsome, is of the handsome order, but a slight lisp at times escapes his speech; this, perhaps, the ladies may not object to, as their divinity by shewing a fault, approaches nearer to human nature.

Damas, a much bolder actor, with his rough voice and mien, a forbidding and vulgar face, contrives to convince his audience that his genius is of no common grasp. His *Taruffe* is a chef d'œuvre, and here he has *his* love-making, but it is appropriately gross and disgusting, a forcible picture

of sensuality. Delicacy and dignity are quite incompatible with his mean physiognomy; but a strong conception has been bestowed upon him as a compensation, and the passions of jealousy, mean suspicion, avarice fear, contempt, insolence, and the obstinacy of pedantry, find faithful representations in him. He is frequently made the substitute for Fleury; but his misanthropy is of much too low a cast, and except a striking portraiture of jealousy, he has no point in common with that actor. In his own path, Damas is great; he should never quit it. If sometimes he lays on rather too high a coloring, it is always finely imagined, and his very excess, like the glowing tints of Rubens, and the breadth of Velasquez in a sister art, is but the exuberance of genius.

Baptiste cadet, (junior.) This most chaste of comic actors defies description. I despair to make you comprehend the quiet dryness of his style in his pedants, his quack, his lawyer, and his imbecile old lover from Moliere. Could this merciless tell-tale have seen him personate the mock modest author in "les femmes savantes," "the learned ladies," he would have been hugged with joy. Exquisitely ludicrous is his manner of receiving the praise with which these Blue Stockings are overwhelming him. He endeavours to look displeased at the grossness of their flattery, but his gratification is still apparent; you perceive it by his hands, the exaltation of his figure, his sly side looks; then his attempt at excessive humility, his manner of reading his works under the influence of joy, but with feigned trepidations of unworthiness of such clamorous praise. Who can forget them? Yet

this is without grimace. The slightest turn of his mouth and eyes, with his naturally grotesque countenance is irresistible—the house is convulsed. Then he looks so composedly at the audience, seems not to perceive they are there, and as if perfectly unconscious of their noisy plaudits. In misers, his triumphing grin, or mortification trying to look not mortified, or his screaming passion that must have vent, or his sulky old fathers, or his curiosity with difficulty suppressed; all these, and many more expressions simple and complicate, determine him a great artist. I cannot compare him to any of our performers. He is less vulgar than most actors of such parts, and his thin nose, between the Roman and the aquiline, his wide mouth, narrow lips, long face, and cunning but subdued eye, have no counterpart on our stage. From the pictures of Parsons, I think he appears to have been very similarly visaged. If to these that I have so diffusedly dwelt upon, I add

Davigny, I shall have described the five comedians who have each a great and peculiar genius that adorns the French theatre. The admirable old man now before me (for I never think of him without the most perfect recollection) is as good a depicter of a hearty, kind creature, full of joke, but lacking wit, as was Bannister in similar characters, but there is a wide difference in their manner. Bannister delighted by his broad humour, Davigny makes you feel an affection for his old men, and you are sometimes almost ready to sigh that so thoroughly good humoured a person, in the overflowings of his heart, shews so little understanding and penetration. On one night he presents you

this natural and touching picture; on another, his thorough heedlessness of temper, his self sufficiency, his unaffected surprise when he discovers himself under a mistake (this, and his expression of doubt, are singularly comic) his obstinacy, testiness, and bustle, were never surpassed. He descends not to grimace, has a pair of very black eyes, and is rather a handsome and genteel man. We must, however, endeavour to forget him, and attend to that sprightly arch young lady.

Mademoiselle Mars; the very soul of mirth, wit, and grace. The hoyden, the coquet, and the animated pleader of the cause of virtue, are equally her province. This favorite of the French people attracts them by thousands, and is wise enough to preserve her power over their hearts by a long annual secession, and by not being very frequently seen while in Paris; much to the regret of foreigners; who, having once seen her, look eagerly at the bills to observe the re-announcement of her name. Mademoiselle Mars cannot be styled beautiful, although her eyes are of the finest order; her nose is rather long, and her mouth wide; but she has a smile and a piquant expression in her eye that at once denotes sweetness of temper, and quickness of intellect. Excellent in many characters, she shews good sense, and occasional sparks of genius in all. Her manner is peculiar to herself. She is interesting in a serious part, and, I think, her face, though on a smaller scale, slightly resembles Catalani; but she is not so handsome, nor so tall. So strong a partizan was this lady to Buonaparte, that she ventured to wear the violet after his second dethronement, which so exasperated the

Parisians that it was reported they intended to insist on her recantation of her favourite principles, in a kneeling posture on the stage. Too spirited to comply, she compromised the matter, by choosing a character in which she had to appear before a king, and to acknowledge her submission. This she acted with much fervour and humility, and thus appeased the public.

But one of the most fascinating actresses that the world has produced is

Mademoiselle Leverd. The French seem inclined to rank the former as Thalia's choicest favorite, but I cannot consent that Leverd should be considered as second to any. There is an exquisite grace, a delicacy, a discrimination, a thousand playful charms, that constitute her one of those constellations in the dramatic hemisphere, that appear but once or twice in a century: as, a Siddons, a Farren, and a Jordan. If she does not quite equal the latter for variety in her vivacity, nor a Farren in elegance, she partakes so much of both, that she is of equal value. At the theatre Français, the receptacle of the first rank of plays, there is no such coarse character as Miss Prue, or Peggy in the Country Girl; but as far as the French mad-cap is allowed to romp, Leverd executes with perfect spirit and grace. It is, however, a very chaste performance compared with our hoydens; Mademoiselle Mars contrives to approach nearer to them, although in general her style is softer than that of her rival. Leverd principally enchants by a richness of style, by a full conveyance of the author's meaning in superior characters, and by nameless spells that play round her features. Her manner.

of receiving a lover's declaration cannot be surpassed; sometimes reserved and delicate, and an enchanting combat between modesty and love; sometimes fearing to wound where she intends not to comply, her refusal is given in a style that robs it of its bitterness; at others, with a cool, dry humour, she deals out ridicule with merciless poignancy, or fascinates her suitor with lively sallies, and uncontrolled expressions of delight. These latter are among her happiest essays. The woman of rank filling her station with an easy dignity, dispensing her benevolent gifts with a charm that lightens obligation, or giving faint hints, as chaste and remote as possible, of her attachment to a person of more humble fortune, are admirable with her. But her success is superlative in the highly polished sarcasms of a woman of the first class repulsing the dogmas of pedantry, the impertinence of unasked advice, or the malevolence of newsmonsters in matters of gossip. She is a refined spirit, repressing vice or folly. Her keen points wrapped in the attire of good breeding, strike to the heart, and the chastiser is revered. The defence of a friend, the struggles between duty and inclination, and the indignation of offended pride, are scarcely less her forte; in short, all that is complex and difficult in the higher order of the female character is her triumph. She seems created for the French authors, and they for her; sharp reparation (similar to that of our great Bard's Beatrice) is another style which she has no competitor in portraying on our stage, or on that of France. I hope you have by this time become anxious to learn the personal appearance of this real heroine. Her

figure, though large, has a noble air ; she dresses with an elegant simplicity, is fond of flowers, as a bouquet, and a wreath for the head ; her mouth, with its endless meanings, is very beautiful ; her chin rather too round ; her nose rather too short ; her forehead and eyebrows fine ; her complexion, like that of all the ladies I have mentioned (Duchenois excepted) is of a clear brown ; her hair dark, and her brilliant eyes—but who can do justice to her eyes ? or to the touching softness of those of

Mademoiselle Volnais, another very interesting woman, who, with much less genius and spirit, fills many characters in a way that irresistibly attracts our sympathy. She is a votary of the sister muses, but appearing the most frequently in the serious parts of comedy, which are her forte, I have given her a place in Thalia's province. This latter muse, however, will scarcely own her ; for seldom does she enter her temple without exciting a tear. In characters of simplicity in polite life, in gentleness, affability, and beneficence, she excels even Mrs. Henry Siddons, who has left no equal in these parts on the stage. Without being so pretty a woman, she has a countenance and voice perfectly engaging ; and in tragedy, her Ophelia, Jocasta, and parts of that cast where goodness of heart is a leading feature, interest every spectator. Her grief is truly pathetic, and her smiles always appear like the clearing up of a rainy day. She possesses a charm, the birth of sensibility : viz. that of always appearing in earnest—one of the most valuable a performer can elicit.

With mediocre talents, this is sufficient to render a piece of acting impressive.

I now quit those brilliant ornaments of the French metropolis, who, as animated pictures of the national character, and in innumerable instances, of mankind in general, are little less objects of interest to the rational mind than are the leaders of the schools of literature, painting, sculpture, music, &c. They afford an opportunity to the stranger to describe them, and the effects they produce, with greater accuracy than professors of any other art. The residence of two or three years, and introduction to a vast number of families would be requisite to enable a foreigner to descant largely on the merits of the followers of each art and science. I saw all that was easily attainable, and of the theatre Français enough to decide that, if my countrymen desire to attend an interesting performance within its walls, they must be careful to observe, that one of the above tragic or comic players is named in the bill of the night, which is posted at the Palais Royal in three places, and on various walls and pillars throughout Paris ; but not in a single shop. The principal performers among the second rank, upon which I now enter, are by many of the French considered as little less attractive than some of the former ; whilst Mademoiselle Volnais and Devigny would, by a majority of them, be scarcely allowed to hold the highest station ; I cannot, however, but consider them as eminently successful in their line, and more uniformly attached to nature, than any one of the following ; although these, in their turn

and place, excite much gratification and amusement.

At the head of them, we must place the Tragedian

St. Prix, whose spirit in indignant remonstrance, whose justness in powers of description, and whose lessons of morality, philosophic but never tame, have a powerful effect. His style is rather monotonous, but always dignified. He is much on his wane, and his voice is become dissonant, but still his sorrows, manly and unaffected, pain not alone his own bosom, nor do those of

Michelot, a rising young actor, with a voice full of pathos in tragedy and of persuasion in comedy; the former is, however, his element. As the son of Merope, as Britannicus, and such young heroes, he would be all that is desirable (his short face excepted) were he not vitiated by study in the French school of acting, instead of that of Nature. It is clearly seen that his own ideas are good, but that every ten minutes he recollects the lessons he has received.

Baptiste ainé (senior) is a fine painter of tragic old men; his Lusignan fills you with grief and respect.—In some characters he is less successful—extreme infirmity and advanced age, a noble ruin, is his province, and a very narrow one it is.—He should never stir from the brink of the grave.

Thénard is at the head of all the roguish valets, and numerous are they in the French dramatic personæ.—In archness, spirit, and mirth, he equals Bannister's brightest days; but is very far indeed, from being so rich and versatile a per-

former. The French style him a first-rate actor; his line is so very confined, that I cannot mount him quite so high. Had Cherry been taller, a great resemblance would have existed between them as pert lacqueys, in face and manner. The same agility, shrewdness, and impatience of tranquillity. If Bannister's Trappanti, and Cherry's Lazzarillo be remembered, Thénard may be understood by those who have not seen him; especially if an absence of broad grimace and caricature be known as his peculiar care.—He seems to have consigned them to

Cartigny, who set out as a rival, but as he took the path of farce rather than that of comedy, the critics will not judge him the palm. There is a **Mundenish** richness in his coloring that produces entertainment, but it is generally so over wrought, that when we are on the point of giving way to a hearty fit of laughter, Good Sense gives us a tweak and desires us to sit quiet. This is not *always* the case when sitting in judgment on Cartigny. I have seen him almost as chaste as Thénard with more variety. In *Le Legataire Universel* (the Universal Legatee) where, as a valet, he is the principal character of the piece, he becomes exquisitely droll as a young coxcomb, an old woman, and an old man, and keeps just within the pale of nature.—Most of the comic French performers at this theatre, are much handsomer than those in London. Their eyes are generally bright and full of meaning. Baptiste cadet and Cartigny have the only naturally comic faces among them.

Michot excels in broad, low comedy. A hearty

farmer full of jokes, with patois (provincial dialect) of various description, in mine Host of the Garter, a Sir Oracle of the Village, or a proud pretender to learning with superficial knowledge.

Firmin, with a handsome face and genteel figure, plays the lover well.

Moreau, perfectly ludicrous in the trifling characters he personates. If opportunities be given him, he will rise to consequence.

Mademoiselle Bourgouin is a pretty little girl, who, when the great actresses are indolent or so artful as to render themselves scarce, is substituted for them in Zara, Alzira, and some of those characters which require powers that she possesses not. Her attempt at dignity is the frog imitating the ox, and almost the only expression of her countenance in tragedy is a tender melancholy and an interesting simplicity, which as a confidante or a forsaken shepherdess, would be perfectly appropriate. She might reach Perdita and Miranda, but Juliet and Ophelia, "tell it not in Gath." She is superior in comedy; animated, but never great.—This actress has, in a particular degree, what may be termed the forlorn manner of many of the French performers. They are fond of arriving at a little pinnacle of woe, and then of indulging us with a few soft, low tones, as if forsaken by all the world, and ruined past redemption, unless we grant them the protection that by their hands and gestures they seem to implore; when this is wrought to the highest pitch of affectation, it draws down peals of applause. Mademoiselle Volnais, Michelot, and all the lovers,

except Fleury and Armand, exhibit this burlesque upon pathos. Free from it is

Madame Pelicier; a most sensible and acute actress, of a middle age. Sharp satire loses none of its pungency with her; the merciless old maid, the vindictive *maïtron*, and the infatuated Blue Stocking; are rendered as respectable as a gentlemanly carriage can make them, without an abatement of the effect intended by the author.—Broad humour is totally out of her style, but she excites a kind of composed smile in her audience which is full of satisfaction to themselves.—The serious remonstrances of age, in genteel life, fasten attention on them when *she* gives them expression, and we feel the most profound veneration for her maternal love.—I felt much tempted to place her in the highest rank of actresses, but she appears so seldom in a conspicuous character, that it might have misled persons to have expected much entertainment from seeing her name announced. Her talents seem very ill appreciated.

Madame Rose Dupont is so exactly Mrs. Edwin, in genteel characters, that display neither much vivacity nor seriousness, but elegance, gentleness, and sweetness, that she needs no farther description to render her style comprehensible.

Mademoiselle Dupuis, a very handsome woman, is frequently before the public in the characters of Mesdemoiselles Mars and Leverd, and appears a faint sketch of them, particularly the latter, consequently is more bearable as a substitute than is Bourgoûin for the great tragedians. Her beauty and elegance are rather more depended upon by her employers than her talents, of which, though

not deficient, she frequently seems to make no use; but it always appears more from diffidence than vanity that she becomes inanimate. I have seen her perform with spirit and vivacity, and not without some discrimination; but the loss of her great originals is always felt in leading heroines.—It is singular that this woman, certainly the finest on the stage, has not the sparkling and dark eye of the French; but when her countenance is lighted up with the impression of a few stimulating lines, a gaiety diffuses itself over her manner, she becomes an object of pleased attention, and seldom misapplies her emphasis in the midst of her hilarity; too frequently the fault of performers of a moderate stamp.

Mademoiselle Dumerson generally plays the soubrettes (chamber maids) when the principal actors perform, but her pertness is not rendered tolerable by an appearance of talent, and is so caricatured and bold that it becomes thoroughly disagreeable. Her flippancy has no trait in it but spite; if she be lively, it is a spiteful vivacity; when she consents to be married, it is with a spiteful toss of the head.

Madame Dumont is a far preferable scold (for all the French soubrettes are scolds), with a better face; a sharper eye is not possible; she has less of that knock-me-down manner which distinguishes Dumerson, and which we cannot reconcile to our ideas of female nature. As a virago, Emily Contat (who, through infirmity, performs no longer), bore the bell; there was a mellowness in her impertinence that rendered it amusing. This is, I conceive, an effect very difficult to produce; Mrs.

Mattocks delighted the Londoners in such parts.—Dumont has modulation of voice, whilst Dumerson is usually in a treble key. Dumont is a coquet, or a faithful, lively confidante, as well as a Zantippe, and all without vulgarity.

Mademoiselle Petit, a fine woman, can neither much be praised nor blamed in the tragic parts she undertakes.

Madame Mezeray is a kind of Mrs. Sparks, but much inferior, and possesses a most ungracious countenance. The affected woman of fifty, possessed with the idea that she is still attractive, is her only successful performance. The female monitor or the sarcastic scandal-seeker she should always relinquish to Pelicier.

Of third-rate Actors I shall mention but two.

Faure, though kept in the back-ground, evinces much merit in the trifling comic parts of blundering servants and rustics. A smile from him needs little of the aid of words to produce mirth, yet it is not grotesque.

Vanhove, an old man, with a stupid heavy countenance, a thick delivery, and small comic talent, is incessantly obtruded on the public. His acting is as much beneath the naiveté of legitimate comedy as the generality of mimicry is beyond it; his extreme lassitude is only bearable in a lazy character and one of apathy. It seems to be his own, and I have found almost invariably that an exact similitude to themselves, meets a natural representation in performers.

There are two persons obtruded on the public, who are so provokingly unpleasant, that I must give

my anger vent by holding them up for the finger of reprehension.

Dumilâtre, with his cathedral tones and woe-begone face, is one of them; and

Madame Michelot, the very acme of inanity, with not even a tolerable face to render her supportable.

I did not take the trouble to visit the theatre on purpose to witness the performances of Madame Cosson, Madame Thénard, Mademoiselle George cadette, Mademoiselle Féart, Monsieur St. Fal, and a few others, who did not happen to perform on the nights of my attendance. They were chiefly debutants, had acquired little fame, and appeared but seldom,—As a trial of their skill, they were generally assigned parts of consequence.

On reviewing the above list of dealers in mirth and woe, a few general remarks occur to me.

I have really not done justice to the eyes of the females; to say that they are brilliant is insufficient. They are filled with expressions that are enchanting, and give force to their text before it is pronounced.—They stand as glittering heralds of speech, and announce to you love, resentment, insinuation, joy, grief, fear, besides their *indescribable* expressions, with all the distinctness of the most perspicuous sentences.—At the same time the French adepts in the language of the eye, appear to me very deficient in the suppleness of their brow. Nature has certainly in France and in other parts of the Continent, amused herself by placing the eyebrows of the female half way up the forehead; there, in general, they continue stationary, and were not their protégés (for still they seem

meant to protect the eye) unusually animated, the countenance would be vacant. What might they not convey if assisting each other? What did not this combination effect with a Siddons? Most of the French actresses have a musical way of speaking; a kind of running-up-and-down-the-gamut style; which, though a deviation from the method to which we have been accustomed, and somewhat too monotonous for the expression of natural feeling, seduces into admiration; as does a slight Scotch or Irish accent from a beautiful woman. Mademoiselle Volnais is at the head of this captivating kind of melody, and Bourgoquin, its caricaturist; whilst the fine sense of Leverd, induces her to be very sparing of it.

The tragic ladies generally enter with their handkerchiefs in their hands ready for the tears that are to fall. This is worse than our heroines, who leave them drooping half out of their pockets, a custom offensive to the illusion that ought to be preserved—accident might however have produced this—the other is palpably design.

The passion which the tragic performers of both sexes generally render ridiculous to a stranger, is anger. The grief and resentment of persons in high life is widely different in its communication, to those of a lower order. It is possible that French nature and manners in this respect may not resemble ours; but when a Frenchman is divested of affectation I cannot but think his passions would be similarly expressed. I was so anxious to ascertain what a genteel Frenchman did, and how he looked when in a rage, in order to judge of Talma's accuracy, that perceiving two French officers

quarrelling at some distance from me, on one of the rising parts of the boulevards, and a few persons gathering round them, I ran as if for my life to be a spectator before the heroes separated; but unfortunately for me and luckily for them, they were induced to settle the matter amicably, and I only arrived in time to see them kiss one another with a most provoking cordiality, and part with bows of profound respect. From what I could judge by their gestures viewed at a distance, their gnashings of teeth and airs of defiance much resembled the angry waiter of the inn at Boulogne, who was any thing but vulgar; but this was a vast deal too natural to be like Talma in his anger. I think, therefore, he and his disciples are mistaken on this head. To conquer something wonderfully difficult seems to be their aim in a variety of instances, and gains applause. It is difficult to speak so rapidly as so alarm you for the consequences of the tongue and the teeth coming in contact; equally so, to stop so suddenly as if at that moment your head was whisked off by a sabre. To effect these things with ease may make *astonishing* actors.—Demand of Nature if she will own them?

Before the time of Garrick, pomposity and stiffness were admired in tragedy on the English stage, and the French have not yet banished this barbarism.—Yet one of their natives said to me, “You will allow that the dignity and consistency of our stage performance, like our schools of painting and music, far outstrip any other in the universe. I believe you begin to have what you call dramatic authors, and performers and theatres in England, but they are two centuries behind us.” The ghosts

of Shakspeare and Garrick will certainly undraw his curtains some night.

When a performance has passed off with particular eclat, the Parisians insist on the re-appearance of one or two of their principal favourites for a moment, that they may applaud within the hearing of the object of their enthusiasm, and receive the acknowledgment of a bow or a courtesy—the only time that the audience are so favoured. It is singular, that a nation once so fond of flattery and cringing, should sooner dispense with these congées than the English. When applause lasts for ten minutes at the first appearance of the actor, or in any part of the play, he takes not the smallest notice of this clamour; and such should be the case on every stage. In London. I have seen the plaudits of a dirty apprentice boy in the gallery, obtain a respectful reverence.

Small as is the Theatre Français, and unique its species of entertainment in Paris, there are many nights when but a fourth part of it is filled. The cause is, that the play-bill presents no attraction; the whole performance not being supported by a single player of popularity. The concern in France is in the hands of so many people, that the spirit of gain is diffused and consequently weakened. It is managed by a committee, chiefly the principal performers, who are in part proprietors; they allot a stated portion of the receipts to the police for charities and other purposes, they engage and pay the actors, reserve another portion for the scenery, &c. and pay rent for the theatre to the Duke of Orleans. When every claim and expence is discharged, the remainder is divided among these

administrators, who have obtained this share by purchase.

The manner of remunerating an author is very preferable to ours. He is allowed a fixed share of the profits whenever his piece is performed during his life, and his widow, his children, or his executors, for ten years after his decease; this advantage accrues from every theatre in the French dominions. The sum is usually small, but the author of four or five popular pieces enjoys a good income. If Paris has for a time laid aside his play, it is probable that Marseilles, Dijon, Lyons, Lille, or some of the remaining 150 theatres are enjoying his wit. An author of the first celebrity in modern times sometimes enjoys 6*l.* or 8*l.* per night, when his piece is played in Paris, and 2*l.* or 3*l.* from the other theatres. He therefore indulges well founded hopes of receiving from 3*l.* to 500*l.* per annum if he has furnished the stage with several productions that have been admired, as Ducis, Picard, and two or three other modern dramatists. An author of very slender reputation is sometimes not allowed above a third of a sixteenth, which in Paris may amount to 14 or 15 shillings per night.

The French as well as the English theatre had its origin in sacred dramas and mysteries, in which all the characters were from holy writ. Henry II. suppressed them in 1460, and they were succeeded by the rude and gross plays of Jodelle, formed on Greek models. Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, reformed language the most inflated, situations the most improbable, images the most grotesque; and after Shakspeare, are, together with Voltaire,

the greatest dramatists since the flourishing ages of antiquity. This stage has borrowed many plays from foreign authors; several from Shakspeare, Sheridan, Kotzebue, Schiller, Goethe, Iffland, &c. have been translated into French and performed.

The French Drama afforded me in one respect a gratification as unexpected as it was novel. The peculiarity on their stage from which it arose, is the representation of their celebrated authors and philosophers in their domestic habits, their costume, and as far as is possible, their personal appearance. You can be but little aware of the very powerful interest such scenes, admirably performed, excite. The authors introduce the happiest points from the works and reputed conversation of these great originals, and it is precisely to these brilliant sallies and the trifling but touching incidents of the author's lives, that the French actors know how to give an unrivalled grace.

La Fontaine, Fendon, Madame de Sévigné, and a long etcet era of wits and sages live over again and identify us with their concerns. The people are reminded of those whom they ought to keep in recollection, and it seems to me that a frequent repetition of these scenes augments their gratitude and veneration.

Priees of the Theatre Francais. Rue Richelieu, near the Palais Royal. Orchestra and first boxes 6 fr. 60 c. First gallery and second boxes, 4 fr. 30 c. Pit 2 fr. 20 c. Second gallery 1 fr. 80 c.

Academic Royale de Musique ou l'Opera, rue Richelieu.

The French, like the Italians, have a theatre appropriated to what may be styled *Legitimate Opera*; that is, a dramatic performance consisting solely of music and singing. Dancing forms the afterpiece. There is an evident endeavour to render this establishment perfect of its kind, and with regard to three requisites they have succeeded. The music, the dancing, and the mechanism and management of scenery cannot be surpassed. They exceed the expectations of a stranger notwithstanding all he has heard of these. Beneath them is the appearance of the house: its exterior is, however, a handsome building with a heavy colonade; the interior would be considered splendid by those who have not seen or do not compare them with the principal theatres in London. The front of the boxes, which are lined with a faded blue, is white, the ornaments of bronze gilt are too simple. The form of the house, which is rather less than Covent Garden, is oval; six white and gilt fluted pillars support the proscenium, and two are on each side of the boxes that face the stage, these are hollow and admit the company to peep through the fluting. The flattened arches over the upper boxes are bold and his Majesty's box sumptuously decorated with blue velvet and gilding. The drop scene, Apollo and the Muses, is well designed, but worn out. The poetry that constitutes their dramas, though superior to the Italian, seldom displays genius. *Le Divin du Village*, where the music and the words (by Rousseau) are equally fascinating, is frequently played, and the compositions of German and Italian musicians of a high rank furnish many a luxurious treat to the amateur under the hands of

an immense orchestra of the first order. The French music in general pleases, but does not enrapture. The most striking deficiency at this theatre is in the department of singing, the art in which many persons like myself, feel more interested than in any other an opera-house can furnish. The best of their performers may be classed with those whom we consider secondary, and truly mortifying is it to the unapprized visiter to one of the first theatres in Europe, to find Armidas, Didos, and Eneases personated by those who would with more justice represent their confidants.

Madame Branchu has a clear full-toned voice, and some taste, her acting is good, her figure ungraceful, her face tolerably expressive. She is upon the whole a moderate personage.

Mademoiselle Albert with a better figure has not so much power.

Mademoiselle Lebrun can execute a bravura with ease, but does not satisfy the ear. Were not her eyes sunken to a dull repose, and her shoulders singularly high, she would be a fine woman.

Mademoiselle Pauline indulges in an affectation of energy and pathos; her voice is not harmonious, but her musical taste is good. Her face is most unfavourable; it has an unfinished appearance. Eyes, almost devoid of their lashes, a nose about half a reasonable size, and a mouth turned down at the corners, and to which no lips seem attached. This strange being unhappily played a part when I saw her, which drew forth from her lovers the exclamations, What attractions? What exquisite beauty?

Mademoiselle Armand is superior to either of these, but it is long since she has appeared, and

the bills never discover to us at present the admired names of Lainez and Mademoiselle Hymn.

Laia, the principal male singer has no fault in singing or acting except a little vulgarity—neither is he great. His voice is a rich bass, and his style always gratifies.

Nourrit has some sweet notes, a bad figure, and an apparent lassitude.

Derivis, a bass voice of the second order.

Laforet.—If I with my no judgment in music were to assign to each singer his rank, this man should stand in the first at this house. His taste and his clear upper notes are such as to draw forth great commendation, although he has not yet been promoted to the second line of characters.

So numerous are the dancers which deserve to be placed in the first rank, that it would be invidious to make a selection. Their manner of representing every attitude in nature, I might almost say out of nature, is beyond measure astonishing. Such is their grace and variety, that the critic who is least disposed to view with patience the hundredth swing round on one leg, the high-bound and the appearance of an unmerciful assault of the ankles, without, in fact, touching them, must own himself each time roused into attention. The ballets are produced in a manner that sets at a wide distance the best of ours. The meekest village-story presents a succession of incidents, and the magnificence of their Roman and Eastern pieces could not have been exceeded in those countries at the voluptuous periods they represent.—Prices of the seats—First boxes and orchestra, 10 fr. Second

boxes, 6 fr. 70 c. Amphitheatre, 5 f. 50 c. Pit, 3 fr. 60 c.

To the Opera is attached the celebrated Conservatory of Music, where Government affords every encouragement to talent, maintains a number of scholars, and provides them with eminent instructors. The orchestras throughout Paris are supplied from this academy, and the number of fine musicians is almost incredible. There is also in this building a school for declamation, in which Talma is one of the tutors. The most eminent of the French singers, Garat, though far advanced in life, and merely a performer in concerts may yet be heard once or twice in the spring, and in the winter in public and private concerts. The musicians give a high character of his talents, but his powers never equalled those of Braham, who, like Catalani among the females, has no equal on the Continent among the male singers. The names of Pallard and Duchamp also contribute to render the concerts attractive. Government is always a loser by the opera, from the enormous expence incurred. It maintains nearly 200 persons.

The Odeon is, upon the whole, the handsomest theatre in Paris, whether we regard its appearance as we approach it, or examine the interior. The building, which is entirely detached, is a parallelogram, and is surrounded by porticos. A peristyle with eight doric columns faces the street that leads to it. The stage is extensive, and altogether the area is as large as that of any theatre should be; a size between Covent Garden and the small theatre in the Haymarket. White and gold ornaments, on a fawn-coloured ground, with pale

blue draperies, produce an agreeable lightness; and the drop scene, representing Apollo guided by France, and one of the Muses, supported by Love, at his feet, would have had a pleasing effect, were it not surrounded by the representation of a gilt frame.

Picard, the comic writer, brought this theatre into esteem by his pieces and his acting. His works are still followed. Italian operas were here performed three times a week, and small French pieces on the other nights. Catalani having engaged the Italians in her train, the Odeon had lost its chief attraction, but a Mademoiselle Dellia, by her grace and sprightliness, assisted by two or three tolerable actors, still kept attention alive; and latterly a little comedy, called *Chevalier de Canolle*, drew half Paris to this theatre, which was, however, destroyed in March by fire, but will speedily be re-built.

The Odeon theatre is near the Luxembourg. The prices are—First boxes, 6 fr. 60 c. Pit 2 fr. 20 c. Amphitheatre, 1 fr. 25 c.

The Theatre Favart, rue Favart, fitted up by Catalani in a sumptuous style, is much smaller, but has a handsome front, and is frequented by the first rank and fashion, as may be expected where the finest voice in Europe is to be heard. It is needless to describe Catalani, and but two of her supporters merit distinction. Porto surprises by his powers in the richest notes of bass, and Crevilli, as the first tenor, has many happy passages, but so much affectation and such melting tones and sunken eyes, with a graceful languor in his figure, that he reminds me of a dying swan. He places

himself in attitudes that I was ignorant the human frame could accomplish, and seems to be always aiming to appear strikingly elegant and extraordinary.—First boxes, 10 fr. Second boxes, 6 fr. 70 c. Pit, 3 fr. 60 c. Amphitheatre, 5 fr. 50 c.

Theatre Feydeau, the Comic Opera, rue Feydeau, so closely resembles the Theatre Français, that I have sometimes forgotten in which I was seated. It is notwithstanding superior, from the lightness of the upper pillars and from its cleanliness. On the outside little is visible.—It is not possible to visit this theatre without receiving entertainment. There is a degree of spirit, vivacity, and grace in the performers and in the music, that banishes ennui from the most languid, whilst the critic finds much to commend. The acting is generally above mediocrity, sometimes excellent; the singing does not at present rank so high. Madame Duret, who has the finest voice in France, appearing but seldom, and Elleviou having retired.—Mesdames Regnault, Boulanger, Belmont, and Gavaudan, and Messrs. Martin, Ponchard, Gavaudan. Huet, Chenard, Solié, Paul, Juliet, and Lesage, are names that should be sought in the bills, when a stranger desires to ascertain if he will be gratified. The proprietors allow pensions to the authors who confine their dramatic productions to this theatre; and it is here that those exquisite little pieces are chiefly to be found which introduce us to Fontenelle, Moliere, and other philosophers and literary characters, at their fire-side. This is a novelty that should not be missed by any foreigner who comprehends the language.—First boxes and orchestra, 6 fr. 60 c. First gallery,

third and fifth boxes, 4 fr. 48 c. Second gallery, 2 fr. 20 c. Pit, 2 fr. 20 c. Paradise 1 fr. 65 c.

Theatre Vandeville, rue de Chartre. The name of this place arises from the pieces that are represented, which are generally small interesting dramas, with a song (the Vaudeville) every three minutes. These songs are as ancient as Charlemagne, and were first introduced into little dramas by the celebrated Le Sage. It is little more than measured prose, set to a trifling tune, sung by tolerable actors, who have or have not a voice, as may occur, their comic humour being their chief recommendation with their employers. The interior of the theatre is light and cheerful, consequently appropriate. The singing, though far less polished than at Feydeau, is frequently animated and well executed, and some of the pieces are touching from their simplicity and nature. Gratitude, fidelity, and respect for a dignified character, oppressed with age and misfortune, are virtues so forcibly displayed in a serio-comic drama at this house, that in those bosoms where the seeds of them are sown, they must spring up from sympathy. A Madame Hervey, who can equally support characters of youth and age, throws a charm into her performance that draws you irresistibly to pay her a second visit. I am so ungallant as to prefer her *old* woman. We have few females, in advanced life, that are rendered objects of interest and respect on our stage, and I think the omission is to be lamented. Joly is an admirable comedian, and there are others who, though inferior, have richness and naiveté in their style.—First boxes and

orchestra, 3 fr. 30 c. Second boxes, 2 fr. 75 c. Pit, 1 fr. 65 c. Paradise 1 fr.

The Theatre des Variétés, in the boulevard Montmartre, though a minor temple of Momus, is much frequented by persons of fashion, who cannot refrain from flocking to witness the drolleries of Brunet, Potier, and Thiercelin, and the chaste acting of Gabaudan and of Mademoiselle Pauline. The two former, when divested of caricature, to which they do not always resort, are performers of the first rank in broad comedy and are more particularly the sons of Momus, being wits as well as players; their bon-mots are collected into a book and in the hands of every body. In silly countrymen, Brunet's equal is scarcely to be found; and Potier is little less successful in imbecile old men, the shallow justice, the half starved poet, and the supercilious pedant. The theatre is light and elegant, and is one of the chief ornaments of the boulevards. It is here that the pieces ridiculing the English, are chiefly represented; and all these minor theatres are fond of burlesquing the dramas that appear on a rival stage.—First boxes, 3 fr. 40 c. Second boxes, 2 fr. 75 c. Pit, 1 fr. 65 c.

Theatre de la Gaité, Boulevard du Temple.

Chiefly, but not exclusively, the resort of the middle and lower classes. Melo-dramas, a species of entertainment of which the French are very fond, dancing and short comic pieces, form its bill of fare. The performances are, in every respect, one degree superior to those in London in similar theatres; and the scenery and mechanism rank still higher.

The Ambigu Comique, Boulevard du Temple.

There is no other difference between this and the Gaité than a slight superiority in all its departments. The Dog of Montargis here first presented himself, and produced more money than any biped. It is impossible to avoid being interested in these compositions, though they will not bear examination.

Théâtre du Boulevard St. Martin is of the same description, and the Maid of Palaiseau and the Magpie has made its fortune. When the news of Buonaparte's last defeat arrived, people ceased not crowding to their favorite, injured damsel; and wept over fictitious woes, whilst their humiliation and the near approach of the allied armies to their barrieres excited but a passing sigh. This theatre was the Grand Opera, but was considered too remote from the Court; it is large and has been splendid.

The exterior of the three last add to the grandeur of the boulevards; their prices are nearly the same.—Parquet, 3 fr. 60 c. First boxes, 2 fr. 40 c. Second boxes, 1 fr. 80 c. Pit and Amphitheatre, 1 fr. 20 c.

Théâtre pittoresque et mécanique de M. Pierre Rue du Port Mahon.

The pupils of the late Mr. Pierre attract a genteel audience by representing landscapes, parts of which are relieved; and animated figures add to the delusion. A description of one of the scenes will give you an idea of the remainder of these interesting objects. The audience are in the dark—curtain rises, a city and the adjacent country are before us, but the sun has not yet appeared!

the dawn just glimmers, the clouds disperse, the landscape becomes more distinct. The sun's rays throw a roseate hue on every object. Vessels appear upon the river, coming from Amsterdam—pedestrians cross the fields—the sun dazzles the eyes—the cheerful morning, the country girls plucking flowers and smelling them, the gardeners, the cows, and horses, the flock of geese, with all their motions, a duck hunt, and the dog bringing the struggling captive in his mouth to his master—are wonderfully contrived. There is no stiffness, and all is in due proportion; the sky is well painted, and constantly varying. A storm at sea, and the interior of several cities with all their bustling incidents, and just costumes, are among the happiest efforts. On larger scale, and improved plan, we might, in this manner, pay a satisfactory visit to St. Petersburg and Grand Cairo, without being frozen or scorched, learn the dress and many of the customs of the inhabitants, and the form and habits of all their animals. The invention and ingenuity of Mr. Pierre will, I trust, be encouraged by all Englishmen, for though trifling the present effects, I think, in future, this kind of exhibition may be rendered as instructive as it is agreeable. One, two, and three franks are the prices of the seats.

Spectacle of Mr. Olivier, 15, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, near the Palais Royal.

Those persons who take pleasure in being astonished beyond all measure, should visit this king of the jugglers, who throws a goblet of wine over a lady's cloaths, and it proves to be rose-leaves; who produces from a lemon, which you chuse out of two, and which he cuts before your face, money

that you have unaccountably missed from your hand; and who, with his arms bare, and without assistance, by this and other methods, takes your senses as it were by storm, and sends you home almost doubting your own existence. To visit this most exquisite of puzzlers, one frank only is necessary.

Cirque Olympique, Rue St. Honoré, near la Place Vendôme. The entertainments resemble those at Astley's, to which they bear no inferiority, and the house is superior in size and construction. Horses and stags, managed by the family of Franconi, are accomplished in every feat their powers admit.

The French speak thus of their theatres: "We know that our dramatic chef d'œuvres constitute one of the first of our titles to national glory." The remark is just, and their theatres are altogether the best appointed in Europe. Their comedians, musicians, dancers, and scene-mechanists, at every dramatic representation, exceed those in parallel theatres in England, the only country where a general rivalry can be said to have taken place.

There is at present in France a very slender supply of good dramatic compositions; they are, indeed, more unfortunate in this respect than ourselves. We have still a Joanna Baillie, a Maturin, a Colman, a Coleridge, a Kenny, an Inchbald, and a few others, who have the power of rescuing us from the charge of dulness on this head, when they feel inclined. The method of expressing disapprobation of a play at Paris, is by whistling and hooting; and so violent is party on this occasion, that at times it exhausts not its enthusiasm without some

effusion of blood; kicking the heels or shins of a person who presumes to differ with you in opinion is very admissible. The slightest defect, as a word misplaced, or a line overcharged with epithets, will frequently ruin a fine piece; and the injustice of deciding before the play is concluded, occurs as often as in London. The repetition of a speech or scene is not unfrequent; and here the inconsistency of the French, who are strenuous advocates for preserving the illusion of the scene, is strikingly apparent. When the piece is approved by a majority, the name of the author, loudly demanded, is stated by a performer; and in the present paucity of wit, two or three authors frequently manufacture a play in partnership. Spectators that wait impatiently for the performance, or are too long detained between the pieces, beat a kind of time with their feet or sticks, and are as true in making pauses, and in resuming their monotonous sounds, as if they had laid a plan previously, and practised together like soldiers firing a volley, before they entered the theatre. The curtain does not descend between the acts at the Theatre Français, and but two minutes elapse before the actors again appear. Many of the numerous songs of the vaudeville are composed by a little society of authors, who place their jeux d'esprits in an urn, which they open monthly at a little fete, a species of entertainment much relished in France, in which the *good things* that appear are not, as too frequently with us; for the palate. At their grand public rejoicings, the theatres are opened gratis, and fire-works of extraordinary grandeur, and dancing, are principal entertainments in the gardens and the Champs de Mars and Elisées.

Many of the principal actors and actresses, as well as the singers, have received their professional education at the Conservatory of Music and Declamation; but Paris is chiefly indebted to this noble establishment for a great number of musicians who make their instruments "speak most miraculously." The number of pupils frequently exceed three hundred. The bands in the superior theatres should be attended to by strangers, as forming no inconsiderable part of the amusement; and in concerts, solos of the first merit are frequently performed. The churches are sometimes filled with company to hear sacred music, vocal and instrumental, of the finest description. A young man, of the name of Theodore, leader of the choristers, is particularly distinguished as possessing a high tenor voice that is truly melodious; it approaches the treble.

"Music bears a very ancient date in France.—King Pepin, in 757, received a present of an organ from Constantine VI. of Constantinople, and a serious quarrel occurred between the Roman and Gallic musicians in the time of Pope Adrian and Charlemagne, in consequence of which the king sent for singing masters from Rome to correct the gallican chaunt, and two professors named Benedict and Theodore, who had been instructed by St. Gregory himself, repaired to Metz and Soissons, and the French antiphonaria or coral books, were altered. Charlemagne was himself a musician and endowed a school for music in his University. The most ancient melodies extant that have been set to a modern language, are the songs of the Troubadours of Provence, which country

was called the Mother of Minstrels, and Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, enriched their language from some of these productions. The Troubadours flourished in the eleventh century. In 1330, the Paris minstrels formed themselves into a company, and St. Lewis granted the privilege of passing through the barriers of Paris free from toll, provided they indulged the toll-men with a song and made their monkies dance. The musicians had then more than 30 instruments in use, of some of which the form is lost. Thibau, King of Navarre, composed some delightful songs and melodies, and the style he adopted has not entirely lost its influence in the French compositions, although he died in the thirteenth century. Jannequin was a celebrated composer in the time of Francis I.—Baltazarina from Piedmont, introduced the violin at the court of Catherine de Medici, whose musical parties he superintended. Remeceni, an Italian, who followed Mary de Medeci, introduced operas, and in 1658, Perrin wrote the first operatic drama in the French language. In 1672, Lulli joined Quinault, the lyric poet, in composing French operas that were greatly superior to any that had before appeared, and he has been generally styled the Father of French Music. His compositions have now but few admirers. Voltaire justly observes, that when the letter e terminates a word, and receives a note in music expressly for itself, foreigners cannot reconcile it to their ears, and that the slowness of the French melody is agreeable to no one but the natives. In 1733, when Rameau was 50 years of age, he produced his first opera, and party spirit long ran high, as Lulli still had

warm adherents. Rameau was declared victor, and continuing to compose, at length, brought out *Castor and Pollux*, his master-piece; but he has never been much esteemed beyond his own country. Gluck arrived in Paris from Germany in 1774, and conforming to the genius of the French language, rendered the operas highly acceptable to the nation, and more interesting to foreigners.—Shortly after, Piccini became his rival—established a school for singing, and with Marmontel, composed *Roland*—the first attempt to apply Italian music to a French Tragedy. A party more outrageous than the former arose, and families actually became disunited from contrariety of opinion. Unanimous has been the admiration among the French of Gretry, who though not a native, passed his life in France, and certainly improved their taste as much as they corrupted his. They met him half way, and perhaps the genius of their language, style of singing, and national prejudices could not have admitted a nearer approximation had he proved inflexible. The English hear his notes with pleasure, and have adapted some of them to their stage. His statue strikes the eye of the visitor to the Comic Opera on entering, and his pieces form the chief attraction of the theatre. Sacchini, also, at one time acquired great celebrity by his operas, and Cherubini and Montsigny, have at present no competitors." Paisiello was long in Paris, and composed his operas under the immediate inspection of Napoleon whose suggestions he frequently refused to adopt, and his delightful compositions fail not to attract at each successive repetition.

LETTER IX.

TO AN ARTIST.

*The Museum of Paintings in the Louvre—The
Luxembourg—The ancient and the modern
French Artists.*

DEAR SIR,

THE leading attraction of Paris exists no longer! Though this city still contains many striking objects (some of a nature to render it the spot, where, of all others general improvement and rational amusement may most easily be found) the grand assemblage of the highest performances by the hand of man, the original collection of pictures and statues in the Louvre, is dispersed! The French artists, emulators of the beauties that surrounded them, are retired to their studies with melancholy broodings, their pencils lay by unheeded, and the very existence of a few of these enthusiasts would be doubted, did not occasional starts in the phrensy of despair assure their friends the wound is not of a kind that kills. Such is the representation I have received of your

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brethren in the metropolis of France; and I am further informed that two of our British artists actually shed tears on the removal of the chef d'œuvres of the Continent. Honorable are all these signs of grief; for who can excel without rendering his art the goddess of his adoration? Without this enthusiastic love, we should have had no Raphaels, no Titians, no Salvators. And it is in France that this thorough devotedness to the object of pursuit is to be found in a superlative degree; The ardour of the French disposition frequently supplies the place of reflection. The English youth generally precedes his efforts by a review of the propriety and expediency of the pursuit in which he is about to engage, and acts upon conviction; he perceives that grand and laudable ends are in view, and cautiously fixes on the path he shall adopt. The young Frenchman impelled by a charm that is irresistible, engages his whole faculties in the chase, and perseveres without fatigue; but he is more apt than the former to plunge into difficulties and errors. In the French school of painting this is strikingly exemplified. The French artist rushes to his pencil with the dawn of day, nor quits it till the sun retires; yet France I must boldly aver, notwithstanding her boast of present excellence in the art, produces not a Lawrence in portrait, a Turner in landscape, nor a Wilkie in domestic conversation pieces; perhaps I might justly add, that in history, our West, Haydon, and Hilton, are not equalled. From this opinion, much will be deducted by many readers on the score of partiality; but in this instance such deduction would

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*Paintings in the Louvre—The
The ancient and the modern*

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future productions would evince progressive improvement, and that the splendour of the French school would revive. These hopes, though depressed, are by no means crushed. The lessons they have already committed to canvas will enable them to avoid the most glaring of their faults; and a spirit of emulation seems deeply implanted in their hearts. The poverty of the present French nobles and the exile of many of the most wealthy patrons of the Arts will undoubtedly give no feeble check to their advancement, but will at the same time deprive the numerous self-sufficient essayists, who are devoid of genius, from insulting the noble arts of painting and of sculpture by farther attempts. If a nation that is impoverished, can yet bestow encouragement, it is generally (though not always) confined to merit of the first order.

Some benefit may accrue to both schools from the communication of the professors of the two countries; and I trust that no petty jealousies will arise to check the intercourse. I had addressed to you a copious account of the 1,000 ancient pictures of the Louvre, but when I am selecting objects for enjoyment, my aim would be defeated were I to tantalize visitors to Paris with a description of beauties that are placed far beyond their reach. Let me rather now assure you that Paris independently of its riches in architecture, grand scenery and innumerable models from the antique, still possesses many charms for the artist and the amateur; the Louvre contains above 500 pictures to which the names of Raphael, Titian, Dominichino, Tintoret, Murillo, Albano, Del Sarto, Ju-

lio Romano, Guercino, Cortona, Bassano, Cuyp, Ruysdaal, Vandyck, Snyders, Correggio, da Vinci, Guido, Paul Veronese, Salvator, Caracci, Caravaggio, Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, Berghem, Both, and Champaigne are attached, with claims perfectly legitimate; besides those of the truly great masters of the French school.

In addition to these, the Gallery of Rubens, now transported from the Luxembourg to the Louvre, contains some of the most successful efforts of his pencil; the Gallery of Le Sueur, and still more, that of Vernet, with a small collection of the works of ancient painters are very highly prized. St. Cloud, the two Trianons and other palaces within the reach of the traveller to Paris, are not wholly divested of their collections, and there are some in private mansions, over which a foreign artist delights to spend his hours. The houses of the modern professors, where curiosity may be gratified and many a lesson learned by the comparison of the respective merits of the school before him, and that which he has quitted, may also occupy much time advantageously: and in the lower apartments of the Louvre and at the Museum of Monuments, sculpture that has evinced the graceful fancy, the grand conception and correct execution of the artists of various ages, fills up the sum of gratifying and useful subjects that remain for contemplation in the two branches of fine art that have hitherto drawn multitudes of our countrymen to the metropolis of France. Whatever may be urged by the French in support of their claims to the retention of the ancient pictures, which violence

alone procured for them, justice must ever lift her voice in favor of their opponents; and on reflection, I consider the advancement of the Arts demanded the restoration. France and England may undoubtedly have reason to lament that the works which might have given birth to spirited and grand ideas have fled from beneath their eye to countries that are attainable but by few. They should in turn recollect that they form but a small portion of the empire of the Arts; that Italy, Germany, Prussia, Holland, and Belgium, possess minds and hearts that may be equally impressed by the sublime performance of which they are the just owners; more deeply perhaps, from the laudable pride that their countrymen were the authors. The observation that the collection when united in Paris afforded vast facility to the artists to study from the ancients, would appear absurd to the Neapolitan, the Sicilian, the Roman, the Spanish, the Russian, the Polish, and other artists. To many of these, the Italian States are more conveniently situated; whilst the Swedes, Danes and North Germans, whose finances seldom permit of their roaming far from home, will be more pleased that the cheap and contiguous countries of Holland and Belgium should contain sources of improvement, than that these should be collected in a spot which they can have but little hope of viewing. A great majority of countries repossess therefore facilities of which they were deprived, and the Arts in the aggregate are promoted.

You will smile at the idea of the artists of Russia, Sweden, and Poland: they exist how-

ever; and if they be a century behind us, a brilliant genius is not the less likely to start up among them; and if he should prove another Titian or Correggio, his productions would be welcomed by us for the honour of human nature and the glory of the art, where soon he may be born.

The first day of my appearance in the Louvre, it was shewn to me by an Englishman who had no feeling for the Arts. I well knew that all which had glare or smoothness for its leading trait, was to him indiscriminately beautiful. I ran through the rooms with rapidity, nor dared to look at a single picture or statue fearing I should be tempted to linger before it, and that the train of ideas to which it would give rise, might be interrupted by the praise of my companion: for the praise of ignorance is high treason to the Arts; —it is absolutely startling. I joined in his admiration of the amazing splendour and extent of the gallery, 1300 feet in length, the ceiling carved and gilt and the divisions marked by noble pillars of marble. Vases, mirrors, busts, and gilding are to be seen throughout, and not in a quantity or gaudiness that is offensive. But the stair-case of stone and marble pillars where there is no glitter, and but two chaste colours, is a subject for taste to dwell upon. Before we quit the Louvre, I will give you some idea of the manner of each principal artist of the late French school, which remains unknown in England. Being little conversant with their several styles previous to my tour, with the exception of a few of their most successful, I was introduced to a new world of

painting; it is a little world possessing many fascinations. By pointing out the pictures that are the most striking, and affixing to them their numbers, I have formed a list that will serve as a catalogue for persons who have not time to examine the whole collection. But few remarks are necessary on those painters whose performances are well known in England, or on those who are indifferent. In the first room at the Louvre are a few wretched pictures of the earliest Italian and French Schools, which are preserved as curiosities to shew the commencement of the Art of Painting in those countries. In the large room that is entered before the gallery, are the famous battles of Alexander, by Le Brun, painted for Lewis XIV. These, in every part, will repay the trouble of examination, particularly No. 16, the Defeat of Porus, the master piece of this artist, and little inferior to some of the modern-looking pictures of Guido: The Marriage in Cana, No. 4, by P. Veronese, is considered the largest ancient detached picture in the world, and excites universal admiration. There are a few other fine French paintings in this room; and some that can receive praise only from gross partiality.—The French also still possess some drawings of the first order of merit by ancient and modern masters, and numerous specimens of antiques, with a collection of curiosities in art; all of which, it is said, are to be replaced in the long room opposite to the gallery.

CATALOGUE

Of many of the principal Pictures in the Gallery
of the Louvre, with observations.

FIRST DIVISION OF THE GALLERY.—FRENCH SCHOOL.

- 7 Portrait of the Artist.—*A chaste style ; resembling Vandyke and the miniatures of Cooper, a truly excellent piece,* Seb. Bourdon.
- 11 The Descent from the cross—*Full of harmony and appropriate character.* S. Bourdon.
- 12 The Crucifixion of St. Peter Seb. Bourdon.
- 17 Portrait of Du Fresnoy, the poet and painter.
C. Le Brun.
- 24 The stoning of St. Stephen, C. Le Brun.
An expressive performance, but it appears unfinished ; particularly the back ground.
- 26 Hephestion mistaken for Alexander by the family of Darius. C. Le Brun.
Harmony, grace, and expression, combine to render this celebrated picture fascinating to the beholder.
- 28 The constancy of Mutius Scevola. C. Le Brun.
- 41 The Son of God judging the nations. J. Cousin.
- 52 A Nymph and Naiades. C. Du Fresnoy.
- 53 St. Margaret after the attack of a monster, remains unhurt on making the sign of the cross.
C. Du Fresnoy.
This pleasing picture somewhat resembles the performances of Howard, the modern English artist, and has the advantage of

being more natural and less formal; at the same time it displays less taste.

- 54 A Master and his Scholar—*somewhat like Rembrandt.* C. Le Pevre.

- 56 The Marriage of the Virgin Mary. C. De La Fosse.

- 59 Samuel anoints David. Claude Lorraine.
This picture, and the five that follow, are among the most brilliant of his productions.

- 71 Jesus appearing to the three Maries.—*A charming picture.* La Hyre.

- 72 Pope Nicholas V. examining the body of St. Francis d'Assise. The attendant just above the Pope, is the artist. L. De La Hyre.
The style of La Hayre is generally very sweet and mellow. His landscape soft, his trees, manner of Claude; but the above picture is an exception to his general mode of painting, and much inferior.

- 77 The descent from the Cross. J. Jouvenet.

- 78 St. Anschaire, bishop of Hamburgh, in the 9th century, administering extreme unction to a dying man. The Virgin and the infant Jesus are present. J. Jouvenet.

- 79 The Abbé de La Porte. J. Jouvenet.

- 96 The Deluge—*truly interesting.* N. Poussin.

- 97 Eleazer presenting trinkets to Rebecca.—*Ditto*

- 101 Gathering of manna. N. Poussin.

There is no repose in this picture. The lights and shades much intersect each other. The colouring is harmonious, and the picture greatly admired.

- 102 The Philistines smitten with disease. *N. Poussin.*
- 105 The wisdom of Solomon. *N. Poussin.*
Much dark colouring; not an agreeable or striking effect. The faces have expression; that of Solomon is very appropriate. The drapery superior to that of the present school.
- 109 The blind restored to sight by Jesus. *N. Poussin.*
- 111 Sapphira dies at the feet of St. Peter. *N. Poussin.*
- 112 Jesus instituting the Sacrament of the Eucharist—*very fine, the drapery grand and bold.* *N. Poussin.*
- 115 St. Paul describes that in Paradise he was enchanted with all around him. *N. Poussin.*
Being less black than many of Poussin's pictures in this collection, it is more agreeable.
- 116 St. Francis Xavier recalls to life a young woman of Japan. *Ditto*
- 117 Time causes Truth to triumph, and preserves her from the poignard of Envy and the serpents of Calumny. Painted for Card. Richelieu. *Ditto.*
- 121 The death of Eurydice. *N. Poussin.*
- 123 Androclides and Angelus bear away the infant Pyrrhus to preserve him from his father's enemies. *N. Poussin.*
- 124 The Rape of the Sabines; *a fine sketch.* *Ditto.*
- 125 Diogenes throwing away his shell on per-

ceiving a man drink out of his hand.

N. Poussin.

The landscape admirable; of a very green hue, but natural effect.

- 129 Portrait of Mignard the artist—a sombre style, but much harmony and expression.

H. Rigaud.

- 137 Susanna and the Elders.

J. Santerre.

So charming is this piece it causes regret that the Gallery possesses no other by the same hand.

- 139 Magdalen at the feet of Jesus. *P. Subleyras.*

- 144 The Angelic Salutation. *E. Le Sueur.*

Like some of the best pictures of Sir Wm. Beechey.

- 146 The Necromancers burn their books before St. Paul—not upon the whole a satisfactory piece, but some fine parts. *E. Le Sueur.*

- 148 The burial of Jesus. *E. Le Sueur.*

- 149 Three devotees perceive a globe of fire on the head of St. Martin. *E. Le Sueur.*

- 150 St. Scholastique appears before St. Benoit.

Le Sueur.

The Pictures that follow composed the gallery of Le Sueur, in the Luxembourg. The French style this man, the Raphael of France—Unfortunate Le Sueur! Why couple him with a name before which his merits must fade into insignificance? He studied Raphael with ardour, but I have never perceived much resemblance in his style to that master. Le Sueur is an artist above mediocrity. Harmony delicacy, and sometimes spirit, are to be found in his performances. By this series he cannot be fairly judged. It contains the history of St. Bruno,

the founder of the monastic order of Chartreux. Ann of Austria, the amiable mother of Lewis XIV. ordered his history to be thus recorded. It was injudicious to place these small and feeble pictures in a room which could not be entered without passing through the gallery of Rubens: It was like traversing a palace to arrive at and examine the mansion of a middling cit. Le Sueur considered these pictures as sketches, and yet he was assisted by his three brothers and by Goulai; and Patel painted the landscapes. In three years he might have produced something more complete for his royal patroness.—Faint as they are, there is certainly some expression; in a few of them the light and shade are finely placed, and the drapery is not in the petty French style; but most of them are without grace, and destitute of spirit. The blame is not to be wholly cast upon the artist; in the phrenzy of fanaticism, some men injured the colouring, thus rendering sketches still more slight. These pictures have also sustained the extraordinary removal from wood to canvas, and have been repaired after the damage sustained in this operation. Little, therefore, remains from the hand of Le Sueur.

151 Dr. Raymond preaching—*St. Bruno is in blue*

152 Dr. Raymond dies—*the Devil is over his head*

153 Resurrection of the Doctor—*every body is frightened, and they all seem to be near relations, for they are much alike.*

154 St. Bruno, much astonished, reflects before the Crucifix.

- 155 St. Bruno becomes a Theologist.
 - 156 He endeavours to prevail with people to follow his example in retiring to a cloister.
 - 157 Three Angels come to instruct him.
 - 158 St. Bruno and his Companions give their Effects to the Poor.
 - 159 Arrived at Grenoble, he informs the Bishop that God has ordered him to build a Temple at the Village of Chartreuse.
 - 160 Journey to Chartreuse—*well painted.*
 - 161 St. Bruno examines a Plan for the Temple.
 - 162 He and his Friends receive a White Dress.
 - 163 Pope Victor III. confirms the Establishment.
 - 164 St. Bruno receives Brethren into the Chartreuse.
 - 165 Pope Urban II. invites him, by message, to come to Rome. Some of the Brethren think it augurs ill.
 - 166 He is well received by the Pope.
 - 167 He refuses a Mitre.
 - 168 St. Bruno prays that a new Establishment he is about to form, may prosper.
 - 169 The Count of Sicily grants him some Lands.
 - 170 St. Bruno appearing to the Count in his Sleep, warns him of Treachery.
 - 171 Death of St. Bruno—*impressive.*
 - 172 He is carried to heaven.
- Having heard much of this collection, I endeavoured to feel pleased, and to be inspired with a high veneration for the subjects. But I could not succeed. Neither pleasure nor awe came over me; now and then (pardon me, Saint Bruno) I could not repress a smile.
- 189 The tribute money. *M. Valentin.*

190 St. Mathew—a dark, but broad and grand style. *M. Valentin.*

194 A Concert. *M. Valentin.*

This broad manner reminds the spectator of Velasquez. There is a freedom, a noble air and living expression in the figures that make the beholder fancy himself one of the company. It would be well for the French artists to catch a degree of the spirit of their predecessors; and if by a study of Valentin, now that their superior instructors have eluded their grasp, they cannot acquire accuracy in drawing, or elegance of composition, they may attain that in which they are grossly deficient, grandeur of light and shade, and the unbridled touch that produces a sharp and true effect.

195 The Concert. *M. Valentin.*

The following Pictures composed the gallery of Vernet at the Luxembourg.—The enchanting manner of this artist is well known throughout Europe. In this collection are some performances in his best style, in which are numerous figures, charmingly touched, full of spirit and character, and variously engaged.

198 The Sea near Antibes,

199 The New Port of Toulon.

200 The Country and the Sea near Toulon.

201 The Old Harbour of Toulon.

202 The Gulf of Bandol. Tunny Fishing.

203 The Port of Marseilles. Vernet is seen drawing, and his family near him point out a man aged 110.

204 Another View of Marseilles.

205 The Port of Cette, in Languedoc,

- 206 The City and Port of Bayonne.
- 207 Another View of Bayonne.
- 208 The Port and City of Bourdeaux.
- 209 Another View of Bourdeaux,
- 210 The Port of Rochelle.
- 211 The Port of Rochefort.
- 212 The City and Port of Dieppe.
- 215 Moonlight. *An exquisite performance.*
C. Vernet,



- 230 The presentation of Jesus to the temple.
D. Vouet.
- 232 Portraits of Artists, Ditto.

Metzeau the architect has a pair of compasses in his hand. Some persons affirm that Peter Corneille the poet is the man crowned with laurel. The artist with a portefeuille is Vouet, who painted the picture. The limits of this work will admit but very general and slight remarks on the painters who raised the French Schools to celebrity during the last two centuries, but in addition to the above, I cannot avoid mentioning Noel Coypel, as a master of his art; harmonious, expressive and bold. Charles Vanloo, soft and pleasing; Peter Mignard, delicate in touch, mellow in colouring, resembling our Howard, but less forcible and varying more in expression. These, with Patel, Raoux, two other Vanloo's, and above all, Watteau, who is our old acquaintance in English collections, attract regard wherever they are found; and France is justly proud of them.

FLEMISH, DUTCH, AND GERMAN SCHOOLS.

- 244 Dutch Vessels. *L. Backhuysen,*
 253 Landscape, Cattle, and Figures—a chef-
d'œuvre.

*Numerous and exquisite as are the works of
 this artist in England, there are none su-
 perior, perhaps none equal, to this.*

- N. Berghem.*
 268 View in Italy—one of the best specimens of
this admirable painter. J. Both.
 289 Shepherds and their flocks. *Paul Bril.*
 291 Portrait of the Artist—beautifully executed;
full of force P. de Champaigne,
 294 Portrait of D'Andilly—fine.

- P. de Champaigne,*
 296 The Daughter of the Artist. *P. de Champaigne,*
 298 The Lord's Supper—admirable.

- P. de Champaigne,*
 301 A Fanatic at the Burial of St. Gervais and
 St. Protais, which is attended by St. Ambrose.
P. de Champaigne.

*Extremely large, full of force, variety of
 expression and nature; affording, upon the
 whole, a high gratification.*

- 306 Craesbeke painting his master Brawer.
J. Van Craesbeke.
 312 A Herdsman playing on his pipe—fine.

- A. Cuyp.*
 313 A Cavalier and his Servants—very fine.

- A. Cuyp.*
 314 A Cavalier and three Servants—fine.

A. Cuyp.



- 418 The King drinks—*very odd, but clever.*
J. Jordaens.
- 419 A Family Concert. J. Jordaens.
- 428 The Visitation of the Virgin—*colouring not natural*
J. Lievens.
- 444 Lewis XIV. before Arras. Vander Meir.
- 446 Lewis XIV. before Maestricht—*very pleasing.*
A. Vander Meulen.
- 467 Squirrels, Fish, Flowers, &c.—*but little effect.*
A. Mignon.
- 473 Christ mourned by his Friends—*well painted.*
P. Vanmol.
- 493 St. Charles Borromée relieving the Sick.
J. Van Oost.
- 514 The Lord's Supper. F. Porbus.
- 515 St. Francis d'Assize stigmatized F. Porbus.
- 525 Portrait of a Woman in a Full Dress.
Rembrandt.
- 530 The good Samaritan. Rembrandt.
- 532 St. Mathew. Rembrandt.
- 533 Venus and Love. *A most curious Venus!*
Rembrandt.
- 541 The Rainbow—*one of his best landscapes.*
P. Rubens.
- 544 Jesus mourned by his Friends. P. Rubens.
- 546 Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus.
P. Rubens.
- 547 Diogenes looking for an Honest Man. ditto

The following pictures are called Rubens' Poem and very justly; for they are full of allegory, drawn from his own fertile imagination and executed with the boldest pencil yet known. Mary de Medici, Queen of Henry IV. employed him

to fill a gallery with the history of her life, and he has here played the part of an adroit courtier, as well as that of a great artist. This series ought to be thoroughly comprehended, as being one of the most interesting the world has produced. It proves the fire of his genius and the truth of his colouring, whilst it forms a volume of history.

548 The Destiny of Mary de Medici woven by Lachesis, Atropos and Clotho, under the auspices of Jupiter and Juno.

549 The Birth of Mary. Lucina confides her to Florence, which city is represented by a lion on the river Arno.—The Destinies strew flowers over her. Her tutelary genius presages her future greatness.

550 Education of Mary. Minerva, Mercury, Apollo and the Graces assist.

Notwithstanding Rubens' passion for large women, the Graces are here truly graceful.

551 The portrait of Mary sent to Henry IV.—Hymen and Cupid are present, and France engages him to contract this alliance.

552 Henry IV. by proxy marries Mary. Hymen attends.

553 Disembarkation of Mary at Marseilles. Fame announces her arrival; Neptune supports the vessel; Sirens and Tritons sound peals of joy.

The splendid draperies are throughout painted with a broad effect and large folds. Study them Artists!

554 The marriage concluded at Lyons, 9th Dec.

1600. The genius of Lyons seated in a car, congratulates Henry and Mary, who are represented as Jupiter and Juno. Hymen and the loves hover round.
- 555 Birth of Lewis XIII. Mary supports herself on the arm of Fortune. Justice confides the child to the Genius of Health.
- 556 Henry IV. departing for war with Germany, nominated Mary, Regent. Fidelity and Prudence are her attendants.
- 557 Mary is crowned at St. Denis.
- 558 Apotheosis of Henry IV. Time carries him to the gods; Bellona tears her hair; Victory partakes her grief; Rebellion, though wounded, raises her head; Mary weeping is accompanied by Minerva; Prudence receives the government for her from prostrate France.
- 559 The government of Mary. Jupiter and Juno engage Peace in her favour. Apollo, Minerva, and Mars vainly held by Venus, drive away Discord, Envy, Hatred and Fraud.—*This is impressive beyond all conception!*
- 560 Voyage of Mary to Pont de Cé, in Anjou.—Mary on a charger, and followed by a lion, comes to quell Rebellion. Victory crowns her, and Fame publishes her success.
- 561 An exchange of Princesses takes place. Isabella to marry Philip IV. of Spain, and Ann of Austria, Lewis XIII.
- 562 Felicity of the Regency. Mary is seated on the Throne, Prudence distributes rewards to the Arts, who trample on Ignorance, Envy,

and Malice. Time conducts France to the golden age.

563 Majority of Lewis XIII. Mary relinquishes the government, which is represented as a vessel. Fortitude, Religion, Justice, and Faith, give it motion and security.

564 Mary escapes from the castle of Blois.—Minerva confides the Queen to the Duke D'Epernon. Aurora disperses the shades of night.

565 Overtures of reconciliation between Mary and her Son. Mercury presents the olive branch, which Cardinal de la Valette endeavours to keep back. Prudence urges Mary to be on her guard.

The figures are particularly fine, the architecture of a grand description.

566 The confirmation of peace—The Goddess of Peace extinguishes the torch of War, whilst Mercury and Innocence introduce Mary into the Temple, maugre the efforts of Fury, Envy, and Deceit.—*Striking masses of light and shade and contrast of expression in the good and evil Geniuses.*

567 Interview of Mary and her son.—To shew the sincerity of their re-union, their asseverations are made in the Heavens.—Charity presses affectionately one of her infants.—The government of France, preceded by Courage, expels the hydra Rebellion.

568 Truth sustained by Time flies towards the Heavens, where Mary and Lewis appear happy in each others society.—*The landscape is brilliant, the figure of Truth is*

so spirited it seems detached from the canvas, but I do not like the heart in the united hands ; this spoils the otherwise simple and beautiful allegory.

Extremes they say meet, and in several parts of these original and masterly pieces, Rubens displaying a fine fancy, approaching the sublime (perhaps he may be thought by many to have attained it) steps on the verge of the ridiculous. This series, each picture of an uncommon size, is a stupendous work ; and, calling in as he did the aid of poetical imagery, Rubens encreased his difficulties ten fold. This unique history has developed the vastness of his capacity to conceive and execute, and he has succeeded in a manner that is precisely calculated to correct the puerilities of the present French artists. If he have faults, from the excessive freedom of his pencil they must be diametrically opposed to those of the painters who have now constantly the opportunity of studying his works. Attached as they are to their formality and petitness, it is not likely that their familiarity with him would seduce them to adopt his errors. I am sensible of no other than a want of elegance in the greater part of his figures, and a few exuberant ebullitions of fancy.

Notwithstanding the disgust that must arise in the mind of every one at the excessive vanity of Mary de Medici in fixing the pictures in her own palace (the Luxembourg) conscious as she must have been of the dis-

like to her that Henry IV. manifested, and of the unworthiness of her own political conduct, it is impossible to refrain from a deep sense of commiseration at the manner in which her latter days were passed. The last of these pictures becomes particularly affecting when the subsequent events are recollected.

569 Portrait of Francis Duke of Tuscany, father of Mary de Medici. *P. Rubens.*

570 Portrait of Jane of Austria, Mary's Mother. *Ditto*

This is a very disagreeable piece altogether.

571 Mary de Medici, as Bellona—*beautifully painted.* *ditto*

572 Portrait of John Richardot. *P. Rubens.*

573 Portrait of a Lady. *P. P. Rubens.*

574 Portrait of Elizabeth de Bourbon. *P. Rubens.*

581 A Forest and Water—the figures and animals, *Berghem*; the landscape, *Ruysdael.*

The Louvre never possessed a finer picture of the kind.

583 A Tempest—*very fine.* *J. Ruysdael.*

585 The Holy Family. *G. Scalpen.*

591 St. Francis d'Assize and the Angels—*interesting; style somewhat like Rembrandt.*

G. Seghers.

604 Fruit, Vegetables, a Squirrel, &c.—*in his noble broad style* *F. Snyders.*

610 Venus and Cupid.—Mars in the back ground. —*An unpleasant manner.* *J. Zustris..*

623 A Heron Chase. *D. Teniers*

- 628 The Lesson of Music. *Terburg.*
 648 Turkish Corsairs disembark and are re-
pulsed—a free manner and much harmony.
J. Weenix the elder.
 654 Angels announce the birth of Christ.
A. Pander Werf.

ITALIAN AND SPANISH SCHOOLS.

- 709 Venus attired by the Loves and the Graces—
very fine *F. Albano.*
 710 Whilst Vulcan reposes himself at the feet of
 Venus, the Loves form bows and arrows,
 and Diana regards them with a jealous eye.
F. Albano.
 711 The Nymphs of Diana disarm the sleeping
 Loves. *F. Albano.*
 712 The Loves conduct Adonis to Venus.
F. Albano.
 720 Dalila delivering Sampson to the Philis-
 tines. *A. Veronese.*
 726 The Virgin and Child—*admirable!*
A. del Sarto.
 728 Charity. *A. del Sarto.*
 740 The Wedding at Cana. *G. Bassano.*
 741 Jesus bearing the Cross. *G. Bassano.*
 742 Jesus mourned by Holy Women and Joseph
 of Arimathea—*a singular, but bold style.*
G. Bassano
 743 Harvest Time. *G. Bassano.*
 765 St. Paul, St. Anthony, and the Raven.
M. Preti.
 766 The Virgin weeping over Christ—*a fine*
picture *B. Campi.*

- 771 Adolphus de Vignacourt, Grand Master of Malta. *Carravaggio.*
- 772 The Virgin lamented. *Carravaggio.*
- 797 The Pleasures of Fishing. *A. Caracci.*
- 798 The Pleasures of the Chace. *A. Caracci.*
- 805 Melchisedech offers Bread and Wine to Abraham. *G. Castiglione.*
- 809 St. Cecilia—a charming style. *J. Cavedone.*
- 816 Antiope, and Jupiter as a Satyr—an enchanting picture! *A. Corregio.*
- 820 Portrait of a Man. in a Robe. *Bonifacio.*
- 824 David with his Harp *Dominichino.*
- 829 Saint Cecilia. *Dominichino.*
- 830 Eneas carrying his Father on his Shoulders. *Dominichino.*
- 849 The Adoration of the Shepherds—very fine *G. Spagnoletti.*
- 852 St. Paul meditating *G. Ferrari.*
- 853 The Emperor Nero. *D. Feti.*
- 854 The Guardian Angel. *D. Feti.*
- 855 Melancholy. *Ditto.*
- 869 The Holy Family—fine *Gentileschi.*
- 882 The raising of Lazarus. *G. Guercino.*
- 890 The Reconciliation of the Romans and the Sabines. *Guercino.*
Amazing force and depth, grace and expression! A picture on which the eye delights to dwell.
- 891 Circe. *G. Guercino.*
- 893 David with the Head of Goliath. *Guido R.*
- 911 Hercules fights with Achelous. *Ditto.*
A fine lesson of light and shade.
- 912 Hercules kills the Centaur Nessus. *Ditto.*
A style equally grand.

- 914 Paris carrying off Helen—*elegant, expressive and harmonious. It appears but just finished, and is in a modern style.* G. Reni.
- 918 The Adoration of the Shepherds. *Julio Romano.*
- 921 Victory crowns Vespasian and Titus. *J. Romano.*
- 926 St. Augustin and St. William *G. Lanfranc.*
- 932 The Virgin, Christ, and St. Ann. *L. da Vinci.*
- 933 The Infant Jesus gives his Benediction to St. John. *L. da Vinci.*
- 942 Magdalen visited by Angels. *B. Lutti.*
- 946 The Virgin with Christ and others. *A. Metegna.*
- 948 Parnassus
- 949 Wisdom expels the Vices.
- 964 The Infant Jesus, the Virgin, St. John, and St. Elizabeth. *B. Murillo.*
- 969 Lazarus restored to Life. *G. Muziano.*
- 972 The Chevalier Bayard. *J. Palma.*
- 973 The Virgin, Child, and others—*fine.* *J. Palma.*
- 988 A Woman protects a child from a Dog. *Paul Veronese.*
- 996 The Virgin, Jesus, St. George, and others. *P. Veronese.*
- 1004 The Sacrifice by Jacob and Esau—*fine* *P. da Cartona.*
- 1007 Jesus, the Virgin, and St. Martin—*a delightful picture* *P. da Cortona.*
- 1009 Faustus brings Romulus and Remus to his Wife. *P. da Cartona.*
- The subject beautifully treated.*

- 771 Ad. M. — Frache.
 772 T. C. Polidori.
 797 F. F. Primaticcio.
 798 — — — — —
 805 J. Procaccini.
 — — — — — Demon.
 809 Raphael.
 810 — — — — — fine, colouring
 Raphael d'Urbino.
 821 — — — — — very fine.
 82 Salvator Rosa.
 82 — — — — — Sea Fight—ad-
 — — — — — the stiffness of
 83 S. Rosa.
 — — — — — Thomas. F. Salviati.
 — — — — — holding a Cap.
 J. Tintoret.
 — — — — — Black Robe.
 J. Tintoret.
 J. Tintoret.
 — — — — — King of France.
 V. Titian.
 — — — — — Scarf. Ditto.
 — — — — — black. Ditto.
 — — — — — Hand on a Sword.
 Ditto.
 — — — — — holding a Glove. Ditto.
 — — — — — Christ—one of the
 — — — — — pictures of V. Titian.
 — — — — — — — — — — — V. Titian.
 — — — — — St. Agnes. V. Titian.
 — — — — — — — — — — — V. Titian.
 — — — — — Council of Trent, in
 Titian.

- 1141 The Continnence of Scipio. *F. Primaticcio.*
- 1147 Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine of Alex-
andria *A. Veronese.*
- 1142 An allegorical picture—*presented to the
French Academy of Painting, at Paris, by
the artist, in 1718. B. Ricci.*
- 1150 Jesus pointing to Heaven. *L. Sabbatini.*

Thus you may perceive the Louvre, still merits a very high character. The first artists that the world has produced, may still be understood by the visitor to Paris, their respective styles traced, and a few of their best productions examined. If there are yet remaining some trash and some copies, by far the greater part is original; and there are about one hundred pictures, of the beauty of which you can have no conception without viewing them. Persons used to take a journey to a town in Flanders to see a single picture. This collection would justify the travellers visit to Paris, were it stripped of all its other charms.—The limits of this work oblige me to be exceedingly concise in my remarks upon these pictures; sometimes by a single word I have conveyed my idea of their quality. Perhaps you, who are deeply versed in the knowledge of your art, might express an opposite opinion on some of these subjects; I have, however, seen much of painting, and trust I have not frequently been erroneous in my decision.

In the spacious room and the two or three first divisions of the gallery, the present French artists annually, or sometimes but triennially, exhibit their performances; but how they could ever have reconciled to themselves the idea of the comparisons

that they thus compelled spectators to make between their pieces and those which the most profound judges have considered perfect as human efforts in the art, I am at a loss to conceive. Many artists must, I think, have been pained at the compulsion exercised by the directors, which latter, were protected from a feeling of shame, by inordinate vanity and pride.

It may lessen the regret of those who can no longer witness the collection in its superb immensity, that they will be spared the pain of observing that Raphael, Correggio, and other favorites of the world, have been insulted by the retouching of their works by the French artists, who, however, have been accused of carrying their vanity and presumption much farther than is the fact; they have almost confined their repairs to drapery and clouds, and small touches in some of the faces and limbs, with the exception of "the destruction of two or three fine pictures, by paring the pannel on which they were painted to a very thin substance, and then fixing it on canvas." "Canova, with the wisdom and modesty that usually attend exalted merit, refused to replace the mutilated limbs of ancient statues," though he had superior pretensions to make the attempt.

The manner in which the light is admitted in the Louvre is generally very unfavourable for the exhibition of pictures, large windows being placed on each side, by which means the varnish only is perceptible in many directions.

The list I have given of the pictures, though perhaps, through the late alteration of a few, not in every instance correct, will prevent the gene-

rality of visitors from being obliged to purchase a catalogue.

The principal statues that were in the Louvre are restored to their homes, but a very extensive collection of fine originals and casts from the antique, admirably disposed, occupy their places; and, together with eleven hundred paintings, form an assemblage singularly imposing and valuable. Mortified as I feel at being deprived of viewing the antique sculpture for the future, I must own myself not sufficiently the artist or amateur to regret the loss of it so keenly as of the paintings.

Although the Venus, the Apollo, the Laocoon, and many others received from me almost a daily visit for the first month, the gallery detained me much longer.

Painting is susceptible of more variety; landscape, architecture and colouring are its provinces as well as the human figure and animals; frequently the whole of these are to be found in an historical subject, and each executed in a manner to secure admiration. But the superiority of a picture chiefly consists in the natural effect that colour enables the artist to throw into the noblest part of man—his face.

The sculptor has undoubtedly the advantage of embodying his figure and consequently of gaining (if he be perfect in his art) light and shade that can have no distortion of form or unnatural depth—he has other advantages; but I consider the merit of the painter superior, and the result more satisfactory where relief is gained, light and shade judiciously managed, and the true mode of colouring adopted.

THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

The Luxembourg is another magnificent palace. Mary de Medici caused it to be built after the designs of James Desbrosses, on the model of the Italian palace Pitti, in 1516. It is not much more than half the size of Somerset House; is light and elegant except in the interior court, which, though not devoid of stateliness, is dull; as are indeed most buildings where they surround a Court. This should be ornamented, though not crowded, by statues, groups, vases, or noble (not petty) fountains, to relieve it from the dull uniformity it exhibits from the numerous apartments, at the windows of which, sits many an indolent inhabitant bent on vacancy. I am an admirer of a low shrubbery in such places, added to the above-named ornaments, where without formality a great quantity of flowers should be planted. The Luxembourg is far more pure in construction than the Tuileries. Its facade towards a good street is deficient in grandeur as a principal entrance, but it is graceful; and there is a small, light dome in the middle, a portico, arches, pavilions, and a beautiful terrace with marble balustrades. There is a large garden, on the stiff French plan, but with walks that are pleasant, at the back of the Luxembourg, where the Palace is seen to the greatest advantage. The fountain in the garden, a grotto from the bottom of which the water issues, is decorated with four Tuscan pillars, a naiad and a river goddess. Many other statues grace the open and the sombre plantations.

A fine staircase in the palace, lined with statues of General Kleber and other distinguished officers, and of the Legislators, Mirabeau, Beauharnois, &c. leads to the Hall, where the Peers of France hold their deliberations. This room is small but splendid, and ancient Roman and Grecian orators stand ready to give inspiration to the present race of senators, if their expressive countenances and a recollection of their virtues and talents can produce such an effect. Large pictures representing the military successes of Napoleon are now covered; and his statue is placed in an obscure room which I saw at a distance. It turned its back on the visitors, and preserves its resemblance even in this respect. In St. Helena, he very naturally refuses to be made a shew in his disgrace.

In the Luxembourg there remain a few pictures by French Artists. The Hermit asleep—a good picture, rather too brown a colouring, by *Joseph Vien*.

This man was the father of the modern French school. Most of the principal artists (a few of the younger excepted) benefitted by his instructions or studied his pictures, before the Louvre was opened as Tutor to the World. His colouring is warmer, his pencil more free than those who are now in fashion; the latter are, however, better draughtsmen, and are more attached to the antique.

Brutus returned home after having condemned his Sons to death. *James Lewis David.*

This boast of France is not without many faults; which appeared the more conspicuous by the late

contiguity of the works of Rubens in the same gallery. Unaccountable infatuation ! in order to pay David a compliment, the directors injured the effect of his performance. Instead of fixing it in the midst of pictures still more hard, cold, and stiff, (of which they have a sufficient stock) where it might have appeared to some advantage, it stood near all that is warm, broad, and free, and, though bold, soft in effect.

The women in this picture appear like statues faintly coloured ; and they are devoid of the piquant expression of grief that is expected. The grouping of three figures together, is fine. Brutus sits in the dark, and how it is so contrived, is beyond my comprehension, as full daylight illumines the rest of the chamber. The very sombre mass forms much too strong a contrast with the brilliant light on the women, and these lights and shades become the more hard from the uncongeniality of the colouring—there is no keeping, no harmony. The back ground, particularly behind the women, is of a petrifying coldness. This is intended to produce relief, but it is by means out of nature. The drapery is laboured and in narrow folds. The furniture is more bold, and every part of the picture drawn with the nicest care. Few English artists are such perfect draughtsmen, as to justness of form. But if David's outlines were somewhat more free in touch and more square, they would still be improved. The females are rather too small, the little that is seen of the dead body, is gigantic. The tiles of the floor are painted with too much precision. In short, there is so evident a pains-taking, every thing, separately viewed, is so decidedly after

rule, and such a bigotry to the antique in the drawing, without a reference to Nature in the colouring and disposition, that a ray of genius cannot break through a single part.—I have particularly dwelt on this performance of David, although it is much the worst of his that I have seen, because it embraces most of the errors of the French school.—Many who cannot reach his merits, follow this god of their adoration through all his faults. I am happy to observe that the former, I shall chiefly have to point out in the rest of his pictures.

The Oath of the Horatii.

J. David.

This is superior. Here is some spirit ; some warmth in the figures. He is much too fond of throwing his faces into shade. Does he doubt his powers of expression?—The stubborn resoluteness of the attitudes is fine. The women are beautiful and elegant, but seem in a happy dose on this portentous occasion, although their positions are those of despair. The attitudes have little variety. The drapery is frittered—there is a little more harmony and still excellent drawing.—The father's face is fine.

Œdipus on Mount Citheron.

M. Lethiers—landscape by M. Bidaut.

The shepherdesses are very smart ladies.

Ruins at Rome—well painted, by Robert.

M. Naigeon, sen. executed the bas reliefs over the doors. The one, the bust of Rubens, crowned by Immortality ; the other, that of Le Sueur, crowned by Minerva.

In the Rotunda is a Nymph going to Bath, by Julian.

Mr. Haquin discovered the method of removing paintings from one substance to another. Mr. Naigeon, his successor, is equally adroit, and among other of these restored pictures, is

- 121 Apollo, Phæton desiring to drive his Chariot, and the Hours in attendance. Aurora, the Seasons, Eolus, a Genius presenting the Globe of the Earth to Apollo, and Children with Fruit and Flowers, compleat this agreeable composition.

Thus far the splendid Luxembourg.

Two of David's pictures, exhibited in an ancient chapel in the square of the Sorbonne, deserve particular notice. The Rape of the Sabines proves that it is in his power to describe varied and fine expressions in the female countenance; a very aged woman who is entreating a Roman to stay his threatened blow, causes the spectator of the picture to turn to him with hope that her suit may be granted. We sympathize in all their sufferings. David is not happy in his portraiture of children; they are not sufficiently infantine.—His frigid style accompanies him here, but the composition shews much knowledge of the art. Again the women are very small. The Venus de Medici has introduced this fashion; and it is not surprising that the first of the Beauties entering a country highly susceptible of female charms, should set the ton. In the picture of Leonidas, David has entered upon a new field. Numerous figures of warriors, who scarcely knew the use of cloaths, and very sparingly decorated themselves

with military trappings, afforded him the opportunity of discovering his perfect acquaintance with the human figure, and his conquest of the difficulties of fore-shortening. I hesitate not to assert that this piece does honor to the present era of painting in Europe, although it is not entirely divested of mannerism.

He seems to have found out, at length, that human creatures possess flesh and blood; and having made the discovery, shews that he is master of his pencil, and can clearly announce his novel impression to the world. Effort is still too conspicuous; but if fine grouping, natural colouring, force and expression, with variety of manly beauty and a grand landscape, can constitute a fine picture, here is the accomplishment. We must not look for the sublimity of Raphael, the depth of Titian, the richness of Rubens, or the grace of Guido. But there is in it that which says to us, "I have endeavoured to combine them,"—and his aim is not wholly unsuccessful.

To conclude my account of French artists, I ought to state to you that the errors of which I have complained, are avoided by a few. Some think the rising genius, Guérin, promises to attain a high rank. He has more spirit than David, but does not draw so well. His colouring is warmer and more natural.

Gerard is by many thought to excel. I prefer him to David in general. He has breadth and more keeping. His conception is grander.

Girardet, (graceful and classical) Gros, Lefèvre, and Madame Lebrun, avoid some of the faults of David, but possess not all his merits.

The landscapes of Demarne, of Valenciennes, and of Robert, are very pleasing, as are the flowers of Vandael, Vanspendonck, and some by ladies. The interior of churches by Mademoiselle Lesiot are well painted. In sculpture the names Roland Clodion, Bosio, Houdon, Bouvallet, Cartillier, Le Sueur, and Lorta have acquired some eminence, and most of them are free from the stiffness of the painters in their figures; but their drapery, in general, is too much laboured.—Bosio has lately finished a fine model for a statue of the Duc d'Enghien.—Of the state of miniature painting in France, it would be unfair to decide by the numerous specimens in the Palais Royal; but even there, four or five, wherein a smooth style of finishing has not destroyed expression, are to be found, containing great merit. Animation, clear and warm colouring, and, independent of the back grounds, much harmony.—The remainder are black, cold, hard, or ill drawn. In some few, the artists who have mistaken delicacy of touch for high finishing, make their females look like china. The ladies appear brittle, and the passenger is afraid of breaking them to pieces by his arm, as people crowd against him. The truly fine miniatures are those of Augustin, Isabey, and Sicardi, which can only be seen at their own houses; and Mademoiselle Erminard, a most exemplary character, also paints miniatures with great ability. In this department of painting the French are our superiors. Throughout their pictures, large and small, the hair is deficient in boldness, and all their outlines are too much rounded off.

These are the effects of an injudicious application of their knowledge of statues, to pictures. The antique is absolutely worshipped by them, and pervades all their ornaments from the palace to the most petty traitéurs. Something Roman or Grecian in the house is as indispensable as a chair or a table: "and a hair dresser, if you desire to have a wig, will send you a classic wig, after deciding by your face that a composition from the heads of Brutus, Homer, and Caracalla, will exactly suit you." Tutors in time, I suppose, will agree with parents to render the inside furniture of as thick a skull as may be, a compound of Horace, Archimedes, and Julius Cæsar.—I like this hunting after the antique; for, I think, when the mania has subsided, nature will assert her claims to attention, and there will be just as much of the passion remaining, as will assist her in her appeal to taste.

Some of the artists in France are furnished with apartments in the Palace of the Fine Arts and the Sorbonne, as a reward, or encouragement; others are entirely maintained by government, and there are schools of instruction. If indications of genius only were fostered, if masters in the act of communicating rules would keep the minds of their pupils constantly in emulation of that which is truly great, the support their country affords them, would tend to produce a new race of Claudes and Poussins; but I understand that if rank and money possess no influence, assiduity, and inclination, are mistaken for genius, and that a boy is sometimes negligently

admitted in the Lyceum, merely because mamma thinks he has a pretty taste for drawing.

There is an artist, Le Thiére, who was born in France, and to whom the French are anxious to lay claim, as he surpasses all the professors at Paris in grandeur of design and in expression. But as he bears the exalted title of President of the Academy at Rome, and entirely resides in that city, it comes not within my plan to dwell upon his merits.

The custom of decorating every church with a large number of pictures, greatly encourages the historical department of painting, and those at Paris present evidences that the French artists of former times, were far more numerous and respectable than we had imagined. Some of their pieces are undoubtedly a disgrace. "The French artists," observes a recent and admirable writer, "are men of considerable information and of no professional coxcombry.

It may, in general terms, be fairly stated, that in drawing every kind of object, and in knowledge of the antique, the modern French surpass the English ; and that our artists are far superior in colouring and in expression.

LETTER X.

TO AN ECONOMIST.

*The least expensive mode of travelling in France,
and of residing in Paris.*

BROTHER ECONOMIST!

As you are desirous of learning what is the smallest sum with which you may venture to commence your journey to Paris, I am happy to be able to assure you, keeping in view your intention of remaining in that city four weeks, as well as your return to London, that I have discovered it is possible to contrive the whole with £20. including one visit to each place where fees are required, and of course as many visits as you please, where the exhibition of your passport is all that is necessary to procure admission. Not that I, with all my attention to frugality, effected the journey without expending half as much more; but you do not intend to write a book upon the subject, and you may dispense with letters of introduction, from which little else frequently results than a compulsion to make some appearance, that you may not be thought to disgrace the friends who introduce you. But I was very inquisitive as to the lowest prices of most

necessary articles, that I might discover if the sum secreted at the bottom of the coffers of some of my young acquaintances in London, whilst they cast an oblique look towards Paris, would prove sufficient for the purpose to which they desire to dedicate it. Unless you plunge into the River Styx before you set off, I advise you to add a £5. note to the sum I mentioned, for accidents may befall you, or the winds may not obey your commands as to the point to which they should blow, and the innkeepers will have no particular compassion for you on the presentation of their bills. Before I lay down my rules for your conduct, I feel a confidence that you will be guided by them ; but the extreme severity of the forbearance they impose will suit no other person, except it be him who, like you, is utterly careless as to his food and lodging, provided the one be wholesome and the other cleanly. Have I not seen you in the ardour of your studies content yourself with eggs, a piece of bread and some water for your dinner ?—Such is the man who will need but £20. in his purse on setting off for Paris. Oh ! that Elwes were alive to enjoy the beauties of this letter ! Having obtained your passport gratis from the French Ambassador in London, fix yourself on the top of the Dover coach, with a supply of food in your pocket ; you arrive in three hours at the inn where breakfast is prepared. Do you take any ? certainly not, you have already breakfasted. You proceed to Canterbury. The roast beef has no temptations for you, it is too late to dine, but you can take a walk to view the cathedral, and no one will prevent you from eating your luncheon

on the way, and some beer is easily obtained, or water from a pastry cook's, where I allow you a couple of tartlets. Dover appears, and you descend with your little portmanteau—(take but very few clothes) and suffer no one else to carry it. You enquire on the quay for a vessel bound for Calais. You find several captains offering their services; you desire their cards and disregard all their importunities to make your election. You enquire for the Packet Boat Inn, where you take a regular meal. (I am not in a conspiracy to starve you). Presenting the cards to the landlord, ask him which are captains that may be depended upon; you return to the quay, and if the tide be favorable, agree to be wafted over immediately; or if you must wait till morning, desire to be shewn to your birth, and there repose yourself for the night. You will pay but the half guinea for the passage and save the expence of an inn. This I experienced twice. Arrived at Calais you give the sailors two shillings amongst them; this is considered sufficient when you have no parcels except what you carry, as was sixpence to each coachman on the road. You will of course remain in your birth if it be night; if otherwise, you enquire of your captain where you can take a place for Paris in the coach that travels during the night, and you will find yourself in Paris in forty-six hours. The coach stops but for two meals each day, which if you take at the inns are not expensive; but you may easily take but one, if you make purchases at the large towns where they stop. One penny each postillion, who is changed every six or seven miles, and six

francs for the Conducteur, are the customary donations.—If you are obliged to remain at Calais for a day or night, the Hotel de Kingston will not alarm you by its charges. Five pounds ten shillings is the extent of your expence, which will be laid out nearly thus.

	£.	s.	d.
The Dover Coach £1. Expences 8s...	1	8	0
The Vessel and Men	0	13	0
If obliged to remain at Calais one } Night.....	0	6	0
Coach to Paris 40 Franks. Men } 12 Fr.....	2	3	4
Four Meals at 4s. each, including } Waiter	0	16	0
Sundries.....	0	3	8
	<hr/>		
	£.5	10	0

There is a bare possibility of reducing this to £4. 12s. but in that case you would be accompanied by unpleasant feelings at all the inns, and in many other instances. If you could join some person at Dover who was desirous of proceeding at as cheap a rate, you could hire cabriolets from one large town to another, and sleep two nights on the road from Boulogne, to which, instead of Calais you should then bend your course from Dover, and still pay but 10s. 6d. You need expend but £5. each, without being conspicuously penurious, and enjoy the road in the most agreeable of all public carriages for travelling; uncouth as is its appearance. Examine its security and be particular in your enquiries about the horse

before you venture with it. I never found them otherwise than safe, but report speaks not well of them. Do not give the sum that is first demanded. Fourteen-pence per league is the fair price for this kind of vehicle, and a franc to the boy. The first cabriolet will take you above fifty miles, from Boulogne to Abbeville; you hire a second, which conveys you to Amiens, and then you may find a cheap diligence to Paris, or should you not, hire another cabriolet to Clermont, and a fourth to Paris. Breakfasts and suppers must be your only meals, and is the common mode with the French in travelling.

In Paris you take a room in the Hotel de Clery, rue de Clery, or some such respectable and reasonable house, and you pay six or seven shillings per week (thirty franks per month) for your apartment, in which is a dressing room and some tolerable furniture. Allowing £5. 10s. for your return, and £1. 10s. for your lodging, there remain five shillings per day for your expences. If you breakfast every other day on a pound of grapes and two of the light cakes that you will find in all parts of the town, and a pint of milk, your expence will be but sixpence, and if you dine at some of the moderate restaurateurs for 1s. 3d. your cash will enable you to breakfast sometimes at the coffee houses in the Palais Royal, where you may see a variety of newspapers. Upon the average you need not devote more than 2s. 6d. daily for your support, sixpence for sundries, and the remaining two shillings will enable you to visit the eight theatres twice in the pit, to pay a frank at each of the very few exhibitions, where

vails are expected, as at the interior of the Thuilleries, the Catacombs, &c. and to visit Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, St. Denis, and all the environs that possess curiosities. I expect you to walk to most of them and to ride back. To ride to Versailles you must not give more than thirty sols, and at seven in the morning, will find the cabriolets ready on the quay, near the Pont Royal.

If, when you leave Paris, you present the servant four francs for his services, it will double the sum a Frenchman would bestow. I shall not forget the look of astonished satisfaction with which the man regarded the six francs that I put into his hands after remaining three months in the house, and yet he had acted in the triple capacity of porter, shoe-black, and chambermaid.

LETTER XI.

To G. K. Esq.

*The present French Authors—The Languages—
The Royal Academy—The Journals—Reli-
gion—The Royal Library.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHALL certainly but ill accomplish the task I have undertaken, if I do not dwell more particularly on the present state of literature in France, and cannot introduce it without assuring you that, although it has undoubtedly been on the decline for the last twenty years, those travellers who have stated that there exists not an author who possesses powers beyond the composition of a tolerable journal, must have forgotten that the following remain to rescue France from this disgraceful imputation.

Lebrun, the faithful and elegant Translator of Homer and Tasso.

Count de Fontanes, a fine Poet.

Baour Lormain, Translator of Ossian, and several fine original Poems.

Luce de Lanceval, Writer of Poetry in general.
Michaud, ditto.
Murville, ditto.
Grandmaison, ditto.
Duminel, ditto.
Andrieux, ditto.
Madame Dupresnoy, ditto.
Chazet, ditto.
Parnet, ditto.
Le Gouve, ditto.
Dupaty, ditto.
Gu'ngénée, on the History of Literature.
Mercier, on the Belles Lettres.
Vigée, ditto.
Count Chataubriand, on the Genius of Christianity, Travels, and fine Romances.
Lacretelle, the Historian.
Jouy, Author of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, and an excellent Critic.
Connt Carnot, on Politics.
Count Lacepède, Natural History.
Cuvier, ditto. An admirable Lecturer.
Haüy, Mineralogy.
Lenoir, Antiquity.
Biot, Natural Philosophy.
Lantier, Author of *Le Voyage d'Antenor*.
Count Le Mercier, the first Tragic Poet.
Reynouard, Tragic Poet.
Arnault, ditto.
Lava, Poet in general.
Millevoye, ditto.
Lorion, ditto.
Count de Volney, Author of the celebrated "*Ruins*".
De Lolme, Politics.

- Count De Segur, Historian and Poet.
- Baron Denon, Author of Voyage to Egypt, &c.
- Count de Lally Tolendal, Politics.
- Méjan, Jurisprudence.
- Coffinieres, ditto.
- Berthelot, ditto.
- Count Merlin, ditto.
- Dureau Delamalle, excellent Translation of Tacitus.
- Rochefoucault Liancourt, Voyages.
- Countess de Genlis, an admirable Writer on Education, Works of Fancy, and Memoirs.
- Sylvestre de Sacy, Philology.
- Langlès, ditto, profound Orientalist.
- Salgues, Journalist and Critic.
- Dugas Montbel, Translator of Homer's Iliad.
- Count Choiseul Gouffier, fine Travels in Asia, &c.
- Fievé, a good Novelist.
- Chevalier, fine Tracts on Greece.

In the above list are a few names that we are accustomed in England to revere; and there are two others, the Baroness de Stael and Helen Maria Williams, who, although the one was a native of Switzerland and the other of Scotland, have passed the greater part of their lives in France; the former has written many volumes in the language of that country, and the latter confined her subjects to its history and to occasional criticism in English.

Buonaparte having little taste for literature, few of the above devoted themselves to that art during his reign. No writer could venture an honest freedom of language; adulation was expected in each work that appeared, and it was not till the first return of Lewis, that Carnot, the most

spirited of political characters, resumed a bold pen. Journals were suppressed if they contained not an immoderate share of flattery, or if they related facts which the policy of Buonaparte had consigned to oblivion.

A compleat emancipation of the press is far from having taken place under the Bourbons; and it is a question not yet solved, whether the genius of the people will ever admit an unbounded licence without hazarding the repose of France. A farther relaxation of the zone that still binds the press in that kingdom, would, perhaps, endanger the security of the ruling power; but it is to be hoped, and I think may be expected from a man who is attached to the Art, that literature in general will not only be allowed to range at large, but receive incitements and a cordial welcome from the quarter that can nourish and augment its growth. I cannot but anticipate a renewal of the glorious eras of French learning and information, when Lewis shall for some time have been extricated from the difficulties by which he is now surrounded.

The French language is not considered favorable to the boldest flights of poetry; the utmost force that it can attain, Corneille and Voltaire have displayed; but it is susceptible of all the grace and delicacy of the Italian, with more nerve and decision of character. It is incapable of sustaining the proud frame of blank verse, and poets vainly endeavour to exhibit the workings of Nature through the confinement of rhyme; but for criticism, satire, lively sallies, and picturesque descriptions, no language is more successful. For

general colloquy it is pleasing to the auditor, favorable to animated representation, and particularly to repartee. The French observe that the English language is like the chirruping of birds, and we return their compliment by comparing theirs to the hissing of serpents and the gurgling of water. A Briton remarks that there is no comfort in France, and no word to express that of which they have no idea: neither have they an exact term for "rude, nice, snug, convenient, or to like;" the latter is always with them "love," from their cup of coffee to their affection for their mistress; and a long list of words, pregnant with meaning, find no parallel in their tongue. On the other hand, we have no term for their "morgue, nonchalance, ennui, veulliez, vieillir, naïveté, bourgeois, &c. &c."

The English are accustomed to accept or to reject by a decided affirmative or negative. The French in refusing what is offered say "*Je vous remercie*" I thank you, or "*bien obligé*;"—when consenting "*avec plaisir—volontiers*."

The French are attached to adjectives, exclamations, and superlatives. They are strangely inconsistent in elevating by their epithets things that are mean, and in depressing those that are truly grand; whilst they declare a favourite dish, magnificent! exquisite! they praise a friend or a great actor by exclaiming "*le brave garçon; le joly garçon; le bon enfant*" "the brave boy; the pretty boy; the good child" though he may be sixty years of age; and this in their serious moments. When a Frenchman is angry, he often cries out "*C'est égal*," like the Tragedy

Heroines, who, when they say "Tis well" mean "it is very bad." They imagine every English person they meet is rich, and the lower classes style him "My Lord." When they are going to a dramatic representation or a lecture they always say "I am going to assist at such a lecture &c." this appears to us a term full of vanity. The French tone of speaking as well as the composition of each speech may be called epigrammatic. The most insignificant sentence is frequently conveyed in a tune that might be set to music, and that ends in a sharp key with a rest. Peasants generally use thee and thou to their intimates; and during the Revolution, many offices had "Ici on se tutoit."

The Decree of the National Assembly, that their ordonnances should be translated into all the idioms of the provinces, proves that the French Patois (the country mode of speaking) bears much less resemblance to the language in its purity, than our dialects to good English.

No country holds out such advantages for the cultivation of literature as France; almost every large establishment has its library, each of them is accessible, and the public seminaries for learning present equal facilities. The man who justly claims applause as an author may rely upon receiving it. He is in fact the deity of all the companies in which he moves; with Lewis XIV. originated much of this veneration for professors of the Fine Arts, and it has, doubtless, been one of the chief causes that the men of eminence of that and of a subsequent period have been so numerous among our rivals. An evil, however, ac-

accompanied the benefit; shoals of worthless authors sprang up, and you may still perceive the garreteer drawing upon his lackwit brain for some production, the labour of which he expects will be paid by the declaration of his country, that a second Boileau, a Montesquieu, or a Racine has at length appeared. When a French author has exhausted his purse and his credit, his vanity supports him; for he does not suffer the smallest doubt to enter his head that he shall shortly reach the Temple of Fame. Already he fancies his patched coat changed for a court dress, with a cross of honour, he descends to the first floor and hires at least a cabriolet. Satisfied that he is on the point of enjoying all these luxuries, he awaits them in cheerfulness to the day of his death. In England we begin to sigh at forty, when these prospects are not realized, and at fifty we despair. A poor author and a poor devil are synonymous terms in France as with us.

The trifling encouragement learned men found at the Court of Buonaparte, and the subsequent banishment of some of these, has certainly much diminished their number, but that unrivalled establishment, the Institute, now restored to its former name, the Royal Academy, has maintained its ground in Paris, and continues the admiration of Europe; the respect with which it is viewed, arises chiefly from the character of rigidity that it has acquired in the observance of its admirable rules. This independence was in some degree relaxed under Buonaparte; influence and wealth could for a short period purchase its honors; and, had his reign continued, the Insti-

tute would probably have sunk in the estimation of the world; but it has resumed its noble pertinacity, of which a striking proof has recently been afforded in the rejection of a man of the first rank and power who became a candidate for admission. The sittings of the Academy take place in the beautiful Theatre at the Palais des Arts. Cardinal Richelieu, to forward his corrupt views, was the founder of this Academy, his selection having been first made from some literary characters whom he feared.

The species of writing that was principally shackled by Buonaparte, was the journals. The *Moniteur* was well known as the vehicle for communicating to the public the grossest falsehoods, the meanest subterfuges, the most vain-glorious exaggerations. It is still offensive to an Englishman, to perceive the want of freedom and energy with which the daily prints are conducted; but it should be mentioned at the same time, that the trash that is introduced to fill the English papers, which are twice as large, finds no place in those of Paris. There are separate papers, styled *Les Journaux des Affiches*, for Advertisements; the other principal journals are

Gazette de France, celebrated for the general criticism of Jouy, formerly styled *l'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*.

Journal de Paris usually contains some keen strictures on the drama and the performers; to this, the *Bulletin du Commerce* is added.

Mercure de France, a Sunday paper, distinguished for the spirit of its remarks upon every

subject; was suppressed for a time, but is likely to be resumed.

There is an English paper called the *Paris and London Chronicle*; the value of which is sometimes enhanced by the elegant writing of Miss Helen Maria Williams.

Galliani's Journal; also English.

There are no critical reviews or magazines; but on the subjects of commerce, bibliography, medicine, jurisprudence, music, and the arts and sciences in general, there is an abundance of periodical journals, a list of which you will find in most of the libraries.

I intended to have devoted one letter to the subject of the various sects of the established religion in Paris; but, to my astonishment, (and you will perhaps observe that I betray no small portion of ignorance in expressing surprise) I find that there are none. The Roman Catholic church admits of no division; there are slight differences of opinion among some of the leading members, but they produce no sensible variation. There are no longer the church orators that astonished by their eloquence, and drew foreigners as well as natives in crowds within their temples. No Bossuets, no Saurins, not even a Fauchet. The forms of the service of this church are so well known in London, and so easily viewed by any persons who chuse to enter the chapels in Lincoln's Inn, in Warwick Street, &c. that I need not describe them. Suffice it to remark, that in Paris these are far exceeded in point of magnificence; and that processions in the street, although their number is much reduced, are still to be seen. The little bell still tinkles to an-

nounce the host, which is carried under a canopy; priests and choristers sing, and a few pious persons quit their houses to kneel in the streets, and sometimes produce candles. The carnival, which is celebrated the week before Lent, is still a gay scene; masks, and the most grotesque figures parade the boulevards, and a succession of entertainments enliven the Champs Elisées. The court is exceedingly, and, I believe, most sincerely devout; the nobles and gentry are somewhat less attentive to their religious duties; although, compared with Buonaparte's Grands, they might be considered bigots. The middle classes are divided in this respect; about one third is pious, one third deistical, and the rest wavering as to how they shall make their election. Many of the lower ranks, on the subject of religion, imitate the court, as they do on that of politeness. The churches are mostly filled with this description of persons, whom I beg you will have the goodness to understand are my particular favorites. The Roman Catholics in Paris are of a tolerant disposition, permitting the Protestants unmolested enjoyment of the churches of l'Oratoire, Rue St. Honoré, la Visitation, Rue St. Antoine, Panthemont, Rue de Grenelle, and les Carmes Billettes, Rue de Billettes. The last is for Lutherans, of the confession of Ausbourg.—The jews have six synagogues; the principal in Rue St. Avoie, No. 47. In the three churches first mentioned, the service is in the French, and the ministers, frequently natives of Switzerland.—The English ambassador, Lord Charles Stuart, Rue St. Honoré (almost as far as the church of St. Philip du Roule) has a public service in English on Sun-

day. Mr. Marron is the most celebrated French Protestant preacher in Paris, and was styled by Napoleon the Protestant Pope.

In all descriptions, in the selection of curiosities, as well as in chusing from a variety of dishes the French are fond of reserving for the last, what they style a *bonne bouche* :” literally, a “tit bit ;” a something superior to all the rest, the admirable qualities of which shall not be lessened in their effect by any subsequent attraction. For *your* “*bonne bouche*,” I have therefore reserved the mention of “*La Bibliothèque Royale*,” in the Rue Richelieu, the Royal Library, to visit which, many persons have traversed several hundred miles, and taken up their abode in Paris for many months, absorbed in this object alone.

In a large and handsome quadrangular building, are placed nearly 400,000 volumes, including 80,000 manuscripts ; considered the most perfect collection of knowledge and information that exists. A man might become acquainted with the world, and all that it contains, and has contained, of any importance ; might accomplish himself in every art and science, and in most languages ; and might gather around him a large circle of friends, who would deal out to him the best portion of their ideas, without once quitting these rooms ; and if his existence exceeded the term of Mathuselah’s, he might still discover new and interesting matter. “Charles V. was the founder of this establishment ; which, from the 900 volumes of manuscripts with which he presented it, has grown to what it now is. Lewis XII. enriched it with the library of Petrarch ; Francis I. with Greek manuscripts,

Colbert with 60,000 volumes, Cardinal Fleury sent learned men to the East for some of its literary stores, and every sale of books has been since resorted to, for the selection of all that was valuable, to swell this extraordinary depot. Among the manuscripts are those of Leonardo de Vinci, Letters of Henry IV. of Rousseau, Voltaire, Pope, &c. The building was a palace belonging to Mazarin." Amazingly copious also is the collection of engravings; and admirably arranged. Strangers are permitted daily to view the innumerable specimens of the first talent in this art; and will find the costumes of all ages and countries. Fifty thousand portraits, among which are those of all the celebrated characters that have flourished in Europe, the noblest residences, the most magnificent remains of antiquity, valuable etchings, geography, representations of coins, heraldry, tournaments; in short, we might form a catalogue of what is *not* represented, in one page, but it would require ten volumes to give a faithful representation of what there *is*. The ladies must not fail to observe, among the costume of the ancient kings of France, that in 1270, the gentlemen (then as far removed from the appearance of fops, as are the fops of the present day from warriors) wore ridicules suspended to their girdles, and that some of the nobles resemble the present Blue Coat Boys of Christ Church, in Newgate Street. Engraving may here be traced from its earliest date, and designs with chalk and pencil that preceded that invention.—Pelligrini painted the ceiling of the principal staircase.

"Mount Parnassus, in bronze, stands in the

library, and the French poets and musicians are ascending. Lewis XIV. the greatest contributor to this library, and the patron of many of those who chiefly ornament it, stands on the top, as Apollo."

"Two globes, the largest extant, which are moved with facility, rise from one room through the floor of another. They are perfectly accurate, and were constructed by Coronelli in 1682. The circumference of each is 34 feet 6 inches (French measure.) There is also a model of the Pyramids of Egypt, with figures and trees, to denote their proportion. The remainder of the curiosities are a cabinet of medals, in which are three fine pictures by Charles Vanloo, representing the inventress of the flute, Psyche and Hymen, and the three patrons of the Muses, and three other paintings by Natoire, representing Thalia, Calliope, and Terpsichore.

"On the third floor, the cabinet of antiquities collected by Caylus. Etruscan vases are the most striking objects.

"Among the manuscripts are 30,000 relating to the history of France, 25,000 in learned and foreign languages, several letters in the hand writing of England's Henry VIII. and of France's Henry IV. and a collection of missals on the finest vellum, with borders and drawings of flowers, with their names in French and Latin; thus forming a collection of botany, as well as of scriptural histories."

The printed volumes present all that is rare in French literary composition, with all that is common, and a large collection in most other languages. The Mazarin bible of 1660, printed with cut metal

types, and the exquisite printing of Didot, are generally enquired for. Do not scruple to desire the librarians to shew you all that is most interesting, for they are numerous, well paid, and obliging.—Among them are some men of profound learning, as Mr. Langlès, whose time we should feel mortified to occupy; but those who are appointed to attend company, are generally not of the first class.

This library is opened daily, except on the sabbath, from 10 till 2 o'clock; and a vacation commences on the 1st September, and lasts six weeks, during which time you cannot be admitted without much trouble.

There are six other public libraries which would be thought vast collections, did they not shrink into pigmies on the view of this Goliath. In each, you must avoid offering money. There is every convenience for writing.

After feasting you with all these charms of Paris, I do not expect you will observe that I now wish you, my dear friend, an adieu.

LETTER XII.

To J. O. Esq.

The Defects of Paris.

AND must I, as a faithful historian of the state of Paris, send you an account of its deficiencies? I perceive that it is absolutely necessary; and proceed to crowd the black list into one short letter, which may be missed by those who, in the perusal of this work, desire to *enjoy* Paris.

If you are obliged to reside at a distance from the palaces, the gardens, and the boulevards, yet in the midst of the bustling streets, you will pronounce Paris to be a most vile place. The streets are narrow, dark, generally dirty, and the snuffing up Parisian gales is seldom grateful to the nasal powers. If a person who is tired of his existence, and has yet a just horror of suicide, will take a journey to Paris, he will encounter many chances of getting rid of his burthen; for should he fail to slip into the sea, in stepping from a tottering little boat to the larger vessel; should no propitious storm arise to drive him on the Goodwin sands; should the frail cabriolet he hires with the hope of

an opportunity to break his neck, obstinately remain erect, let him have patience; he will find, by walking fast in the streets of Paris, his object may easily be attained. As there is no footway, the numerous coaches, horses, carts, and people, enter into a most familiar acquaintance, coming in contact every two minutes, and presenting each other with a portion of the mire. The coachmen drive without ceremony up to the doors of the houses, and leave you no room to pass; the light cabriolets make no noise as they pass along, and their drivers have seldom the compassion to announce their approach. Add to all these facilities for losing your life, that of slipping off the small pointed stones, on which it is difficult to stand when they are wet, and many a time, to save yourself from falling, you will be extremely likely to catch at one of the very many machines that are red hot for roasting chestnuts, and that are placed just in your way; or a cart, by a sudden jerk, will throw you against them. "Nous serons écrasés comme des puces," "we shall be crushed like fleas," exclaimed an old woman to me with as much vivacity of manner as if something exceedingly agreeable were occurring, whilst we were jammed between a cart and a house, in a manner that left it a matter of doubt whether the great wheel would carry away a part of us when it should pass, or suffer us to wait for a second edition before we were abridged; for there were other machines in its train. A friendly gate opened to preserve us. But without leaving your lodgings, there are two accidents that may happen in Paris, to enable you to quit the world. The windows are generally down to the floor, and open in

the middle; if you happen to be thinking of something more important than opening a window, at the time that you are in the act, your foot with ease goes beyond the window, and being taken unawares, you fail to seize the iron bar that is placed so far out as to admit a very stout person to slip between it and the house, and precipitate yourself into the street; or in running down stairs you find the edges rubbed to so admirable a polish, that you are pretty certain of falling and breaking your back. Such were the buoyant spirits the air, and the liveliness of Paris afforded me, that I found I could not restrain myself from jumping or running down stairs singing like a boy, and it was only by a few agile twists of the body that I saved my neck three or four times in the Hotel d'Angleterre, Rue Filles de St. Thomas; where I lodged, and where you will find pleasant accommodations without a heavy charge, if you have no objection to a fourth or fifth story. The house is handsome, and much frequented by the English, although the attendants and the mistress are ignorant of our language. The former are rude, the latter obliging; and if you desire her to order her servants to pay you attention, you will be better served, especially if they are assured that you will make them no present at your departure unless they study your comfort.

Now follow a few of the defects in Paris that do not strike at your existence.

Servants will seldom bring all you require. Unless you ask for them, you will not be furnished with snuffers, soap, or towels; the sheets will not be aired, and your laundress, notwithstanding her eloquence, will bring the linen home wet. You

will every where find knives that will not cut, and forks so heavy as to be troublesome.

Almost every street has a stream running down the middle, and if rain has fallen, this is so much encreased, that in crossing you must either take the best jump you have ever effected, or be splashed to the knees. The only method of transporting yourself from one part of the town to another with comfort and safety in wet weather, is by a hackney coach or cabriolet, if you have narrow streets to pass through.

Greatly as we lament that our principal edifices are placed in the midst of mean streets and houses, we have less cause than our neighbours. The School for Medicine, the Pantheon, St. Sulpice, and others, are in the meanest of neighbourhoods. The appearance of the Palais Royal is much injured by a pavilion at one end with yellow pillars and blinds with broad stripes. Another defect is a want of depth in the piazzas, and they are disgraced by a number of boards with large letters. The shops should have been regular, and the signs higher ; but the most offensive object in the Palais Royal, is the covered way that divides the Duke of Orleans' apartments from the remainder of the palace ; on the side that is most seen, it appears like the back of a booth in a fair, patched up in any manner ; and it seems curious to a stranger, that the Duke admits shops immediately under the chambers he inhabits. His Royal Highness thus appears to be a vender of prints, straw hats, walking sticks, and braces.

It is astonishing that the French, whose politeness to strangers had become proverbial, should

now act in a manner so directly opposite as to render it necessary that a party of English ladies, entering a box at the theatre, should summon all their fortitude to meet the hooting and pointing of the men in the pit without feeling mortification. "Ha ! regardez les Anglaises ; la petite Anglaise," look at the English women,—at that little English-woman ! they cry out aloud, and every body turns towards the box. If you do not take the smallest notice of them they will soon forget you, but should they perceive that you are agitated, they will not cease drawing the attention of the company upon you during the whole evening. They treat their own countrymen, whom they call the "Aspirants" with the same public ridicule. These are the ancient emigrants returned (chiefly officers) who are at present aspiring to promotion, or to places and pensions. from the new government.

LETTER XIII.

To J. O. Esq.

*Return to England—General Remarks on France;
on Buonaparte; on Lewis XVIII. &c. &c.*

RETURNED to England in November, by the way of Arras, Lille, and St. Omers, to spend a week with some esteemed friends in the latter city, I should have related to you the slight adventures that befel me—the leave-takings, and a number of ideas that occurred to me; (no hair-breadth escapes nor tender tales of love) but that the narration would have deprived me of the power of styling this a *pocket* volume. I can only therefore inform you that the trees had not all lost their leaves; that a young friend who accompanied me was on the point of being taken before a magistrate for stealing apples on the road, but was preserved from this ignomy by a French gentleman, who represented that a foreigner could not be aware that these were not public property, as they grew for many miles along the sides of the highway. We had always heard (for I was also of this thieving party, having received a lesson in the Place Lewis Quinze, one night in Paris) that all travellers were permitted to regale themselves in

this manner as they proceeded.—Senlis is a cheerful town; Arras large, and handsomer than any provincial city, Versailles excepted, that I have seen; Lille, four times the size, but not so clean nor so elegant as I was informed; the fortification, one of Vauban's happiest efforts, is magnificent as well as of a surprising strength.

The mount on which the little town of Cassel is built presents a view, it is said, of above 100 towns and villages—it is undoubtedly one of the most extensive. Gen. Vandamme has a fine seat here, but seems execrated by the inhabitants, at least we were so informed by the landlord of the inn, by the conductor, the postilion, and some of the town's-folk. St. Omers is interesting from a variety of circumstances, particularly from the beautiful ruins of a large church. Calais had become dull, and Dover, which we reached after a passage of six hours, little less so.

I have now written upon every important subject relative to Paris, and trust that the general traveller, the amateur, the artist, the man of literature, the natural historian, the antiquarian, the lover of the drama, the strict economist, and the politician, may discover through this Volume and its Supplement, the most agreeable methods of engaging their time whilst in that city. The Volume of Chronology and Biography (which may be obtained singly or with this volume) will prove interesting for references; and as it contains the latest intelligence, as to historical facts, of any book that has hitherto appeared on the subject of France, of which it forms a compleat, though concise history; the politician in particular, com-

bining these facts with the knowledge also afforded him of the manners of the people, will feel himself "au fait" on all points; may enter the lists in argument, in position, and in the art of prophesy, if he be so inclined; as what politician is not? For this I can only furnish him with matter on which to ground his calculation, *he* must find talent for the erection of his structure. But he may reasonably expect that to the information I have already given I should add a few words as to the political opinions of the French in the present state of affairs. The friends of Lewis appear to me to be composed of the principal part of the nobles and gentry, (the Ultra Royalists, who wish to place his brother on the throne with arbitrary principles, excepted,) about one-third of the middle classes; and two-thirds of the lower, if these may be allowed the credit of being sincerely attached to any one. A third of the middle and lower are still adherents of Buonaparte, and the remainder, either Republicans or wavering between the two Sovereigns. The Buonapartists, with whom I conversed, spoke of him with enthusiastic regard—he is indeed, not a man of whom it is possible to speak with moderation. Those who reflect on his vast genius and are not fastidious as to moral goodness, find so much to admire in the extraordinary power that nature has assigned him, they cannot but contemplate it with a kind of rapt wonder and irresistible feeling of regard; but such persons as have a horror of all warriors who quit their country without just provocation, to spread devastation among their neighbours, who commit wanton depredations and secure plunder, and who endeavour to accom-

plish self-aggrandisement by means of treachery and a system of falsehood, must feel a detestation of the conduct of Buonaparte. Those two descriptions of persons are to be found in Paris, and many of the latter confess, that whilst he was in power, whilst the splendid achievements of their armies shone through him as the grand director of the whole, whilst immense territory accrued to them through the success of his plans, whilst the wealth he had acquired for his people rendered taxation light, and whilst Paris became under his hand the depository of almost all that the world produced of what was valuable in art, there appeared a glory round him that dazzled the understanding and created involuntary admiration. Throughout France, it was admitted that whatever might be his errors, he seemed born to render her the most powerful, the most magnificent, the most envied Empire in the world; until the conscription and the useless sacrifice of her sons in fruitless innovations on the rights of other countries, led many to reflect that his career was more brilliant than it was just. His genius was, however, peculiarly suited to the French character; the very names of Buonaparte and Greatness were terms that long sounded synonymous in their ears; and Lewis obtains more adherents from the utter hopelessness of the return of the favorite, than from a voluntary desertion of his cause. Not but that there are some persons, friendly to him in the first instance, who felt and expressed terror at his reinstatement, from a conviction that his ambition would depopulate their country; and they seemed to decide that if successful, Buonaparte, in time, would render France the

most beautiful country in the world, and Paris the finest city, but that he would leave no Frenchmen alive to enjoy them. They are now humbled and in poverty, and stripped of much of their grandeur; but they exist, and do not risk annihilation at the nod of a sumptuous tyrant, they have still an abundance of the requisites for happiness, and the means of renewing their glory will accrue to them at a period not very remote.

An alarm is spread by a few persons that the worst of tyranny, the overbearing power of the nobles and the priests, a thousand petty tyrants instead of one grand despot, the situation of France, in short, previous to the first revolution, is likely to be restored by the Bourbons; but many agree with me in opinion, that no person who is now in existence will witness that event. The priests may make the effort, but the lion that has been roused is not subdued, he is only slumbering, and will not admit such important encroachments on his liberty.

Lewis XVIII. commences his reign under circumstances widely differing from those which attended the early years of his brother. Lewis XVI. had in his youth before his eyes examples of the most arbitrary despotism. He heard continually of the divine right of kings and of his own future greatness. It would have been most astonishing if this cant of courts had made no impression on his mind; yet he humbled himself frequently, and the present King seems to partake much of his disposition, and has the additional advantage of severe but wholesome experience. It is, therefore, fervently to be hoped, that should

serious innovation on the rights of the people be attempted, some spirited individuals will lay their remonstrance at the foot of the throne, and that he may not be surrounded, as his brother was, by evil counsellors, who may advise a proud rejection, to the destruction of themselves, of him, and of the peace of the country.

I send you a list of the Regicides, that if you should happen to encounter them in your travels, you may know to what extent you may trust them in the cause of humanity.

Albitte.	Garos.
Alquin.	Granet.
Alquire.	Guyot.
Barras.	Guyton.
Barrere.	Isabeau.
Berlien.	Johannot.
Cambacérés.	La Renat.
Cambon.	Laiguelot.
Carnot.	Legot.
Le Carpentier.	Mallarme.
Cavaignac.	La Marque.
Cochon.	Merlin of Donay.
La Combe.	Merlin of Thionville.
La Coste.	Milhaud.
David.	Paganel.
Jean Debry.	Paris.
Drouet.	Peyre.
Dubois.	Pons de Verdun.
Ducos.	Prieur de la Marne.
André Dumont.	Quinette.
Fauchet.	La Revelliere.
Fouché.	Richard.
Garnier.	Romme.

Sergent.

Thibadeau.

Sieyes.

Thuriot.

Tallien.

The term Regicide, abstractedly considered, is far from conveying that enormity which we are apt involuntarily (I know not why) to attach to it.—The destruction of a tyrant by a legislative body may be an act of justice, and blame be attached to those only who are devoid of resolution to strike the blow. The sacrifice even of a virtuous man, may in very rare instances, be deemed a duty.—Such I imagine was the permission of the citizens of Calais, that Eustace de St. Pierre and his friends should suffer for the preservation of the remainder. The term Regicide might possibly point out the man of inflexible integrity.—Not so, I conceive, when applied to the wretched exiles who must now wander about Europe to seek a power that will protect them. Those who were averse to Lewis XVI. and concluded that he was unfit to govern, might have promoted the limitation of his powers.—We must strain a point in their favor if we admit it possible that Carnot and two or three of the least execrable of the regicides might have still thought his existence dangerous to the state, and considered themselves Brutuses in slaying their Cæsar. I am far from exonerating them on this plea, but it may afford some palliation. Their conduct on other points should undergo a strict investigation, in order to judge the general tenor of their motives. What can be urged in favor of the murderers of the noble-minded Elizabeth? For them the grossest partiality can invent no plausible excuse; and men must shrink from them with

horror as they pass. Tallien and a few others who have embrued their hands in the blood of hundreds of their fellow men, should have received some indelible mark before they were sent forth in search of an asylum. Society would then, probably, have discarded them, and left them to herd in woods or deserts with the ferocious animals whom they resemble.

Truly provoking is it, that what appears passable in manuscript to the *Author's* eye, exhibits glaring defects when reduced to print, and the pathetic injunction that sometimes accompanies the proof-sheets that he should alter as little as possible, as time presses, and as the trouble and expence are thereby doubled, compleats the poor Author's miseries. He perceives his faults; many of them must go before the public to "set him down an ass" for the remainder of his life, and many a sigh escapes him at the retrospection of the happy days *before* he was induced to compose a book. In this Edition many of the faults are rectified; others, are irremediable by me.

It is fortunate for me that *I* shall not be obliged to sit in judgment on this work as a public critic, for conscience would compel me to attack it on several points. As we can preach what we cannot practice, so we perceive errors which it is not in our power to correct. I leave the task of correction to the *many*; like the painter, who desired all persons who could find a fault in his picture to mark it. It was soon covered with marks, and I expect the same fate, but console myself with reflecting that crude as is this publication in various parts, it is valuable, because it contains much infor-

mation that has not before appeared ; on which few, if any points, will be found incorrect ; and I have reason to conclude that my promise of shewing you " how to enjoy Paris " is fulfilled, since those who have perused what has preceded this letter, have frequently exclaimed, " I should much like to go to Paris."

I found myself much puzzled in my enumeration of a variety of objects in those letters which treat of general subjects. A work that is intended as a guide, must, in many parts, bear some resemblance to a catalogue, independent of the direct lists that may be introduced ; yet, in familiar letters, it cannot have the advantage of formal heads, which in catalogues are admissible. The style, therefore, must appear disjointed, and the sentences, in many instances, too short and harsh. The French have a saying, " *Apropos de bottes parlons de raves,*" " Now that we are on the subject of boots, let us speak of radishes." Such is the style to which I allude, and into which I have sometimes been betrayed ; nor do I know that it would be possible in relating twenty circumstances which have no relation whatsoever to each other, to give them an easy flow, as if they were connected.

After all I have said in favor of Paris, the grandest spectacle within the reach of Englishmen in general, I by no means wish to be understood as recommending a permanent residence in that city, or in any part of France. I cannot think that the French and English character sufficiently assimilate, to render a close and prolonged connection agreeable to either. Although there exist French persons as estimable to the full as any that our,

country can produce, yet the chances are much against us that we shall discover them. It is *possible* to find among them the best of wives, the best of friends, the most exalted of characters; but it is not in France that I should chuse to seek them; as agreeable temporary acquaintances they have no equal; and I consider that an Englishman is likely to gain much improvement, and to discover new gratifications daily springing up around him, during a visit of a few months; if he prolong it to as many years, he will find them fade before him with equal rapidity, and turn a longing eye towards the substantial enjoyments that may be found beyond the white cliffs that border the country he has so long deserted.

SUPPLEMENT.

GENERAL REMARKS ON PARIS, AND ON THE
FRENCH, PARTLY ORIGINAL, PARTLY SELECTED
FROM MODERN TRAVELLERS.

SUCH is the versatility of many of the French, that the number is not few of those who were performers in the Notables, constitutionalists in the States General, republicans in the Convention, spectators in the Directory, abject slaves under Buonaparte, and now boast of attachment to the Bourbons. Some, when emigrating, lamented the loss of property which they never possessed, and became counts and barons from the moment of their exile.

There are gypsies in France. On the Continent these people are styled Bohemians, and are regarded as descendants of those unfortunate exiles, who were driven out of that kingdom in the religious wars.

The jack-boots which postilions wear, have been compared to two portmanteaus with the tops off.— They are enormous, and not very portable. The

horses are so well trained, that the postilions frequently walk behind the carriages.

The floors of most rooms in Paris, even the bed-chambers, are of tiles, have no covering, and are daily rubbed by men, who have brushes fixed to their feet.

Houses of almost every kind are called hotels in France.

Eggs are often stained with a purple colour.

The Parisians find but little pleasure in excursions on the water in decorated boats.

The French sometimes cover the collars of their horses with a sheep skin, which gives them the appearance of a different kind of animal. The carts are much longer than ours, more neatly built, and nearly as strong.

In Paris, the poorest student, the most ragged philosopher, has a view of the treasures of princes at his command, and enjoys the libraries, the cabinets, and the museums.

The roads near Paris are not bustling, like those near London, neither is there such an extent of crowded streets.

Repairs to a house almost invariably follow the original style of building. The remains of antiquity are therefore more perfect than elsewhere.

Houses are strong enough to last ten generations.

Several of the nobility who emigrated, are now obliged to content themselves with a third part of the mansions they once wholly occupied.

The "nouveaux-enrichés," (people lately raised to rank and fortune) who have been successful in Buonaparte's wars, absorb the wealth of the nation,

When of low descent, they are called "les parvenus."

The number of private carriages is but small.— They are gaudy and slightly built. The king has several, to accommodate the peers in grand processions, which are far more splendid than ours.— When the king rides, he is always followed by an empty carriage.

Those who reside in the Palais Royal need never quit it to purchase the necessities of life, its elegances, or amusements. There is a sufficient supply of each, and of good and bad society.

The royal almanack announces about 100 bankers, but there are more than ten times this number who write over their doors that the bank is open from 9 till 2, and whom it is not very safe to trust.

There is an old French proverb, that a Parisian will make his fortune where every other man would starve; and it is correct. His ingenuity, his perseverance, and the narrow compass of his wants, generally enable him to accomplish his aim.

It is high fashion to have all things in the English style. An English carriage; an English jockey; roast beef or a beef steak, at every great table; an English garden; and a little English melancholy.

The word *faubourg* does not in Paris signify simply a suburb, as is generally imagined, but that proportion of the city which is situated between the boulevards of the interior (the ancient boundaries) and those of the exterior. The faubourg St. Germain is called the land of Latin, being the seat of learning.

From the king's table, a number of nobles and

gentry, who are reduced to poverty, are fed. The word bourgeois is misunderstood in England. It is not considered degrading or used as a term of ridicule. Most of the middle ranks of people come under this description, and a shopman thinks he pays his master respect when he speaks of him thus: "The Bourgeois is coming," or of his mistress, "La Bourgeoise." It is inapplicable to people of good fortune, and the petit-maitre Bourgeois is certainly considered a most ridiculous and inconsistent personage.

The Members of the Corps Legislatif, generally read their own speeches (sometimes lasting each five hours) and frequently odes and light publications.

The French have a great share of sensibility and benevolence. Of the latter their noble charities afford many proofs.

Foreigners are seldom aware of the difference in the words Hopital and Hospice; the former is for the sick, the latter for the poor.

There is more appearance of devotion and solemnity in the French churches than in the English. The people do not regard the entrance of a stranger nor fall asleep.

The married ladies have a sanctum sanctorum, a boudoir, into which the husband is not always admitted. It is generally more consistently elegant than any other room in the house. Mean furniture is seldom placed by the side of that which is rich; couches, pictures, statues, busts, &c. ornament it.

Mothers pique themselves on contriving advantageous matches, and the arts resorted to by

French women on this occasion are worthy of Machiavel. Parents speak too freely before their daughters.

In Paris there was but one circulating library ; now they are abundant. " Abonnement de Lecture " is written in almost every street.

There are classic signs and descriptions in every street, even in the lowest.

Parents frequently shew off their daughters for a season in a fine hotel, and when the young ladies marry, the parents if not rich, retire to a second or third floor. This is considered no disgrace.— Girls are too strictly kept before, not sufficiently so after marriage.

In great houses there is little comfort ; all is sacrificed to shew. Every thing has an aim at taste, art, and literature.

The French credit all manner of absurdities.

The lower classes know little of the state of public affairs. All classes are full of boasting.

There are stalls where you may have any kind of letter written for you, from the commonest compliment to a declaration of love, and offer of marriage.

In the Palais Royal in one of the " Caves " as they call them, is a man imitating a wild Indian, with a variety of instruments, on each of which he plays with wonderful skill and rapidity, and as if seized with a sudden fervor.

The lamps in the streets, hung over the middle, are very large and give a strong light.

At all festivals, theatres, and public places, pushing and offensive crowding are not permitted ; the National Guards prevent every irregularity.

If the French banish comfort from their homes they are determined to enjoy it abroad.

The vast variety and ingenuity of their attractions and entertainments strongly mark the genius of the people; in the boulevards, besides the amusements already described, you will sometimes find little lotteries and raffles; jugglers; persons who expose a hundred articles for sale, every one of which is charged 15 pence; blind people playing at picquet and whist, on piano fortes and on bells and musical glasses, and every other instrument; another plays on five at once; women veiled ask alms and sing; another promises to make you handsome with a powder that she sells for a penny: a girl offers 50 toothpicks for the same sum. Mountebanks with health for you in a little box, for twopence; merry andrews; a man in a corner opens for you the book of fate, and with extraordinary volubility mentions all that has happened and will happen to you. As 20 or 30 persons are addressed at once by him, though his language appears intended but for one, each of the company takes to himself any thing that is applicable, and thus he satisfies them all. He preserves a perfect self-possession. No complaints disturb him, he never hesitates or repeats, is too much the *Artist* to look at the money laid down for him, and forms in himself, unconsciously, an epitome of French manners. Another professes to fill a box with gold, and replenish it as fast as you can take out the pieces, and he says, "You ask why, with this wonderful power, I do not make myself the richest and the happiest man in the world? I am so already, and only do this to

have the honour of amusing you." He does not prevent people from putting money into his box at his side.

An exhibition of fleas is near the Italian boulevards; they draw coaches, drag along an elephant, and jump with a gilt cannon ball, all of diminutive size, and they take their dinner daily at twelve o'clock on the arm of the person who is their valet de chambre.

In the houses of persons of large fortune, dinner is served at seven; the butler announces it by this expression, "Madame is served." The articles that form the courses, come in the same rotation as in England, but are differently prepared. The deserts are far more superb; the painter, the florist, the decorator, and even the sculptor being engaged to complete them. Formerly a desert at a splendid fete in a private house has cost a thousand pounds, exclusive of plate and glass.

Breakfasts among the rich consist of poultry, pies, kidneys with champagne, sausages, salads, oysters, beer and wine. They ask you to tea in the evening, yet frequently produce no such beverage; it is in fact a regular supper, wherein strong coffee and ices never fail of being introduced. All these fetes are much reduced, but when given, are still of this nature. If English persons are present, tea is called for; they imagine we cannot live without it.

The Little Bridge behind Notre Dame, is the only spot in Paris where the footpath is paved exactly in the same as the streets in London.

The houses throughout Paris are curiously

numbered—all the even numbers on one side of the way and all the odd ones on the other.

Each Frenchman consumes nearly three times as much bread as an Englishman.

The police of Paris is the admiration of all foreigners, and enables you to perambulate the streets (not the Champs Elisées) at night in safety.

The houses of many of the bankers as well as those of the nobility and persons of independent fortune are large and sumptuous, have gardens and court yards, as have also many lodging houses and some repositories of linen, stuffs, &c.

Many advertisements, besides all those to which we are accustomed, are truly ridiculous; some are on subjects of gallantry, others on loyalty, and others on the tuition of graceful deportment.

There are shops in almost every street, and in some places reside many of the same trade, as booksellers, watchmakers, goldsmiths, and upholsterers. At a house in la Rue Tonnellerie, now inhabited by one of the latter, lived Moliere, and his bust is placed against the front.

The portraits of Murat and Ney are no longer to be seen in the hall of the Marshals in the Tuileries. Those which remain, prove the state of portrait painting to be of a mediocre stamp.

The elegant Etruscan vases which ornament most houses, are filtering machines.

The people who keep horses for their carriages, &c. fill the lofts of their dwellings with hay. At the top of an elegant mansion is to be seen a projecting crane, raising loads of hay.

Mothers of all ranks suckle their children; Rousseau's Emile brought this into fashion.

Lewis XVI. introduced Spanish sheep into France, by which cloth was much improved.

Those who are styled the citizens of Paris seldom take a journey beyond Versailles or St. Germain. They think all beyond inferior and beneath notice. They have lately become very desirous of seeing London, but are alarmed at the expence, and consider that they would be ruined by the dearness of provisions.

FORMAL DESCRIPTION

OF

P A R I S,

CHIEFLY SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF
MODERN TRAVELLERS.

*References are given to those places which have been
described in the former part of this work.*

PARIS is 22 miles round, and contains about 700,000 people, including foreigners, and is divided by the river Seine, which is about a third of the width of the Thames. There are 12 mayors, each of whom exercises his authority over a district, called an Arondissement, and as it may be acceptable to persons who intend to remain but a short time, to learn what places that are worthy of attention; lie contiguous to each other, a plan of 12 divisions of the city is presented.

C C

FIRST DIVISION.

- The Palace and Gardens of the Tuileries.
 The Triumphal Arch in the Place Carrousel.
 The Palace and Gallery of the Louvre, and the Royal Library.
 The Theatre of the Vaudeville. Rue de Chartre.
 The Church of St. Roch. Rue St. Honoré.
 The Church of the Assumption. Ditto.
 Franconi's Cirque Olympique. Ditto.
 The Palace of the Garde Meuble.
 The Place Louis Quinze.
 The Pont (Bridge) de Louis Seize.
 The Champs Elisées, in which is the Palace Elisée Bourbon.
 The Carpet Manufacture and the Fire Pump in the Quay de Billy.
 Le Pont de Jena. The foundation of the Palace of the King of Rome, of which there is very little vestage.
 The Barriere de Passy and that of Neuilly, near which is the unfinished Arc de l'Etoile and its curious frame. The Church St. Philip du Roule.
 The remains of the Church de la Madeleine, intended by Buonaparte, to be finished as a Temple of Glory.
 The Place Vendome and its noble Column.
 The neat market of the Jacobins, where stood the famous Hall and Church of that sect.
 The picturesque and mechanical Theatre of Mr. Pierre. Rue Port Mahon, No. 4.

SECOND DIVISION.

- The Palais Royal.
 The Theatre Français. Rue Richelieu.

The Opera House, called L'Académie de Musique. Rue Richelieu.

The Exchange (La Bourse), unfinished, appears as if it will be very handsome, and stands in rue Filles de St. Thomas.

The Comic Opera, called Feydeau.

The Panoramas. Interesting, but very inferior to Barker's, in Leicester-square, London. Boulevard Montmartre.

The Theatre of Varieties. Ditto.

The Chinese Baths. Boulevard Italien.

The Hotel Montholon. Rue de Provence. Has a fine exterior.

THIRD DIVISION.

The Rue Mont Blanc, in which are several sumptuous houses, leads to the fine gardens of Tivoli. The Cazerne, noble barracks. The Park of Mougeau, which can be entered only by obtaining a ticket at the Duke of Orleans', in the Palais Royal. It is usually granted.

The Abattoir Montmartre is worthy a slight regard, in going to the Hill of Montmartre to view Paris and the adjacent country; and to see the remains of the fortifications constructed when the Allies advanced.

FOURTH DIVISION.

The Gate of St. Denis. The Establishment of St. Lazarus, where woman who are imprisoned for various offences, execute some fine pieces of needlework. Rue Faubourg St. Denis.

The Church of St. Laurent. Rue Faubourg St. Martin.

The Barriere de St. Martin. The Barriere de la Villette. The Basin of the Canal de l'Ourcq,

The Fountain of St. Martin. Boulevard de St. Martin.

The Gate and the Theatre of St. Martin.

The Conservatory of Arts and Trades. Rue St. Martin.

FIFTH DIVISION.

The Bank of France, near the Place des Victoires. The Halle aux Blés (for Corn).

The Church of St. Eustace. Rue Trainée.

The Fountain des Innocents should not be missed, although in the midst of a dirty market.

The Tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie. An antique relic.

The Church of St. Merry. Rue St. Martin.

SIXTH DIVISION.

The very curious (and generally clean) Cloth and Linen Market of the Temple, and the Rotunda.

The Hotel of the Ecclesiastical Court (Ministère des Cultes), formerly the Temple.

The Theatre l'Ambigu Comique. Boulevard du Temple.

The Theatre de la Gaïeté. Ditto.

The Café Apollon, where there is a theatre which may be entered gratis. Ditto.

The Garden of Princes. Ditto.

The Garden of Turks. Ditto.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

- The Royal Printing Office. Vieille Rue du Temple.
- The Hotel de Soubise. Rue de Paradis.
- The Mont de Piété. Ditto.
- The Place Royale.
- The Hotel Beaumarchais. Boulevard St. Antoine. The garden small, but very curious.
- The Hospital for the Blind. (Quinze Vingts). No. 18, Rue de Charenton.
- The House of Orphans. No. 124, Rue Faubourg St. Antoine.
- The Hospital of St. Antoine, Nos. 206 and 208, ditto, may be overlooked if time presses.
- The Manufacture of Mirrors. Rue de Reuilly.
- The Barriere du Trone and Vincennes.
- The Grand Cemetery of Pere Lachaise, near the Barriere d'Aunay.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

- The Model of the Elephant (intended as a fountain). Place St. Antoine.
- The Church of St. Paul. Rue St. Antoine.
- Lyceum of Charlemagne. Ditto:
- The Pont Notre Dame.
- The Cathedral of Notre Dame.
- The Archiepiscopal Palace.
- The Hotel Dieu, an immense Hospital for the Sick, and altogether an excellent establishment, though of no striking appearance on the exterior.

NINTH DIVISION.

The Hotel de Ville (the Town Hall) in the Place de Greve, celebrated for executions.

The Church of St. Gervais. Rue du Mouçeau.

The Arsenal and its Library. Quay des Celestins.

The Foundation of a General Granary. Ditto.

The Park and Chateau of Bercy. Enquire at the principal coffee houses or reading rooms, if tickets are any longer necessary to enter it. It is, however, extremely inferior to the Park of Mouçeau.

TENTH DIVISION.

The Poultry Market and Didot's Steriotypes. Rue Pont de Lodi.

The Hotel des Monnaies (the Mint) and its Museum of Minerals, near the Pont Neuf.

The Palace of Arts, the Library of the Institute, the Mazarin Library, and the Exhibition of Pictures and of Architectural Plans and Drawings, within the Palace, opposite the Pont des Arts.

Hotel Denon, Quai Voltaire. Filled with curiosities, pictures, and drawings. Private introduction is required.

The Church of St. Germain de Prés. Rue St. Germain.

The Museum of Monuments and its beautiful Garden. Rue des Petits Augustins.

The Fountain of Grenelle.

The Hospital de la Charité, near the Quay Voltaire.

The Palace of the Légion of Honor. Rue de Lille, and on the Banks of the Seine.

The Palace Bourbon, or Le Corps Legislatif.

The Hotel des Invalides. The Military School in the Champ de Mars.

The Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, near Rue du Bac.

ELEVENTH DIVISION.

The Palace of Justice, the Prison of the Conciergerie, and the Holy Chapel, near the Pont au Change.

The remains of the Palace of Thermæ. Rue de la Harpe.

The Sorbonne and its Church.

The School of Medicine. Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine.

The Theatre of the Odeon, near the Luxembourg.

The Palace of the Luxembourg.

The Church of St. Sulpice, near Ditto.

TWELFTH DIVISION.

The Church of St. Severin. Rue de St. Severin.

Cabinet of Natural History. Rue du Paon, Rue St. Victor.

The Halle aux Veaux (Calf Market). Quay des Miramiones.

The Halle aux Vins (Wines). Quay St. Bernard.

The Bridge of Austerlitz.

The Garden of Plants and the Museum of Natural History near the Bridge.

The Hospital Salpêtrière, near the Garden of Plants.

The Royal Manufacture of the Gobelins. Rue Mouffetard.

The Observatory. Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques, No. 26.

The Catacombs, near the Barrière St. Jacques.

The Maternity, or Foundling Hospital. Rue de la Bourbe.

The Military Hospital, and Church of Val de Grace. Rue Faubourg St. Jacques.

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Ditto.

The Pantheon, or New St. Genevieve, and its Library. Ditto.

The Church of St. Etienne du Mont (the ancient St. Genevieve). Ditto.

The Lyceum Napoleon. Interesting, as being the ancient Abbey of St. Genevieve.

The Royal Lyceum. Rue St. Jacques, No. 123.

PALACES AND SPLENDID HOTELS.

[For the situations of all Buildings vide Divisions from page 292 to 296.]

The Tuileries (vide page 48 and 61) consists, in front, of five pavilions and four ranges of buildings that connect them. The Corinthian, Ionic, and Composite columns are of brown and red marble. In niches by the side of the principal entrance, are Apollo and a Faun.—On the side towards the garden, are three pavilions. The figures that decorate the vestibule, are Mars and Minerva.—The garden is the work of Lenotre. The apart-

ments are most sumptuously furnished, and when the King rides out, which, if he be in health, occurs at four o'clock, on application to the domestics, a foreigner can generally gain admittance. Three francs is a sufficient fee.

The Louvre (vide page 49 and 60) on its ancient side, facing the Tuileries, is composed of three projecting buildings, ornamented with some good sculpture; Minerva, Plenty, and two Genii to the left, are by Gougeon. To the right, are Peace, Victory, Fame, and History writing the name of Napoleon. Between the pilasters are Egyptian divinities, and Numa, Moses, and a representation of various events in the reign of Napoleon. On the colonade side of the building, is Victory distributing crowns. The Muses with Minerva and Cupid, are on each side. Over the door of the Northern front, is the Genius of the Government receiving homage of the provinces; farther on, is Mercury, and in an opposite direction, are several warriors.

The Southern facade represents Minerva with the Arts and Sciences. The interior court is still incomplete; it presents an immense number of emblematical and other figures. Among them are four colossal statues of slaves, and in a niche the beautiful Jupiter Hermes, from Versailles. The vestibule of the pavilion, where the clock is placed, is greatly admired. The gallery, the length and splendor of which excites the astonishment of every beholder, may always be seen by foreigners, as may the no less sumptuous halls in the lower part of the building. No vails are expected,

In the gallery are above 1000 pictures, of the principal of which a catalogue is given (vide page 213 to 233.)

The Luxembourg.—This palace is fully described, page 236 to 240.

The *Sittings of the Peers* here take place, and a ticket of entrance may be procured by respectable persons, on application to any one of them; and sometimes through the principal attendants.

The Palace Bourbon, or Corps Legislatif, (vide page 50,) was built in 1722, by Girardini, and does honor to his taste. It is at the foot of the Pont Louis Seize, and faces the Place Louis Quinze. The colonade of its admirable portico, is Corinthian. Sully, Colbert, l'Hopital, and d'Aguesseau grace its sides. At the bottom of a flight of steps, are Minerva and the Genius of France. Towards the Place Bourbon, a triumphal arch leads into a court, at the sides of which the building is relieved by a colonade.

The Commons hold their sittings in a fine hall, and entrance is effected without a ticket. The hall is the half of an oval, and contains the statues of Lycurgus, Solon, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero. History and Fame are under the President's chair. The dress of the Deputies resembles a footman's livery; it is a blue coat, and the collar and cuffs are studded with silver stars. This may *sound* magnificent, but is far from appearing so. They have cocked hats trimmed with feathers, that form a mere fringe. There are some handsome rooms which may also be viewed, and a few good pictures will be found in them.

Palais Royal (vide page 55) built by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1636. Ann of Austria afterwards

inhabited it, and the Duke of Orleans ultimately became the proprietor. On the side of the rue St. Honoré are two pavilions, with columns of the Doric and Ionic orders; and the present Duke of Orleans retains apartments at this end. The Exchange is temporarily held on the opposite side.

Palace of Justice and Judicature (vide page 101).—There are five tribunals of justice.

1st. The Court of Cassation (held in a very fine hall), to which persons may appeal from the decision of any of the others. It consists of a President and fifty Members, and is an expensive court. A Procureur General attends it, besides six Attorneys General.

2d. The Royal Tribunal. Appeal is made to this Court from those of the Civil and Commercial. There are four Sections, of five Members each, and a President, a Clerk, and an Attorney General.

3d. The Criminal Court.

4th. The Civil Court.

5th. The Commercial Court. Held in the cloisters of St. Merry. Rue St Martin.

There are besides, twelve Justices of the Peace, who receive salaries from Government, to whom persons must apply before they submit their causes to the Civil Court. These Justices decide minor causes, and order imprisonment for a short duration of time.

The Department of the Seine is governed by a Prefect, whose office is at the Town Hall, and the city is under the direction of twelve Mayors.

Crimes punished by death, are

High treason, murder, coining, and setting fire to a dwelling.

For forgery, robbing on the high-way, and burglary, persons are condemned to the galleys for twenty-four years, where they labour in chains at the oar, dig, &c.

For minor thefts, assaults, and other offences, imprisonment from three months to twelve years is the punishment.

Trials take place before Juries.

Palace of the Fine Arts (sometimes styled Palais des Quatres Nations).—This building, which is on a semi-circular plan, has a small dome and two pavilions. The far-famed Institute, now the Royal Academy, holds its sittings in this palace, in a hall that contains the busts of Fontaine, Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boesuet, Aguesseau, Rollin, Sully, Molé, l'Hopital, Pascal, Descartes, Fénelon, and Montesquieu.—The Libraries of the Institute and of Cardinal Mazarin, as well as Schools of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, are within the spacious courts, and some fine models of Palmyra, the Parthenon, &c. in their supposed original state, may be seen on enquiry. The ingenious Mr. Casas, of the Gobelins, formed them at his own expence.

Palace Elisée-Bourbon, is one of the most elegant; its architecture is chaste, its furniture in fine taste; and its garden retired and agreeable. It requires some interest to obtain entrance.

Hotel des Monnaies (the Mint, vide page 104.)

Hotel du Garde Meuble (the Wardrobe), forms one side of the unique square Louis Quinze, and is divided by the rue Royale. It is relieved by galleries and Corinthian pillars, and is surmounted by balustrades. After the Louvre, it has the most

magnificent front of any of the palaces. Many of its treasures were destroyed and stolen ; some were transferred to the Royal Library ; but there remain the battles of Scipio, the hunting pieces by Oudry, the history of Don Quixote, the armour of Francis I. the fine hangings, and a few other curiosities. It is entered at any time, by application at the place.

Palais de la Legion d'Honneur, formerly the residence of the Prince de Salm, and now filled with military, is one of the greatest ornaments of the river. The entrance is by a triumphal arch and a colonade of the Ionic order, with two lodges. At the end of a court yard stands the principal front, which consists of a fine portico (Corinthian) and on each side a colonade (Ionic). A grand saloon, in the form of a rotunda, has a cupola richly painted. The side towards the Seine is particularly light and tasteful.

Hotel de Ville, (Town Hall, vide page 101.)

The Temple, or Hotel du Ministère des Cultes (Ecclesiastical Court). Little more than the wall of this modern building can be seen in the street. The entrance is ornamented with pillars, and within a large court is a plain but handsome mansion. There are but small remains of that of the Knights Templars, where Lewis XVI. and his family were confined. The garden is still preserved.

The Arsenal.—Of this there is little more than the library and the apartments of the Governor.

The Observatory.—There is neither wood nor iron in the construction of this curious piece of architecture, which is vaulted throughout. Its

form is rectangular, and although a small building, it has an air of grandeur; Perrault was the architect. A meridional line runs through the great hall, and there is a circular universal chart upon the pavement of one of the large chambers. The traveller should particularly notice a geometrical staircase, which leaves a vacuity, 170 feet deep, at the bottom of which the heavenly bodies are visible at noon. A whispering chamber and subterranean cavities, in one of which, water petrifies in filtering through the rock above, complete the curiosities.

The Churches.—All that merit notice are described from page 92, to page 101.

Antiquities.—(Vide page 82, to page 106.)

CHARITIES AND HOSPITALS.

Hotel des Invalides.—(Vide page 102.)

Hotel Dieu, for Sick Persons.—Near the entrance are two monuments to the memory of Desault and Bichat.

Hopital de la Charité accommodates 230 men, who are attacked with acute diseases. Mary de Medici was its foundress, in 1602. A clinical school is here established. The baths are ingeniously disposed.

Hopital St. Antoine.

Hopital Neckar. Rue de Sévres, No. 5, owes its formation to the beneficent Madame Neckar, and makes up 128 beds for the sick.

Hopital Cochin. Rue Faubourg St. Jacques, No. 45.—Mr. Cochin, a curate, sold his furniture and his library to endow this place. Ninety-eight persons are received.

Hopital St. Louis, founded by Henry IV. for those afflicted with the scurvy.—This is an immense establishment. Four thousand patients are annually received, and many are attended at their own lodgings.

Hopital des Enfants Malades. Rue de Sévres, for 200 sick children.

Hopital des Enfants Trouvés (the Foundling).—The first floor is occupied by the Infirmary and by Cribs. There are 150 iron cradles, with linen of a dazzling whiteness, and immense magazines of cloaths and linen. The children annually offered and received are from 5 to 6000; during the revolution, the numbers greatly diminished. The chapel, of a noble simplicity, has a fine statue of the founder, St. Vincent de Paul, by Stouf.—Another part of the building is for Lying-in women. It is altogether admirably regulated.

Establishment for Maid Servants and Wet Nurses. Rue St. Appoline, rue St. Denis.—In this singular institution are to be found a number of nurses who can be depended upon, and to whom their salaries are guaranteed. They have each a bed placed between two cradles. One for the élève and the other for their own child.

Hospital for Vaccination. Rue du Battoir, No. 1.

The Bicetre is the most curious of all the charitable establishments. It is situated about two miles from Paris, on the road to Fontainebleau.—It has the appearance of a fortified town at some distance, and deserves much attention. Its vast extent, its dedication to the three objects, viz. the maintenance of decayed old men, of persons in

every stage of insanity, and of a large number of prisoners; its kitchens, and culinary vessels and preparations, cleanly as a drawing room; its lingerie (linen warehouse) wherein the linen is arranged in a curious manner, and ornamented with flowers, its well, 207 feet deep and 15 in diameter, which is made to supply an immense reservoir by the exertions of men who turn a machine with ease; its galleries filled with men occupied in various trades, and its cleanly well-aired Infirmary, are interesting objects.

The Salpêtrière, a similar institution for women, also worthy of examination.

Hospice de Ménages; of Economists, Rue de la Chaise; and the Maison de St. Perrine, grande Rue de Chaillot, are establishments much wanted in London. They are assigned to respectable persons in old age, who have acquired a right to enter, by a trifling annual subscription, or by a sum deposited. They are here rendered comfortable, have good beds and separate rooms. The latter institution is particularly interesting, when explained by the steward.

Hospice des Orphelins, Rue St. Antoine, No. 124.—Orphans who receive instruction of various descriptions to serve as apprentices.

Maison de Montrouge, Barrière de L'Enfer,—Receives gratuitously, aged persons who have been attendants in hospitals, and 129 reduced persons, who pay about £8. per annum.

Hospice des Quinze Vingts Aveugles.—St. Lewis founded this hospital for 300 blind persons, in 1260. There are now 420. The fame of this establishment has long been spread throughout

Europe. Many of its members were formerly guides to strangers in Paris, and the junior part performed plays daily at a theatre in the Rue St. Denis. Mr. Hany, with benevolent zeal, rested not until he had rendered this institution perfect of its kind. The blind are now made to excel in useful and delicate works, and there are days on which they display them in a peculiar manner, and a performance takes place before a crowded assembly, of the most interesting nature. Music, singing, and sometimes a drama composed by Avisse, one of their companions, who is deceased, gratifies the company. These public days may be known by applying at the hospital. There is a library for the use of the blind students.

Société Martenelle, Rue des Saussaies, for lying-in-women.—One thousand ladies in France, subscribed 500 francs for its support.

Maison d'Orphelines, Rue Barbette, No. 2, for 100 orphan daughters of soldiers.

Hopital Militaire du Val de Grace, (vide page 96.)

Hopital Beaujon. Rue Faubourg St. Roule, No. 54.—The architecture of this hospital is much admired. It was built by the financier Beaujon, in 1784.

Maison de Santé. Rue Faubourg St. Martin.—This is a house where invalids are received for twelve or eighteen shillings per week, and are treated accordingly. There are many houses near Paris, where patients are received at one, two, or three pounds per week, and where they receive every proper attention. Some are the residences of physicians.

Institution des Sourds et Muets. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The Abbé de L'Epée, founded this truly gratifying establishment; and the Abbé Sicard has contributed greatly to its present degree of excellence, by his admirable lectures and instruction. The pupils read, write, and are even brought to understand intricate rules of grammar, mathematics and metaphysics. One hundred and twenty children are received, and there are few objects in Paris that better repay attention than an examination of their progress. Every Thursday, from eleven to one o'clock, this school is open to the public; and by making a request in writing, admittance may be gained on any day. The Abbé's lectures occur frequently, and by timely notice to the porter, strangers will find seats reserved for them.

MUSEUMS.

Museum of Natural History and the Garden of Plants (vide 66 to 76)

Museum of Mineralogy at the Mint (vide page 104) chiefly collected by the celebrated chemist M. Sage, to which he dedicated 43 years. His bust is placed on the stair-case. Perfect as is the collection of minerals, and valuable are most of the additions, the few drawings that are suspended on the walls, disgrace them.

Museum of Monuments (vide page 82 to 90.)

Conservatory of Arts and Trades (vide page 78 to 81.)

Cabinet of Natural History, Rue de Paon.—

A very fine private collection. The agates, cornelians and jaspers, are particularly beautiful, and many of the shells rare. There are also some statues, medallions, vases, and other antique pieces. One franc is the admission.

A collection of paintings of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries may be seen by a written application to the gentleman who possesses them at No. 17, Rue de Lille.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Institute or Royal Academy (vide pages 257, and 300) is divided into four classes.—1st, A Society that corresponds with 100 foreign literary institutions and savans (learned men.)—2d, Society for French literature.—3d, Society for history and ancient literature.—4th, Society of artists. Philosophy and literature in general are under high obligations to this eminent establishment, which is composed of distinguished characters of every civilized nation, and the corresponding society embraces chemistry, mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, morals and politics. The Academy consists of 144 members in Paris, 125 in the provinces, 24 foreigners, three librarians, and five secretaries. The artists travel to Rome, where the French have an academy, of which Mr. Le Thiére is the president. The distribution of prizes in Paris from each society is a very impressive ceremony, held quarterly. Persons introduced by any one of the smallest literary or scientific knowledge may be present at all the sittings.

Bureau des Longitudes. Society of Astronomers and Navigators, at the Observatory.

Athenæum of Arts (at the Oratory, Rue St. Honoré.) This society is occupied in literature and political economy on Tuesday; the fine arts on Wednesday; and the mathematics and natural philosophy on Thursday. A very high reputation is attached to this Institution, and the presentation of medals and crowns is numerously attended, and with facility.

The Athenæum of Paris near the Palais Royal. La Harpe here first read his admired lectures on general literature; and eminent men of science eagerly attached themselves to this institution; the subscription to which, is four guineas annually, for which lectures and concerts are given.

A valuable library and fine cabinets of mineralogy, chemistry, and natural history are provided, and handsome apartments for company, with newspapers and French and foreign journals.

Athenæum of Strangers. Rue du Hazard Richelieu, No. 14.

Sixty francs per annum, or a louis for three months, introduce the stranger to lectures in several languages, on every literary and scientific subject, by the most eminent professors. Original works are read by the authors and commented upon. Concerts are given, and in the winter, three balls monthly. Periodical publications of all kinds, French and foreign. It is an establishment that is truly fascinating and valuable.

Society for the encouragement of industry. Rue du Bac.

A Galvanic and Philotecnic Society at the Oration.

In addition to these there are about twenty minor societies for the promotion of the Arts and Sciences. A list of them will be found at the Reading Rooms. One of these bodies has this singular name—Society of Observers of Men.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

The University consists of five colleges, viz. theology, law, medicine, mathematics and belles lettres. That of medicine is the only one particularly striking, as a building. It is truly elegant; was begun by Lewis XV. and completed by his successor, after Goudouin. A perystile of the Ionic order (antique) with a quadruple range of columns, supports the library, and a fine cabinet of anatomy. Above the perystile is a bas relief, 31 feet long. The government is accompanied by Minerva and Generosity, and offers the plan of the surgical school to Hygeia, followed by Prudence and Vigilance. Over the Amphitheatre are Theory and Practice joining hands over an altar. Between columns are medallions of Petit, Maréchal, Pitard, Lapeyronie, and Paré. The Amphitheatre holds 1200 people. The paintings in the interior are by Gribelin. Cuvier is the principal professor and is the most fascinating lecturer in Paris. There are lesser establishments of the same kind. One of them (Rue de la Bucherie) bears the date 1472, and the Amphitheatre is still standing, sup-

ported by eight doric pillars, terminating with a cupola.

School of Pharmacy (Rue d'Arbalet, Rue Mouffetard.) Foreigners are admitted as members, and there is a public and gratuitous course of chemistry, pharmacy, botany, and natural history. There is also a botanical garden open daily.

Military School, Champs de Mars, (vide page 105). In the council chamber are pictures representing the battles of Laufelt and Fontenoy, and the sieges of Tournay, Fribourg, Menin, Ypres, and Furnes. The two pediments painted in fresco by Gribelin, are extremely well executed. An hydraulic machine conveys every hour forty hogsheads of water, which is distributed throughout the building.

The Polytechnic School, near St. Genevieve, is for the reception of scholars who have distinguished themselves in other establishments. The masters are of the first eminence. There are 300 pupils, who study three years, and who receive 200 francs per annum. An excellent philosophical and chemical apparatus, and a select library are provided for them. Lewis XVIII. it is said, intends changing the name of this school. A hall, containing plans, machines, and models, is worthy of attention.

Veterinary School.

There is a valuable cabinet of natural history, and of compared anatomy. Veterinary professors deliver lectures, and every department in France sends three pupils, and each regiment of cavalry one. They are boarded by Government.

Royal College of France, Place Cambray, No. 1.

Francis I. was the founder. Several languages and sciences are here taught gratuitously.

School of Oriental Languages, Rue Richelieu. The Persic, Arabic, Turkish, and the language of Crimean Tartary are taught.

School of roads and bridges with models, Rue de l'Université, No. 120. A fine building from the antique.

School of Mosaic Work. Rue de l'Ecole de Medecine.

School of Ichnography, at the Museum of Natural History. Jardin des plants.

School of Botany, ditto.

School of Drawing. Rue de l'Ecole de Medecine, No. 20. No less than 1500 pupils learn practical geometry, perspective, figures, animals, flowers, ornaments, &c.

Conservatory of Music (vide page 202.) Rue Bergere, No. 2. Four hundred pupils are initiated in the art of music, on which there are public lectures, and the distribution of prizes is preceded by a concert, of which there are many annually, attended by the first company. They afford a high treat.

There are many public schools and lyceums, and upon the whole, there is a greater mass of instruction and of variety of knowledge diffused in Paris, than in any other city that the world contains; but for magnificence in the exterior of these seminaries, there is nothing comparable in any degree with Oxford and Cambridge. In the essential point, the acquirement of the Arts and Sciences, scholars have, generally speaking, far greater advantages in Paris, particularly with regard to discipline.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

(OPEN FROM TEN TILL TWO.)

The Royal Library, at the Louvre. (Vide page 261.)

The Mazarin Library, Palais des Beaux Arts, founded by the Cardinal in 1661, contains above 90,000 volumes, collected by the celebrated Gabriel Naudet. Open from ten till two daily; Thursday and Sunday excepted. There is a good statue of Voltaire.

Library of the Royal Academy, ditto. Open on Tuesday and Thursday.

Library of the Pantheon.—The ancient abbey of St. Genevieve. Rue Clovis. Eighty thousand volumes. Its cupola painted by Restaut, the busts by Coysevox, and a plan of Rome in relief, are interesting objects.

The City Library, Rue de Sully, is rich in volumes on botany, with beautiful drawings.

The Library of the Arsenal, is possessed of a large stock of novels, Cabalistic and Italian works. It contains 75,000 books, and 6000 MSS. Some of the missals are particularly brilliant. The apartment of the great Sully, where Henry IV. used to consult him, is here shewn with its original furniture. The building was erected in 1584.

MANUFACTURES.

The gobelin tapestry, Rue Mouffetard, so named from Gobelin, a dyer, in 1450, and organized by Colbert. Considering the manner in which the tapestry is manufactured, and that persons chiefly employed are common artisans, it is astonishing what effects are produced. A singularity that much strikes the visitor, is the closeness of these copies to the originals, although the effect is not within the view of the workman, who sits behind, and thus executes his pictures. Some parts are entrusted to children. The antient tapestry was generally offensive to good taste, but in the present there is a great improvement.

It is still exceedingly inferior to the performance of Miss Linwood. There are generally some fine pieces here to be seen, from which copies are begun. One of the most interesting modern historical pictures was in the hall, by Megassé, and another by Vien, full of force and expression; a third by Regnault, that wanted breadth, but was otherwise well painted; and a fourth by Vincent, tolerable in some respects, but gaudy. They may still remain, together with good portraits of Lewis XVI. and a picture of figures representing Africa and America, surrounded by the arms, initials, and other emblems of Napoleon. Mr. Casas, the superintendant has made many fine drawings in Greece and Palestine, but these are not publicly exhibited. The manufacture is open daily, from ten till one.

Manufacture of plate glass. Rue de Reuilly, No. 24. Eight hundred workmen are here occupied in completing the immense mirrors that are formed at St. Gobin and Cherbourg. Some are 112 inches high, and cost 6000 francs.

Manufacture of carpets. A procedure similar to the Gobelins, except that the workman has here the advantage of seeing the effect of his performance as he proceeds.

Royal Printing Office. In these immense chambers are shewn the characters of all the dead and living languages.

Didot's Stereotypes. Rue du Port de Lodi. Grands Augustins. This renowned printer executed the fine work of Racine, one copy of which sold for nearly 30,000 francs.

Manufacture of Porcelaine, by Messrs. Guyardt and Dilt, Rue du Temple, No. 137. In this fine collection, will be found porcelaine, the colours of which are imperishable by fire.

Manufacture of printed Porcelaine, Rue du Cadranbleu, No. 9.

Manufacture of painted Paper.—The French excel greatly in this art, and the best specimens may here be viewed. Above 200 workmen are employed.

THEATRES.

(Vide from page 153, to page 204.) To those already mentioned, the newly-formed Theatre of Mr. Compté, Rue Grenelle, should be added; as his feats of Legerdemain, which are in the highest

estimation, and have been performed before the Court, cannot be surpassed.

HALLS AND MARKETS.

Halle aux Blés, (Corn Hall), Rue de Viarmes. The construction of this hall attracts the attention of strangers. It is circular, and its cupola, covered with copper, is particularly admired.

Halle aux Draps, (Cloth Hall), Rue de la Poterie, is large and well built.

Halles aux Vins, (Wine Halls), Quay St. Bernard, consists of fourteen, and altogether form immense and handsome magazines.

The Flower Market, (Quay Desaix) is gay and well supplied on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Poultry Market, (Quay des Augustins.) (Vide page 64.)

The Linen Market, at the Temple, is one of the most singular objects in Paris. A vast space is covered with sloping roofs so lofty and extensive, that you would imagine the place built for an assembly of giants. These roofs are supported on piles of wood that appear like an enormous well-constructed scaffold. It is said there are 1800 stalls of linen, cloth, rags, and hard ware. It is generally clean, and the articles are arranged in the nicest order. A rotunda, with a piazza, that stands contiguous, has a good effect.

At the large Market of Innocents, Rue St. Denis, the women sit under umbrellas, which

they hire, and which are as large as the ceiling of a small room.

The Abattoirs at the out-skirts of the city are very neatly constructed, and though used as slaughter houses, to prevent cattle from entering Paris, they are frequently so clean as to appear intended for superior purposes.

SQUARES.

There is but one Square, that which is styled Place Royale, that resembles those in London, and this is very inferior to the greater part of them.

The Place Vendome is circular and is far more elegant. In the centre is a column in imitation of that of Trajan at Rome, covered with brass from the Artillery taken from the Austrians. Figures representing the transactions of the campaigns with Austria, and well executed, wind up to the top, on which the statue of Napoleon once stood.

Place Louis Quinze. Vide page 49 and 50.

Place de Gréve, facing the Town Hall, has been the theatre of some of the most sanguine scenes in Paris: The guillotine is still exercised in this place when persons are condemned to die.

Place Beauveau, in the shape of a horse-shoe, is opposite the charming avenue of Marigny.

PRISONS.

The Prison of La Force, near Rue St. Antoine, is large, and the entrance considered a

good specimen of architecture. They have an infirmary, a store house, and reflectors kept burning all night.

The Conciergerie (vide page 102,) is chiefly under the Palace of Justice; and in the time of the Republic, its dungeons received some of the most exalted characters in France. Among them, Marie Antoinette, Malherbes, and Lavoisier.

The Abbaye, Rue St. Marguerite, has witnessed the most atrocious acts of the Revolution.

FOUNTAINS.

Fountain of the Innocents, in the market of that name, consists of a large square basin, raised on several steps, and under a kind of temple; it is truly elegant, and merits a place in the courtyard of a palace.

Fountain de Grenelle, Rue de Grenelle, is admired for the justness of its proportions and the precision of its details; is ornamented with three statues, and is throughout the work of the renowned Bouchardon, in 1789.

Fountain du Chatelet in the square of that name. A column surmounted by Victory, and surrounded by Justice, Vigilance, Fortitude, and Prudence, (specimens of good sculpture) stands in the midst of a basin.

Fountain de l'Ecole de Medecine, in the street of that name is singular, being a grotto with four doric pillars.

Fountain of La Rue de l'Echelle. An elegant

little monument that reminds us of the obelisks which were the taste of the ancients.

Fountain of St. Martin, Boulevard St. Martin. This noble erection is guarded by two figures of lions that emit water from their mouths, and it descends from one basin to another in a more massy quantity than in most of the other fountains; consequently it is the most picturesque.

Fountain of the Elephant, Boulevard St. Antoine, is on the spot where the Bastile stood. There is as yet but the model of this grand work of Buonaparte, which is sufficient to shew its stupendous design. The bronze elephant of 72 feet in height is to have a tower on his back, and is to void the water through his trunk. The colossal dimensions of this animal may be judged from the stair-case to the tower that is contained in one of its legs.

Almost every fountain in Paris merits some regard from the lightness, the fancy, and the grace with which it is designed and executed; the remainder of note are

The Fountain St. Michael, Rue de la Harpe.

Fountain St. Eustace, near the Market of the Innocents.

Fountain of the Military Hospital of Gros Caillou.

Fountain of St. Sulpice, near the Church.

Fountain of the Rue Vaugirard.

Fountain de Popincourt.

Fountain de Notre Dame, &c.

Factitious mineral waters. Rue St. Lazare, No. 384, in imitation of all mineral waters.

CEMETERIES.

The Parisians have adopted the wise method of burying their dead beyond the barriers of the city. There are four extensive enclosures for this purpose: that of Pere Lachaise near the Barriere d'Aulnay, is the only one worthy of observation.

The Catacombs.—Beyond the barrier of St. Jacques, these curious receptacles for the dead are to be found. By eighty steps you descend to these excavations, which undermine great part of Paris, and are formed into long and narrow passages, with numerous cavities at the sides, extending, it is said, for two miles and a half. The Parisians, finding the Cemeteries become too crowded, transported the bones of their ancestors to this place, where the skulls and others remains, perfectly cleansed, are ranged in a manner that may almost be styled ornamental; and appropriate inscriptions, altars in antique forms, and the sombre hue of the deep caverns, render this a most awful spectacle. The number of skulls is 2,400,000, and there is a cabinet of the bones of persons who have met with accidents which have injured them. In fine weather there is generally a party between the hours of one and two daily, who visit the Catacombs, and if you descend with them, half a franc is the sum expected from each.

PARKS, GARDENS, AND PUBLIC WALKS.

The Champs Elysées (Elysian Fields) are planted

with lofty trees in rows a mile long, and half a mile broad. They form shady and agreeable walks, which are checkered by a few private houses and public gardens, scattered on each side of the principal avenues.

Boulevards (vide page 51 to 55.)

Bois de Boulogne at the end of the Champs Elysées (a wood.) This is the spot where the fashionable equestrians appear daily. It has been much injured by the English and Belgic troops.

Bois de Vincennes, at the extremity of the Faubourg St. Antoine, consists of fine walks which are little frequented.

Prés St. Gervais, near the Barrière du Temple, are pleasant fields, where the lower classes assemble to walk and to drink lemonade, &c. at the various gardens on Sunday.

The Park of Mouceaux, Rue de Mantou, is one of the most agreeable in France, being laid out with much taste, and devoid of formality.

Tivoli, Rue de Clichy, 19, is the Vauxhall of Paris; is superior as a garden, during the day, and very inferior by night in point of decoration. It is rendered attractive on gala days, by men learned in legerdemain, by grimaciers, as well as by musicians and singers. In solitary and gloomy walks, are grave and pompous fortune-tellers in the Persian or Turkish dresses, who whisper all kinds of charming predictions to those who are fond of being deluded. The fire-works are excellent. The admission by day is one franc, by night, three francs.

Hameau de Chantilly is a pleasant garden in the Champs Elysées; the admission is 24 sols (one

shilling) for which dancing and refreshments, and sometimes a concert, are given.

Jardin Marboeuf, Champs Elyzées, is an English garden, lively and picturesque.

La Muette, near the Bois de Boulogne; Le Jardin de Biron, Rue de Varennes Faubourg St. Germain, and Jardin de l'Arsenal, are interesting, and possess each a peculiar character of beauty; the Jardin de Biron is frequented by the most elegant of the Parisians.

Jardin des Turcs, Boulevard du Temple, is a collection of splendid temples and walks, illuminated at night, and affording pleasant accommodation for breakfasts.

Jardin des Princes is contiguous, and though somewhat less sumptuous is not less frequented.—Strangers seldom fail to visit these gardens, but they are more attended by the upper ranks of the middle classes of Parisians than by the people of fashion, who express great contempt for the beautiful Boulevard of the Temple, and for all the fine objects it contains.

CAFÉS (Coffee Houses.)

Café de Milles Colonnes (of 1000 columns) vide page 57.

Café d'Apollon (of Apollo) is fitted up as a theatre, and the performances are gratuitous. Persons are expected to take a cup of coffee. The pieces represented are in one act, and introduce singing and music. Travellers, even of the first rank, generally make a point of viewing this singular place.

Café Zoppi, Rue St. Germain des Prés, where there is a sumptuous reading room, a good library and journals, which are examined at a trifling expence.

Café de Foi, and Café de Pais. Palais Royal.

Café des Etrangers, ditto, where there is frequently good music and singing.

Café Valois, ditto, where blind persons perform concerts in a good style.

Café de Londres, Rue Jacob, facing Rue St. Benoit, near Palais des Arts.—The mistress is an Englishwoman, and most obligingly answers questions. Breakfasts are reasonable here.

Miss Dixon's Coffee House, Boulevard Italien, where every accommodation for sleeping, &c. may be found with all the advantages of the above, except low charges.

BARRIERS AND TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

The Gate of St. Denis.—Boulevard St. Denis, built by Lewis XIV. in commemoration of his victories, is superb and carefully finished, and is a perfect square. Pyramids in bas relief, with colossal figures of Holland and the Rhine, the taking of Maestricht and the passage of the Rhine at Tolhuys, and two lions, are its chief ornaments. The Gate of St. Martin, Boulevard St. Martin, less elegant in form, is considered little inferior to that of Severus at Rome, which it resembles. The taking of Basançon and of Limbourg, the rupture of the triple alliance, and the defeat of the Ger-

mans, by Lewis XIV. as Hercules, are the events here recorded in bas relief.

Barrier of the Throne, or of Vincennes, is the most majestic of all the tasteful buildings that bear this name, and surround the city. It presents two lodges of an elegant structure, and in the centre are two doric columns, each 75 feet high, placed on a square building, which serves for a pedestal. This imposing entrance to Paris is as singular in its appearance as it is noble.

Barrier of St. Martin is also original in its construction, and consists of four pavilions and a circular gallery composed of forty pillars, supporting cornices, and the edifice has also a cornice of the doric order at the first floor.

The Barriers of Fontainebleau, Chaillot, Neuilly, and Passy, are very striking; and there are about 20 others that engage the attention of the passenger. The whole number of them is 56; no two of which are alike.

EXHIBITIONS AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

The Panoramas, Boulevard Montmartre, scarcely merit attention, so great is their inferiority to those of Barker in Leicester Square, London.—Admittance to each two francs 30 cents.

The Pantheon of the Muses, Rue Nicaise, No 12. Balls twice a week fashionably attended.

Olympic Society.—Concerts weekly in spring, and at other times.

Ombres Chinoises (Chinese Shades) Palais Royal No. 121, are ingenious; the motion of

human beings and of animals in general, are well described.

Panstéréorama, Boulevard d'Autin. Cities in relief are here represented with accuracy.

Phantasmagoria, Rue des Capucins. The invisible girl, a ventriloquist, and the music of the harmonica contribute to the amusements.

Cosmorama, Palais Royal, No. 23.—Scenes and curious monuments in relief.

Exposition en relief, Cour des Fontaines, No. 1. The Lake of Geneva, the Ferney of Voltaire, &c. finely executed.

Bal à l'Opéra, held only during the Carnival.

Bal de Prado, at the ancient theatre of the city.

Winter Tivoli, Rue de Grenelle, St. Honoré, No. 43.

Ball of the Athenæum, Rue d'Antin, No. 10.

The **Bastringues** and **Guingettes**, gardens for the lower classes, surround Paris, and are crowded with company on Sundays.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

The National Bank is a handsome, but plain, building near the Place des Victoires; it has established houses in various towns, for discounting.

The discounting days in Paris are Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and the discount is four per cent.—Those who desire to keep a running account, write to the governor, with a certificate signed by three well known persons.

PRINCIPAL BANKERS.

Perregaux, Lafitte, and Co. 9, Rue Mont Blanc.
 Périer, Frères, 27, Rue Neuve du Luxembourg.
 Henri Spréafico, 21, Rue Poinsonnière.
 Tourton, Ravel, and Co. 2, Rue St. Georges.

PRINCIPAL PHYSICIANS.

Le Baron Corsivart, 87, Rue de Dominique, St Germain.
 Le Baron Des Gennettes, 8, Rue Tournon.
 Le Baron Dubois (man midwife) 1, Rue de l'Observance.
 Le Chevalier Hallé, 10, Rue Pierre Sarazin.
 Le Chevalier Keraudren, 1, Rue de la Place Louis le Grand.
 Le Chevalier Pinel, at the Saltpetrière.
 Dr. Montaigne.
 Dr. De la Sarthe. L'Ecole de Medicine.

PRINCIPAL SURGEONS.

Boyer, } Their addresses may be learnt at
 Richeraut, } any chemists.

PRINCIPAL APOTHECARIES.

Cadet de Gassicour, } ditto.
 Virey, }

AGENT

FOR HOUSES, FARMS, MONEY, AND PROPERTY OF
ANY KIND, FOR REGISTERING AND ADMINISTER-
ING, AND FOR SUPERINTENDING LAW-SUITS.

Dauchez Hémard, 15, Rue-St. Dominique, Fau-
bourg St. Germain, a most respectable man, who
has given security, to the amount of 50,000 francs,
for his just administration of the Tontine of Or-
leans

COINAGE.

THE COIN CHIEFLY IN CIRCULATION.

	£.	s.	d.	Francs.
The Louis d'Or, worth	1	0	0	or 24
The Napoleon	0	16	8	— 20
The Franc	0	0	10	
The Sol	0	0	0½	
A piece of copper money with a little silver inter- mixed	0	0	1½	
The Liard, half a farthing, or a quarter of a sol.				

There are pieces also of 5 francs, 3 francs, 2 sols,
3 liards, &c. and a piece seldom seen, called a Cen-
time, the hundredth part of a franc.

RESTAURATEURS.—Eating Houses. (Vide
page 133.)

Very, 83, Palais Royal and Garden of the Tui-
leries. Very dear.

Legaque, ditto. Less expensive.

Nicolle, Boulevard Italien. Dear.

Naudet, Palais Royal. Ditto.

Camus, Rue des Filles de St. Thomas. Moderate.

Le Meridien, Boulevard du Temple. Ditto.

André, Rue Faubourg Montmartre. Very low charges and much civility.

A GUIDE.

Engages for six francs per day and his board, to conduct the stranger to all that is curious in Paris, and to explain each object. He speaks English so as to be understood. Mr. Baillet, fils, (junior), No. 3, rue d'Aboukir, near la Place des Victoires.

HACKNEY COACHES.

Thirty sols (fifteen-pence) for the shortest journey, and two sols more to the coachman; for this you may ride two miles. Complaints are redressed at the police offices.

CABRIOLETS.—(Chaises on two Wheels.)

One franc five sols per hour.

POST OFFICE.—(Rue Coqueron.)

Letters to Great Britain and Ireland must be paid to the coast, and put in this office before twelve o'clock on Tuesday and Friday.

Money must not be enclosed, but paid at the office, with five per cent. commission.

There are post offices in various parts of the town for Paris and the departments of France. The former pay three sols each letter.

PUBLIC BATHS.

Generally thirty sols each time. That of Vigier, near the Pont Royal, and the Chinese Bath, boulevard Montmartre, are the handsomest.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS AND REMARKS
ON THE
ROAD TO PARIS.

THE distance from London to Paris by Dover, Calais, and Amiens, is $283\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

At Calais, Quillac's Hotel (late Dessien) is the best, but expensive. L'Hotel de Kingston, is comfortable and cheap, as is L'Hotel du Roi d'Angleterre, at Dieppe, L'Hotel de la Tete de Boeuf, at Abbeville, and l'Hotel de l'Europe, at Rouen.

A diligence is much cheaper than posting—15lb, is allowed for luggage.

Five pounds is paid for a good cabriolet (chaise) from Calais to Paris; take care it be weather-proof. The carriage remains at your command for fifteen days; therefore, if your stay be very short, you may return in it without additional expense.—For your own carriage you must leave the value on landing at the Custom House, which,

deducting the duty, will be returned to you on re-embarking. If at another port, write to the first, and your money will be paid where you embark.—It is cheapest to bring your own carriage.

A traveller having a saddle horse, must be accompanied by a postillion.

The post houses where you must have fresh horses, occur every five or six miles.

For two horses, three francs and a half. For three, five francs and five sols. Postillions fifteen sols each post. Persons generally give a franc.—All turnpikes and dues on the road (of which there are very few) to be paid by the traveller.

Desire to have a bed without vermin. Many persons carry balls of camphor, which, by putting (generally six) between the mattress and sheets, will banish them.—Draw the bed from the wall.

Travellers should enter any complaints relative to their carriage, drivers, or horses, in a book at the post-house, and in future, errors will be rectified.

The price of posting is always paid in advance.

Three or four days before persons quit Paris, they generally take their passport to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, rue du Bac, and permission to depart will be added to it for ten francs. Others avoid this expence, and the omission generally passes unnoticed by the guards who at each town examine your passport. It is not considered indispensable.

On your return to England, you must have a permit at the sea-port, which your landlord will procure you. It costs thirty sols.

The French are generally very honest; but on the road, neglect not at each inn to lock your door, day and night. Shew your parcels to your landlord, tell him you rely on his care, and give him, or the chambermaid, your key, when you go out. In Paris leave it with the porter.

GENERAL ADVICE
TO THE
VISITORS OF PARIS,

IN ADDITION TO THAT WHICH THE PRECEDING
PAGES OFFER.

PREVIOUS to setting off, it is desirable that you should revive the knowledge you may have acquired of the French language. There are two masters, among others, in London, whose methods of teaching are admirable, viz.

Mr. Pybus, 52, Great Marlborough street, who was educated near Paris, and has lately published an excellent work, entitled, *An Easy, Natural, and Rational Mode of acquiring the French Language, deduced from the Philosophy of the Language, and an Analysis of the Human Mind*, published by Baldwin and Co.

Mr. Henri, a native of France, No. 55, Berwick Street, Oxford Street. He has spent the chief part of his life at Paris.

Keep your passport always in your pocket.

When you arrive in Paris, enquire of your Conducateur if the porter to whom you confide your parcels be an honest man.

If you are not recommended to any particular Hotel, order him to shew you the way to one of these.

Hotel d'Angleterre, rue des filles de St. Thomas, reasonable ; Hotel du Prince de Galles, rue du faubourg St. Honoré, more splendid and dearer ; Hotel de Boston, rue Vivienne, ditto ; Hotel de Clery, rue de Clery, cheap.

Beware of the imposition of the Parisian tradesmen, they ask much more than they will take.

Bargain for every thing before hand.

Waiters are well paid by their employers, and do not expect more than two or three sols, except at the first houses, where six or twelve sols, or a franc at most, are given.

Avoid playing at all the gaming houses, public and private. In most of the former and many of the latter, sharpers, under the most honorable appearances, and who contrive that you should win in the first instance, mix with the best dressed, and often with titled company. Madame la Marquise knows not always the persons who frequent her house ; sometimes she is but too well acquainted with them.

ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

The Palaces and Villages which are principally worth notice in the neighbourhood of this City, are as follow.

Arcueil, three miles from Paris.—The aqueduct, built by Mary de Medici, after the designs of Desbrosses, is of a noble architecture. The ruins of another, erected, it is said, in the time of the Emperor Julian, are at some distance.

Bagatelle, a most elegant structure, four miles from Paris, the property of Monsieur.

Belleville, a village delightfully situated near Prés St. Gervais.

Bellevue, a park, gardens, and noble mansion, once the residence of Mad. de Pompadour; the winter saloon is particularly admired. Six miles from Paris.

Saint Cloud.—This palace, so celebrated as the residence of Buonaparte, is less magnificent in its exterior than are its extensive park and gardens, which afford a splendid variety of cascades, and views of Paris, the winding Seine, bridges, and woods. The apartments are, however, sumptuously decorated, and many of them in excellent taste. The traveller should endeavour to be present when all the cascades are in full play, which happens on the three first Sundays in September. The largest is on a scale and of a style far surpassing the expectation of strangers in general. It

is composed of statues, numerous vases, and ornamented basins.

Saint Denis is a small town, five miles from Paris. Its ancient cathedral is continually the resort of strangers; much of its original grandeur, which the revolutions had destroyed, being restored.

Saint Germain en Laye, twelve miles from Paris. James II. died here, after having abdicated the English throne. Although the palace is in a state of decay, this place is one of the most interesting in France, from the highly picturesque scenery that its park exhibits.

Issy, one mile from Paris, is celebrated through the conferences of Cardinal Noailles, Fenelon, Tronson, and Bossuet.

Luciennes, where the fine house and grounds of Madame du Barry remain neglected, is a beautiful spot, ten miles from Paris.

Malmaison.—This ill-built, heavy mansion was the favorite retreat of Buonaparte, and here Josephine ended her days. Except its gardens, the place is no longer worth viewing, being despoiled of all its interior decorations.

Marly, ten miles from Paris, displays a curious machine to supply Versailles and its own noble park with water, which is raised to the extraordinary height of 600 feet. The place is demolished.

Saint Maur, two miles and half from Paris, consists of a fine palace, park, and gardens.

Meudon, six miles from Paris, admits of a similar description.

Montmorency, ten miles from Paris, is visited merely because it was the residence of J.J. Rousseau. The church is considered purely gothic.

Moulin Joli, are gardens on the small islands on the Seine, much frequented, five miles from Paris.

Neuilly has a beautiful bridge, some agreeable gardens, and fine views on the road to St. Germain.

Passy, two miles from Paris, is the pleasant village where Franklin resided.

Sevre, a village six miles from Paris, on the road to Versailles, boasts of one of the noblest manufactures of porcelain in the world..

Versailles, twelve miles from Paris, requires a volume to be fully understood by those who cannot reach it, and those who can, should engage a lodging for a week, to do justice to its beauties, which consist (to give a faint outline) of a most extensive palace, the interior and the exterior of which vie with each other in magnificence; the theatre in the palace must have exceeded in grandeur every other structure in Europe, in the full brilliancy of the Court of Maria Antoinette; the chapel; the vast suite of apartments, painted with the utmost luxuriance of fancy, chiefly by Lebrun; the orangery, which viewed at a distance, appears an immense temple; the iron grating of an incomparable richness that faces it; and the park with its extensive terraces; its cascades, vases, statues, and grottos fill the beholder with admiration; and the two palaces of the Trianons, the larger a ground floor, like

one superb and continued temple, with rich and tasteful apartments; and the other a small but elegant retreat, the garden of which is free from French formality and perfectly rural, with its rustic hamlet, delight in turn. With a small select society, a good library, and the recollections to which this spot gives rise as the seat of literary eminence, in the time of Lewis IV. and the admirable Madame de Maintenon, how deliciously might a summer be passed in the vicinity of these sublime scenes! The streets of Versailles are very superior to those of Paris, being wider, the houses more regular, and the trees so numerous, that great part of the city appears like the Boulevards, which form the exterior of most other towns. The churches, the convent of La Charité, the wardrobe, the government house, the library, the marine and military hotels, the armoury, and the stables, complete the fine objects of this enchanting town. There are habitations for above 80,000 people, a good public as well as private theatre, a great number of chateaux, gardens, and a canal. The present inhabitants do not exceed 30,000.

Vincennes, four miles from Paris, contains the castle where the Duke d'Enghien suffered death, after a mock trial; where Henry V. of England, Charles V. of France, and Cardinal Mazarin, expired, and where the great Condé amused himself by cultivating pinks during his confinement. This gloomy fabric cannot be viewed without an order which is difficult to procure.

**PRICES OF VARIOUS ARTICLES,
AND OF POSTING.**

Price of meat generally about 14 sols per lb.
or 7*d.*

Butter, 36 sols per lb. or 1*s.* 6*d.*

Bread, 3 sols per lb. or 1½*d.*

Cheese, 20 sols per lb. or 10*d.*

Wine (the best) 6 livres per bottle, or 10*d.* the
worst.

A small hotel for a family, handsomely furnished
100 livres per month, or £4. 3*s.* 4*d.*

One room at a handsome house, 40 livres per
month, or £1. 13*s.* 4*d.*

One room in the immediate vicinity of Paris,
25 livres per month, or £1. 0*s.* 10*d.*

A glass coach, 20 livres per day, or 16*s.* 8*d.*

A valet de place, 5 livres per week, or 4*s.* 2*d.*
for which he boards and lodges himself. Do not
take any that are not recommended by your land-
lord, or by some respectable person.

I N D E X.

In the “**Formal Description of Paris**” from page 289 to page 328, will be found “**Paris divided into twelve Portions, for the convenience of Visitors, and an account of the principal Palaces and splendid Hotels, Charities and Hospitals, Museums, Literary Societies, Public Seminaries, Libraries, Manufactures, Theatres, Halls and Markets, Squares, Prisons, Fountains, Cemeteries, Parks, Gardens and public Walks, Coffee Houses, Barriers, Exhibitions and Assembly Rooms, Bank and Bankers, Physicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, Agents, Coins, Restaurateurs, Coaches, Post Office and Baths.**”

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